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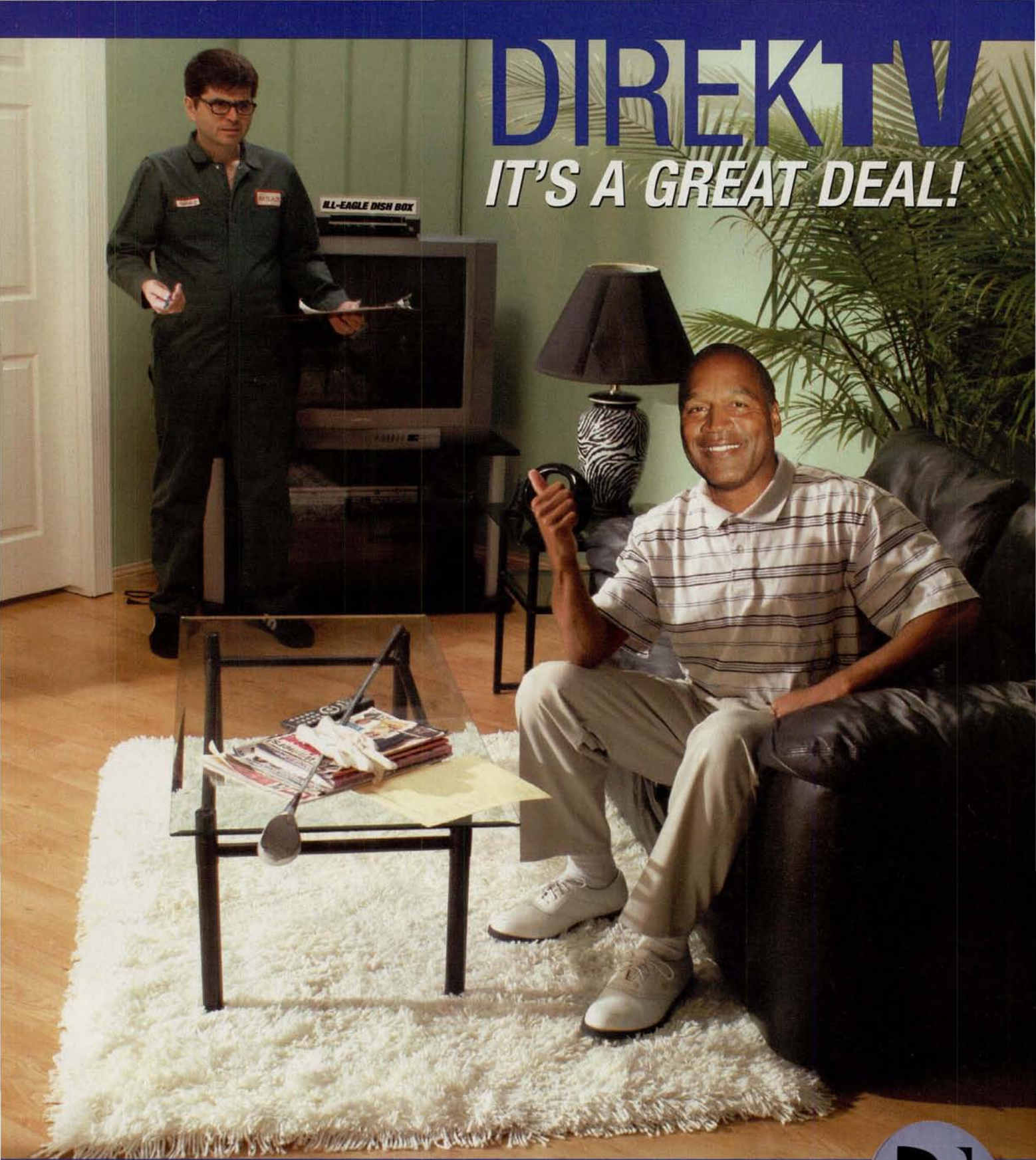

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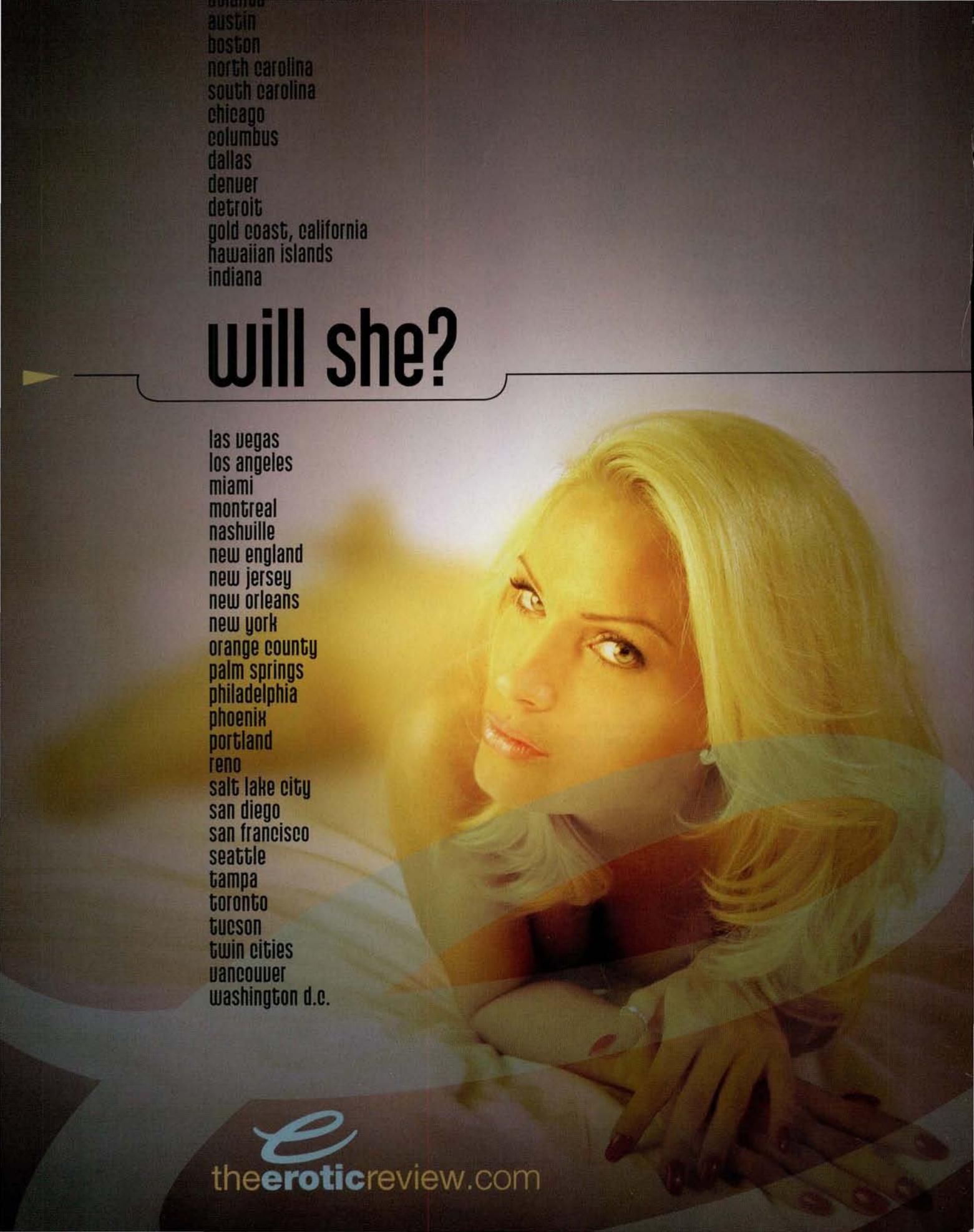

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MAY 2006 VOLUME 32 NUMBER 12
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GIRLS SPREAD

22 **TIFFANY RAYNE:** Open All Night
Photography by John Brant

48 **SATIN BLOOM & K.K.:** Lusty Voyage
Photography by Matti Klatt

68 **NADIA & ASHLYN PAGE:** ...Like a Hurricane
Photography by Ladi von Jansky

92 **NIKKI BENZ:** Get Your Motor Running!
Photography by Matti Klatt

110 **PEACH:** She Likes Girls
Photography by Matti Klatt

144 **VICTORIA SWEET & TOMMY GUNN:** Go for the Gold
Photography by Laurent Sky

188 **KARLIE MONTANA:** Make Me an Offer
Photography by Laurent Sky

MONTHLY FEATURES

3 **DIREKTV**
Advertising/Repentance Parody

14 **NATURAL DISASTERS**
Political Parody

36 **WATER WARS: YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE**
Concerned Filmmakers Discuss the Perils of H_20 Privatization
Interview by Bruce David & Carolyn Sinclair

40 **BACKYARD BREWERY**
Making Your Own Beer
by Andrea Barkan

42 **THE BALLAD OF LENNY THE LAWYER**
Crucified Comic Revisited
Memoir by Paul Krassner

58 **FAMOUS FLESH**
Sadie Frost, Bai Ling, Keira Knightley

62 **DARYL HANNAH'S BODY OF WORK**
Splash Star & Catherine Zeta-Jones Bared

64 **THE ILLUSTRATED SCOOTER LIBBY**
"Moral" Values in Right-Winger's Erotic Novel
by Melissa McEwan

76 **PAST FULL OF PORN**
Online Retro Raunch

78 **HOLLYWOOD BANK ROBBER PART 1**
Eddie Dodson's Dual Life
by Timothy Ford

82 **I WANT ACTION**
Real-Life Action Figures
by Keith Valcourt

90 **MOTORCYCLE MAVERICK**
Innovator Russell Mitchell
by Carolyn Sinclair

THE ISSUE'S STANDARDS

7 **PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT**
by Larry Flynt

9 **CONTRIBUTORS**

13 **FEEDBACK**
Noteworthy Reader Missives

15 **ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH**

17 **BITS & PIECES**
Miami Bash, Big Apple Vagina? & More Fun

32 **HOT LETTERS**
Lesbo Initiation

86 **GAME ON**
Badass New Titles

104 **HUSTLER HUMOR**

106 **AURAL PLEASURES**
Keeping in Tune With Filth, KISS, Etc.

118 **TECH KNOW**
Marvelous Gizmos for Better Living

119 **HUSTLER ON CAMPUS**
Pinup Lensman's Travails

120 **REAL COLLEGE GIRLS**
Can-Am Delights

123 **BEAVER HUNT**
Amateur Thigh Candy

128 **EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT**
XXX Reviews Plus Britney Rears Behind the Scenes

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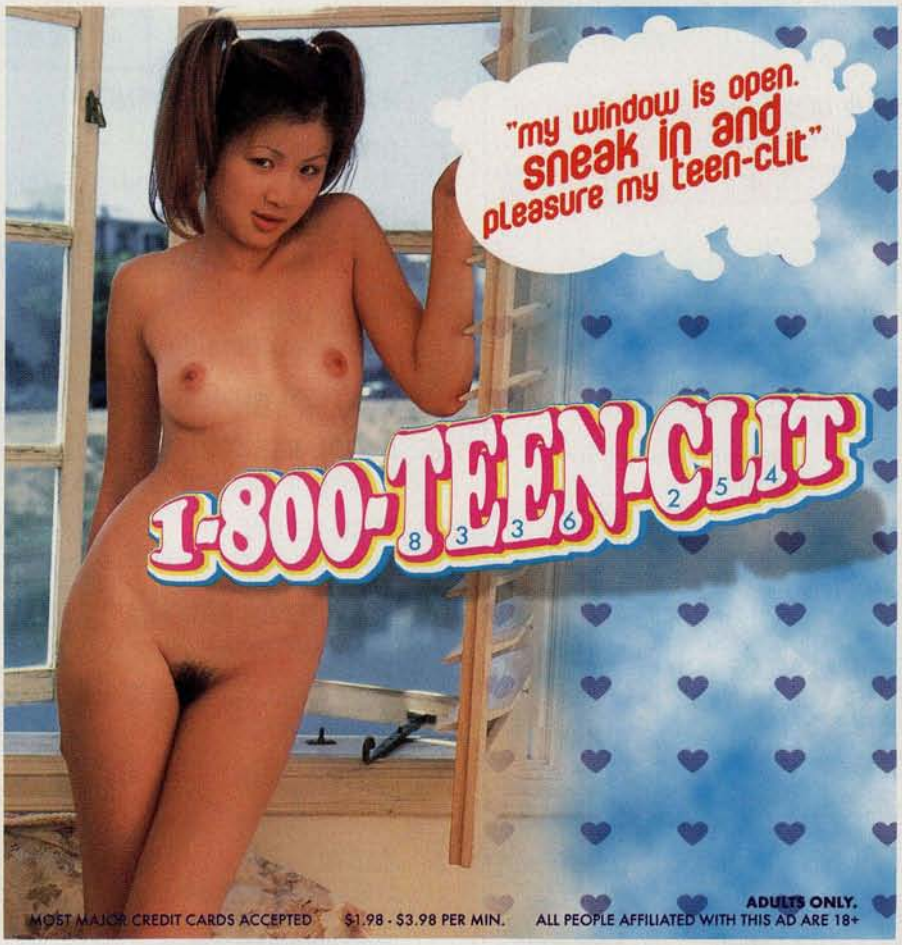
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Cover photo by John Brant

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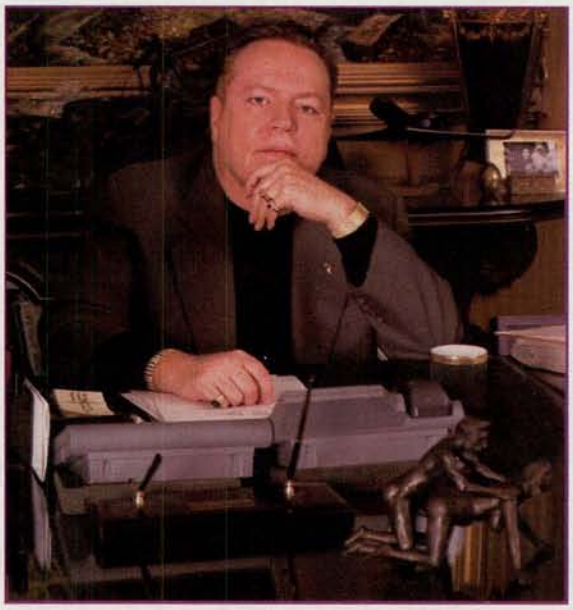


WHY BUSH HAS LOST IRAQ

Those of you who support President George W. Bush and his war in Iraq, pay attention. Here are three simple reasons why the war cannot be won:

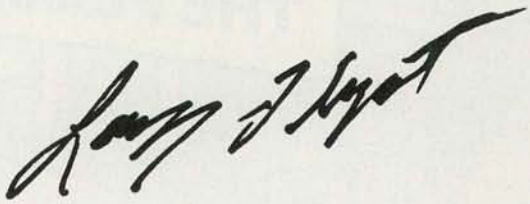
1. The majority of Iraqis who support the new government in that country are Shiites. That is to say, they are fundamentalist Muslims who hate the United States and want to establish an Islamic republic.

2. The Iraqis who oppose the new government are Sunnis. They are secular Muslims, meaning they don't want a government based on religious doctrine. The Sunnis have been behind most of the suicide bombings.

3. The U.S. has been supporting the Shiites.

Why would this country support the side that wants a theocracy? Because the Shiites are the majority. The only way the Bush Administration could cobble together a government in Iraq was to make sure they participated in it. The Sunnis are dubious of Iraq's supposed democracy because, as the minority, they believe that once the Shiites consolidate power, the Sunnis will be shish kebab.

Here's what will happen next: Iraq's theocratic Shiite government will—at the earliest possible moment—kick us out and align itself with Iran, our mortal enemy, thus destabilizing the entire Middle East. When it's all over, thousands of American lives will have been lost, the terrorists will be stronger, and we won't even have Iraq's coveted oil. What kind of victory is that?



Larry Flynt
Publisher

P.S. If you're wondering about the Kurdish minority, they may be allied with the Sunnis for now, but they'll never be satisfied with anything less than a sovereign state of their own. Expect them to use any instability to grab as much autonomy as they can.

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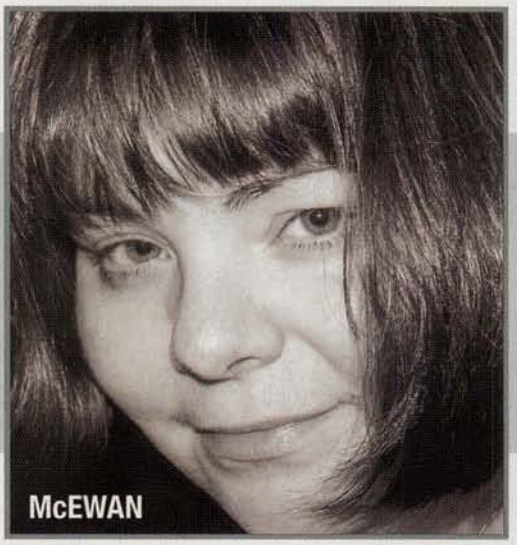
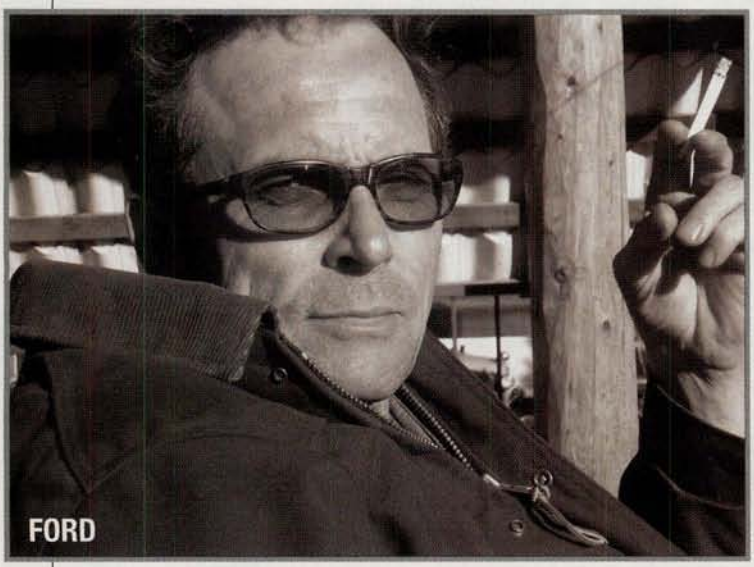
BROTHEL
FREE SEX FOR THE MILITARY AND ANY REPORTER WHO WILL TESTIFY AGAINST KARL ROVE IN THE PLAMEGATE INVESTIGATION
HONK!

PAUL KRASSNER, who first published his outrageous satirical newsletter *The Realist* in 1958, has been lionized as a '60s cult hero. His many notable endeavors include running an underground abortion referral service, covering antiwar movements, cofounding the Yippies, taking LSD with Timothy Leary and Ken Kesey, and being inducted into the Counterculture Hall of Fame. No wonder his FBI file includes the following description: "To classify Krassner as a social rebel is far too cute. He's a nut, a raving, unconfined nut." Beginning on page 42, our favorite "lunatic" recounts his friendship with the iconoclastic comedian Lenny Bruce.



MELISSA McEWAN is a writer and freelance marketing consultant who composes and edits the popular progressive Web site ShakespearesSister.blogspot.com. One of her must-read anecdotes (on pages 64-65) is part of an illustrated feature on conservatives' hypocritical morality, particularly indicted White House aide Lewis "Scooter" Libby's controversial 1996 erotic novel *The Apprentice*. Drawn to expressing herself the way most people are drawn to breathing, McEwan at age five sold her first book to her grandfather for ten cents. After a prolific summer that grossed $2 she decided to pursue a literary career. Born and raised in the cornfields of Indiana, McEwan now lives outside Chicago with two cats and a Scotsman.



TIMOTHY FORD is a veteran journalist whose beats have included crime, boxing, culture and fashion. He is currently finishing his book *The Yankee Bandit: The Life and Times of Eddie Dodson, the World's Greatest Bank Robber*. Beginning on page 78, Ford's first HUSTLER contribution chronicles Dodson's roller-coaster ride from Hollywood big shot to shootouts and prison cells. Another Ford project is *Clay Letters: An American History*, which details a convicted drug smuggler's relationship with his estranged teenage son.

Until recently, **ANDREA BARKAN** was a newspaper reporter toiling along the rainswept, craggy coast of Oregon. Relocating to Southern California, the lovely wordsmith may have dried out weatherwise, but she's certainly not dried up. Barkan has always sniffed out stories riveting enough to fuel her freelance career, and she delivers again with *Backyard Brewery*, which can be found on pages 40-41. In fact, Barkan is so devoted to her craft that she continues her painstaking beer research even today, leaving no corner liquor store or neighborhood dive unsampled. Between her rigorous cardiovascular exercise routines, Barkan contributes to the *Ventura County Star*.

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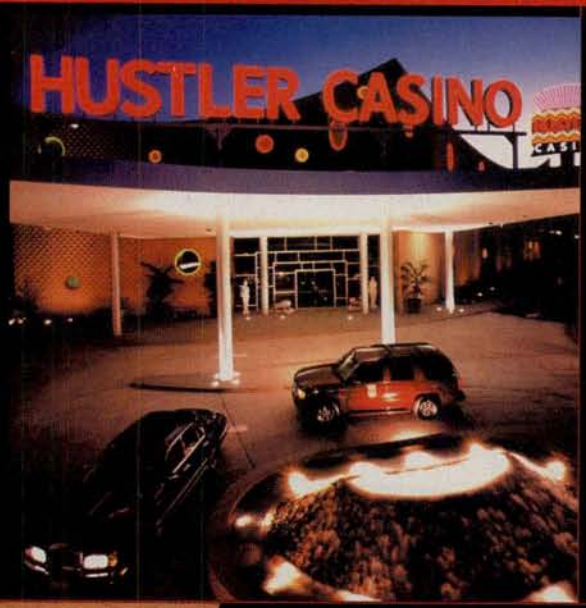

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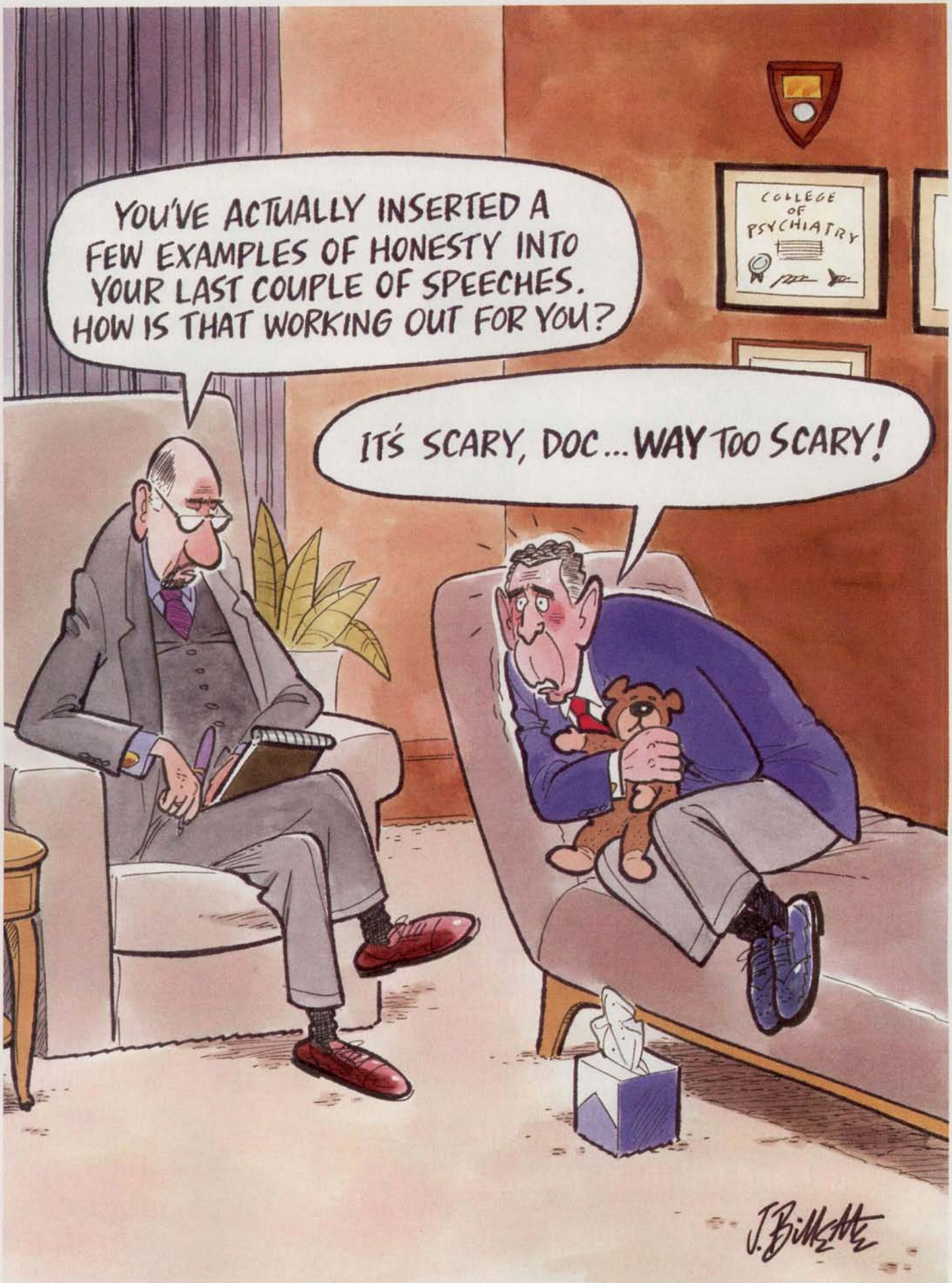
YOU'VE ACTUALLY INSERTED A FEW EXAMPLES OF HONESTY INTO YOUR LAST COUPLE OF SPEECHES. HOW IS THAT WORKING OUT FOR YOU?
IT'S SCARY, DOC... WAY TOO SCARY!
COLLEGE OF PSYCHIATRY
J. Bilkette

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Truly Satisfied

We live in a time when the extreme ultraconservative element is constantly trying to push its beliefs onto others. I'm very glad that HUSTLER always gives these narrow-minded idiots all they can handle! The mainstream media and the right wing can't deal with HUSTLER and the Flynt empire, and they never will. I'm proud to say I am a true HUSTLER man, which is why I recently renewed my subscription for another two hard-core, give-'em-hell years! I greatly appreciate the truth that HUSTLER always provides.

I just get so damn tired of the basic, mundane, phony, double-standard junk from the news media in our country. As far as I'm concerned, XXX adult entertainment is the best, and the Larry Flynt magazines I subscribe to (HUSTLER, BARELY LEGAL and TABOO) are all excellent, sexy and bursting with everything I could ask for.

I love HUSTLER from the truth about politics to the sexy, very naked women, XXX movie reviews and news of what's going on in the wonderful world of porn. I also want to add that the cartoons and your monthly joke page are real blasts. (Of course, I'm a big fan of HUSTLER HUMOR Magazine too!)

So for now, three cheers to HUSTLER, America's Magazine. HUSTLER forever! **—Dennis Comstock**
Muskegon, Michigan

Amateur newcomer Cleo gave *Beaver Hunt* buffs a simmering show.
Lindsay Logan is featured in the latest edition of HUSTLER'S BACKDOOR BABES, now at newsstands.

Bevy of Stiffeners

It's an honor to write to the greatest adult magazine around. HUSTLER is awesome every time, but I was stiff for weeks after seeing your November '05 issue. I'd love to get in trouble with covergirl Lindsay Logan. Autumn Bliss (*If the Van's a-Rockin'*) looked great *(continued on page 187)*

LETTERS FROM OUR TROOPS

I am writing from one of the biggest hellholes there is, Afghanistan. I'm a U.S. Marine attached to an expeditionary unit taking part in Operation Mountain Storm. After reading and looking through our only HUSTLER (June '99), I have decided to initialize Operation HUSTLER. So on behalf of my platoon, we are hoping you could resupply us with some fresh magazines. To make matters worse, we are in a country where the women cover themselves from head to toe, and the females in our unit are skanks. We are in desperate need of your help. **—Corporal R.R.**
Somewhere in Afghanistan

I am currently on duty with the United States Army National Guard, serving in Iraq as a military police platoon leader for a unit from Upstate New York. We wanted to take a few minutes to thank the HUSTLER staff for an excellent publication. Not only do my soldiers like the nude pictorials, but also the articles and interviews, etc. Never having worked side by side with females in the military until now, I find it very interesting that they enjoy the magazine as much as the men do. We will be working hard and finishing this job. Hopefully, we'll all be home soon.

As we have been here for several months and have no new issues—and our old ones are getting pretty worn out—we'd be most appreciative if you could find it in your hearts to replenish our supply. **—Lieutenant James N.**
Somewhere in Iraq

Greetings from Afghanistan! I am a staff sergeant with the 10th Mountain Division in the U.S. Army. I have a ten-man section, and we are all huge fans of your magazine. We are in a land where porn is illegal, yet we still come across an issue here and there. Locals have them for sale, and what soldier could resist such a good read? We have the movie *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, and we see Larry as a true American who should be governor of California right now. Larry, you're the man!

We've been here for three months now, with six long, hard months to go. We have three HUSTLERs that are put to good use despite their deteriorating condition. I know you can't send porn here, but I'd love to get my men some goodies from our favorite mag—like a shirt or something. There's no mention of merchandise in the issues we have, and we don't have Internet access either. What would it take to get some shirts for the brave men I work with? Consideration of this request would be the greatest thing fucking ever. **—Sickboy José**
Somewhere in Afghanistan

Gentlemen, we have heart. Three HUSTLER care packages complying with your requests are heading your way. Bravery and hardship far from home most definitely should be rewarded.

Natural Disasters.

When It All Goes Down, Turn to Me, Michael Brown!

HERE ARE SOME SIMPLE DISASTER TIPS:
Don't ignore warnings about crumbling levees (like I did).
Don't let people starve to death (me again).
Don't frequent fancy restaurants while people are starving to death (me also).
Don't send e-mails about being a snappy dresser while people are starving to death. (Wow! I really made a lot of mistakes.)

Call 1-900-DUMB-ASS

Hello. I'm Michael Brown, Bush crony and former head of FEMA. I will show you how not to make the same mistakes I did, or at least how to sidestep the blame. After all, who knows better than I when it comes to really screwing up?

SIGN UP WITH BROWNIE TODAY

and get other helpful hints on how to block food distribution, herd people like cattle and much more!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how the onetime FEMA leader, who failed miserably in his job, is now trying to pass himself off as a disaster consultant. For more info, check out **RunningScared.org**. This political parody may be reproduced, in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

John Negroponte

With domestic spying at an all-time high, we suspect that America's first Director of National Intelligence, John Negroponte, will be using his Cabinet-level position to authorize wiretaps, conduct surveillance, monitor antiwar demonstrators, quash social unrest and keep tabs on those who oppose the Bush Administration. He has said in interviews that America will be safer under his direction. But safe from whom?

We've been aware of this amoral, political hack for quite some time. Serving as Ronald Reagan's U.S. Ambassador to Honduras from 1981 to 1985, Negroponte provided covert support to neighboring Nicaragua's Contras, who were battling the democratically elected Sandinista government. Reagan had declared the Socialist-leaning regime an enemy of the United States when it gave land back to peasants, offered free health care and made public education a priority.

At the same time that Negroponte was meddling in Nicaraguan affairs, he was also involved when the United States bankrolled Honduran death squads, which waged a terror campaign against local dissidents. According to a 1995 *Baltimore Sun* series, the CIA-trained anti-Communist death squad known as Battalion 3-16 used "shock and suffocation devices in interrogations. Prisoners were often kept naked and, when no longer useful, killed and buried in unmarked graves."

Under the leadership of General Gustavo Alvarez Martinez (a Honduran with whom Negroponte frequently met), Battalion 3-16 kidnapped, tortured and murdered hundreds of Honduran citizens, including women, children and nuns. In August 2001, 185 corpses were excavated at El Aguacate Air Base—a torture/training center built under Negroponte's supervision.

Declassified CIA Inspector General's reports posted in 1998 by the National Security Archive showed this ruthless puppet master had no problem sanctioning hundreds of human rights violations committed by the Honduran military. It should come as no surprise that dozens of Negroponte's Latin American political opponents also turned up executed in death squad fashion.

Perhaps the most gruesome example of abuse that occurred during Negroponte's tenure involved 30 Salvadoran nuns and women of faith who'd sought sanctuary in Honduras. When the *Sun* interviewed Negroponte's predecessor, Jack Binns, in 1996, he admitted that under Negroponte's watch, the women had been tortured by the Honduran secret police and, while still alive, thrown out of helicopters. U.S. operations in Central America eventually claimed 200,000 lives.

The dirtbag-cum-war-criminal was finally forced out of his ambassadorial post in 1985 when it was revealed that he had enabled a team of U.S. Special Forces to enter and leave Honduras with fake visas. Led by Colonel Oliver North, the infiltrators successfully carried out a mission to assassinate the Honduran army's chief of staff, Lieutenant General Reuben Mata.

When local officials discovered who had been responsible for the killing, Negroponte was charged with conspiracy to commit treason against the Honduran government. The Reagan-George H.W. Bush regime got Negroponte out of the country as fast as possible via Army helicopter.

Why the rush? If the Ambassador had been interrogated by the Hondurans, his key role in a clandestine CIA cocaine-running operation would have come to light.

Negroponte's dirty past should have come under closer scrutiny in 2001 when he was appointed United States Ambassador to Iraq. Lucky for him, the 9/11 attacks offered a perfect distraction.

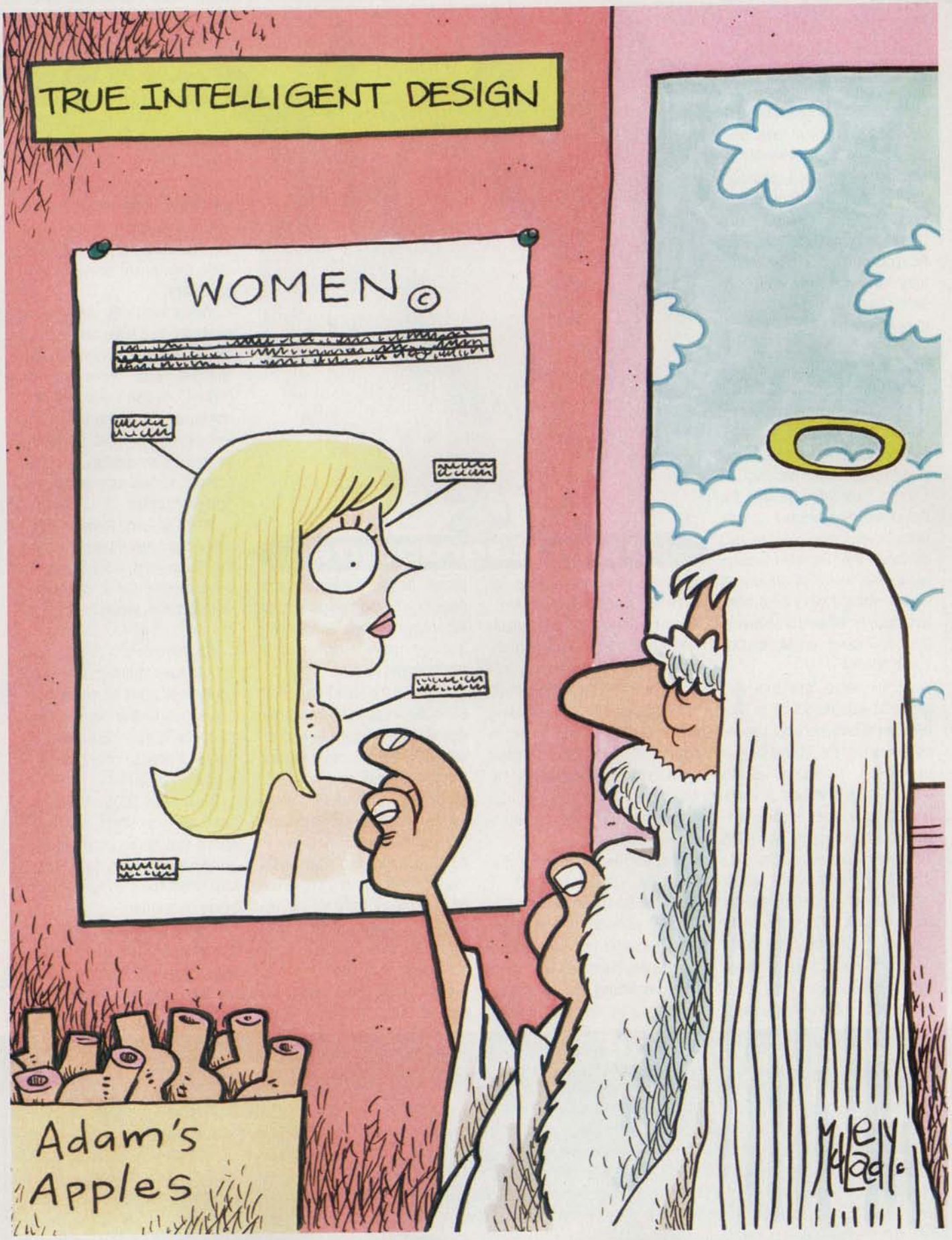
Then came 2005's Iraqi prisoner abuses. What a coincidence that Negroponte was the human rights watchdog in Baghdad while these atrocities were being committed.

If John Negroponte, who has never met a fascist he didn't like, is the man keeping America safe, who's keeping *us* safe from him?

Farts in the Wind

Senator Conrad Burns, a Republican from Montana who faces reelection this year, will return about $150,000 in donations from indicted lobbyist Jack Abramoff. A spokesman for Burns previously said the money would not be returned because it had been spent, but the senator's camp has since relented. Abramoff is at the center of a federal probe that has entangled several lawmakers and Bush Administration officials. Looks like Burnsie is finally part of the stinky Dubya cabal. His mother, Mary Frances, must be proud!

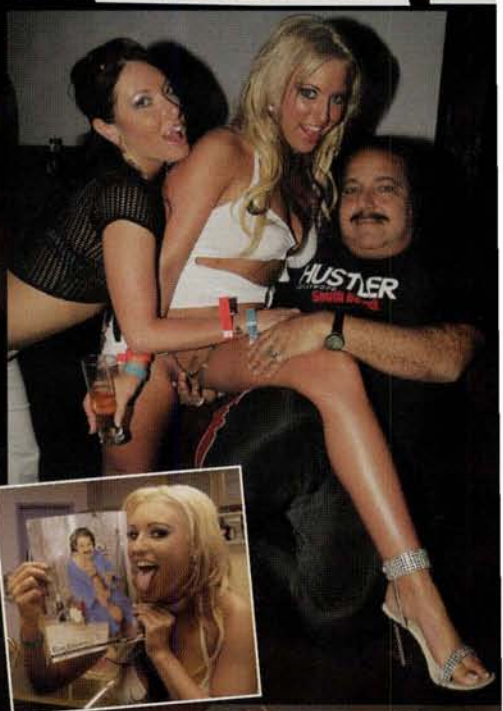
Donald E. Wildmon, chairman of the neocon American Family Association, was recently in the news after blasting gays and calling for an AFA-boycott against Ford Motors. The automaker's offenses? Offering same-sex health insurance to employees, actively recruiting gay workers and advertising in gay-targeted publications. Ford temporarily pulled some of its ads in response to the boycott, but has since decided not to be intimidated by the AFA (which claims to have 2 million members). Wildmon's probably so uptight because he's got a cross up his ass.



"Hmmm. If I remove the woman's Adam's apple, then a man can get his dick all the way down her throat during oral sex!"

HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD

Nadia, Ron Jeremy, Jimmy Flynt II and Memphis Monroe celebrate HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD's latest launch.



LIFE IS A BEACH

CONTINUING OUR QUEST for retail domination, we have opened another HUSTLER Hollywood store, this time in the superhip South Beach section of Miami. Festivities included guest appearances by porn stars Memphis Monroe, Nadia and Ron Jeremy, who were joined by Jimmy Flynt and his son Jimmy Flynt II. A gala afterparty was held at the swanky Mansion Club, which changed its name to Mansion HUSTLER for the occasion. Look for a HUSTLER Hollywood coming soon to a location near you!

Jimmy Flynt gets to schmooze too.

PHOTOS BY DEIRDA FUCHEON

Girl Power

TO CELEBRATE the release of *Naked Ambition: Women Who Are Changing Pornography*, the L.A. HUSTLER Hollywood store invited several of the book's contributors to read their respective chapters. Taking part were porn stars Nina Hartley and Joanna Angel, Webmistress Hester Nash, erotic writer Violet Blue, *Variety* magazine's Dana Harris, Carly Milne (*Naked Ambition*'s editor), plus our very own Theresa Flynt.

Carly Milne and Theresa Flynt.

"Hey, ladies!" Theresa Flynt, Violet Blue, Hester Nash, Carly Milne, Nina Hartley, Dana Harris and Joanna Angel.

PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

"War doesn't make boys men; it makes them dead." —*KEN GILLESPIE, AUTHOR*

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Katie Holmes* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

BACK WHEN KATIE HOLMES was young, fresh and starring on *Dawson's Creek* as the girl next door, we wanted her. We knew that even though she proudly proclaimed herself a virgin, one day Katie would reward us with a career full of steamy sex scenes.

Then she goes and blows it by letting Tom Cruise impregnate her with his demon seed. Hooking up with him pretty much guarantees she'll never ever have a dick in her mouth again.

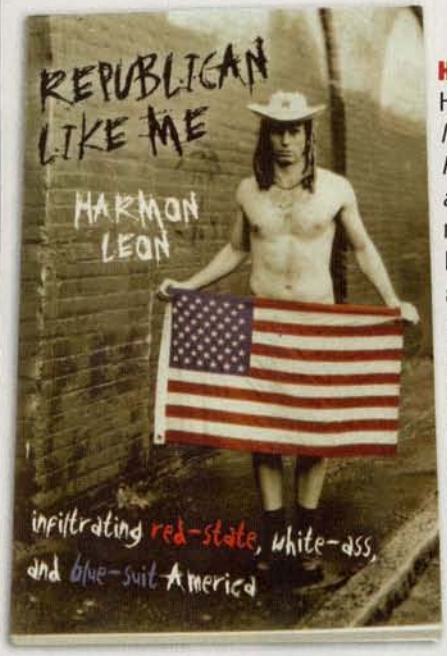
DISCLAIMER: Parody picture; no such picture of Katie Holmes actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.

"In America, sex is an obsession; in other parts of the world it is a fact." —*MARLENE DIETRICH, ACTRESS*

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Republican Like Me

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL



HUSTLER contributor Harmon Leon's *Republican Like Me: Infiltrating Red-State, White-Ass and Blue-Suit America* recounts the flaming liberal's adventures as an undercover observer. Disguised in a variety of conservative personas, Harmon attends everything from a machine gun shoot in Kentucky to a California "Arnold for Governor" rally to a Christian wrestling extravaganza deep in the Bible Belt (first published in the August '05 HUSTLER). The result is a hilarious travelogue around right-wing America as seen through the eyes of a guy who is anything but.

NEWS BABES

THIS MONTH'S SEXY OFFERING is Beverly Kidd from W3TV in Phoenix who splits her airtime between anchoring hard-news broadcasts and hosting a workout show while donning a bikini! Thanks to M.H. for an excellent discovery.

Remember, to nominate a local news babe, provide the hottie's full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible). If your favorite is chosen as an issue's "Tasty Talking Head," you'll receive a HUSTLER prize pack. Send your pick to HUSTLER's "Hot News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

NEWSBITES

Big Stink

The hunt is on for a thief in San Diego who held at gunpoint a woman walking her dog and proceeded to steal the small sack she was holding. Discovering that it contained dog droppings, he pointed his .22-caliber pistol at the lady's pet and fired twice. Lucky for the pooch, the firearm didn't discharge. The would-be canine murderer then jumped into a waiting car and sped away, bag of poop still in hand. Police describe the perpetrator as 5-foot-10, in his late 30s and smelling like shit.

Unarmed, Undressed and Dangerous

Police in Philadelphia shot a naked man as he was stealing a patrol car. Even though he was wounded, the bleeding robber managed to make his getaway. A few blocks later the nude dude crashed the cruiser into a New Jersey transit bus right in the middle of rush hour. He was then arrested and charged with several crimes, including having a small dick. We assume.

Oh, Father in!

A Romanian priest was greeted with jeers and protests when he arrived at his new congregation in the village of Rastoaca. Seems the parishioners had heard of the holy man's reputation. The padre had been relocated from his previous parish for disciplinary reasons. Allegedly, he had engaged in consensual sex with an adult female school secretary in a church—on the altar no less! Wait, this priest may have had sex with a woman?! Not a young boy? This guy shouldn't be shunned. He should be pope.

Coke Is It

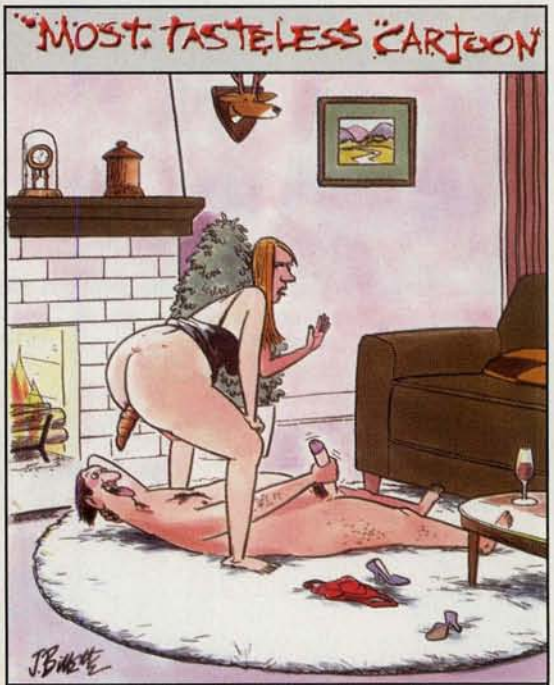
A 35-year-old man was arrested in Cincinnati and pleaded guilty to cocaine possession, but refused to give a DNA sample as required by state law. The drug-using dude feared that if he gave up genetic material, local officials could make a clone of him. Yeah, because that's what law-enforcement authorities want: another cokehead.

It's a Bird! It's a Plane! It's...

LONGTIME HUSTLER contributor Dan Collins created a series of hilarious cartoons featuring America's only hard-core superhero in the 1980s. Rendered in black-and-white, they originally ran in HUSTLER HUMOR Magazine back then, reappearing in 1990 as full-color versions. Now you can own 20 of Collins's best adventures on a PC-compatible disc. Check out his fearless crimefighter at DanCollinsCartoons.com.

What a Dickhead

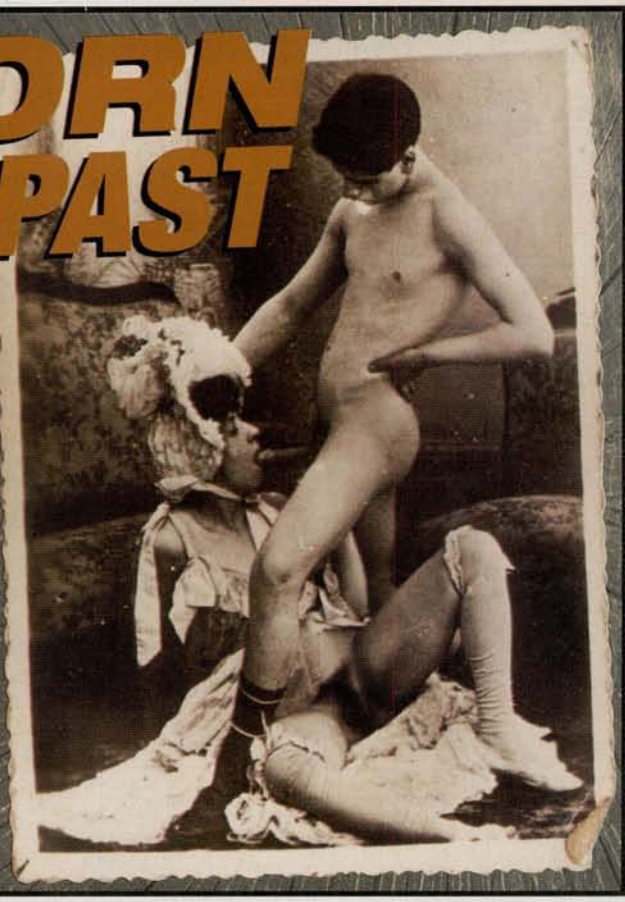
Someone sent us this. What are we supposed to do with it? Seriously.



"This is still a first date, Alan. There will be no kissing!"

"Sex without love is merely healthy exercise." —ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, SCI-FI WRITER

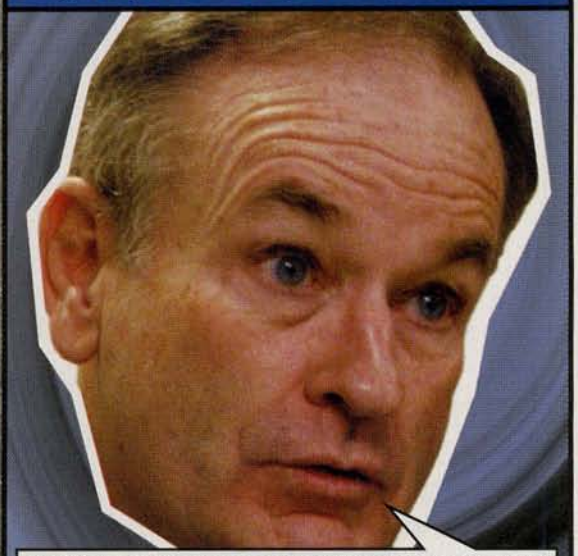
PORN FROM THE PAST



Thanks and $150 go to M.P. of New Lenox, Illinois, for this captivating vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. What's on that broad's head?

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately

The talking head recently criticized San Francisco voters for passing a ballot measure that urged high schools and colleges to prevent on-campus military recruitment.

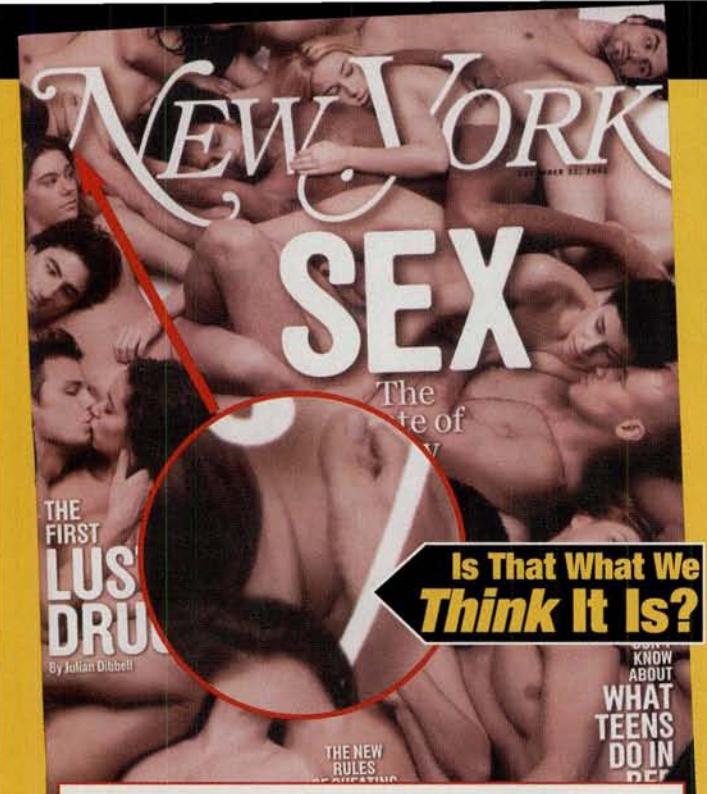


"And if al Qaeda comes here and blows you up, we're not going to do anything about it. We're going to say, 'Look, every other place in America is off limits to you, except San Francisco. You want to blow up the Coit Tower? Go ahead!'"

ANGRY GIRL D'ARCY

BY MAX BURBANK

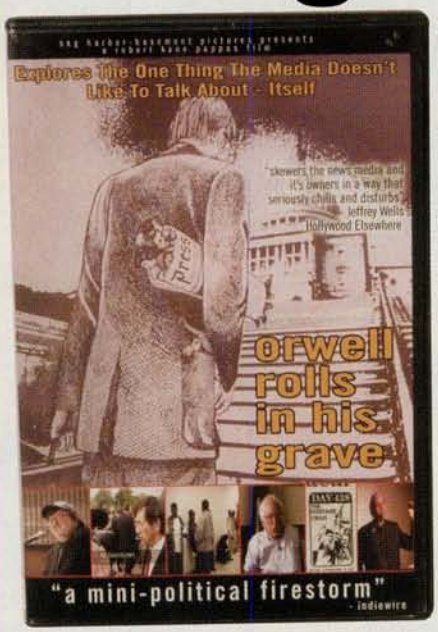
Pop quiz: What do the following people have in common?
9/11 and Hurricane Katrina were caused by homosexuals.
Jerry Falwell
Spongebob and Patrick are indoctrinating your children into the gay culture of fisting.
James Dobson
I used to be a right-wing ultrafundamentalist Christian evangelist. Now I am a right-wing ultrafundamentalist Christian lobbyist.
Ralph Reed
Pennsylvania voted against intelligent design. God is going to destroy Pennsylvania. Amen.
Pat Robertson
They're all going straight to hell when they die.



IMAGINE OUR SURPRISE when we spotted what looks like a shaved pussy on the cover of *New York* magazine's sex issue. If you look very closely under the foot near the logo's *N*, you will see a peek at what may (or may not) be an exposed pussy. So is it an accidental flash of a gorgeous gash or not? You decide.

Fight for Your Rights

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL


Explores The One Thing The Media Doesn't Like To Talk About - Itself
orwell rolls in his grave
"a mini-political firestorm"
- indiewire

IMAGINE A WORLD where a few corporate giants control the media and only broadcast news the way they want you to see it. Imagine a society where doublespeak and outright lies are force-fed to the public as the truth. Can't imagine it? Too bad; you're living in it. And novelist George Orwell saw it coming long ago.

The documentary *Orwell Rolls in His Grave* examines the mix of business, ideology and politics that make up the modern media machine. Greg Palast, Michael Moore, Mark Crispin Miller and Congressman Bernie Sanders all comment on how Orwell's *1984* has indeed become a reality.

"Sex alleviates tension. Love causes it." —*WOODY ALLEN, LECHEROUS COMIC*

ADULT CONECLAVE

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Lauren Kane

ADULTCON is a twice-yearly event in Los Angeles (with a third in Las Vegas) that offers meet-and-greets with a horde of adult entertainers. XXX actresses gracing the latest installment, held at the cavernous L.A. Convention Center, included Austyn Moore, Britney Rears and Aurora Snow. Fans got a chance to buy autographs, Polaroids with the ladies and handjobs. Okay, no handjobs. Here are some highlights.

We want more... Austyn Moore.

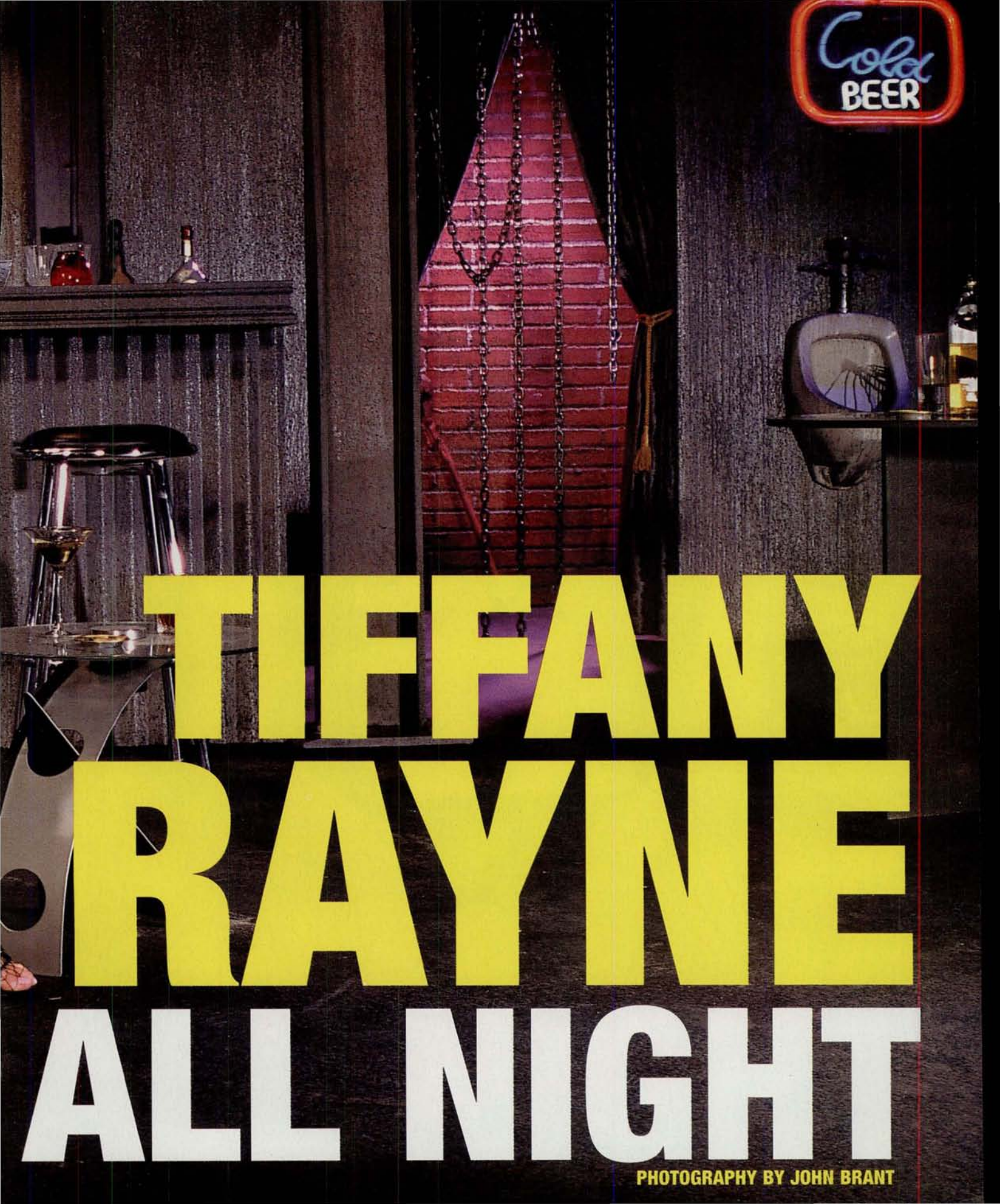
Britney Rears sideways.

Chrissy Cums

Chelsea Charms and friends.

OPEN

Now here's a babe who really loves her job. "I've always been really into sex and open to everything," Tiffany declares, "so I figured why not be a porn star? I thought, *If someone is going to pay me to fuck, why not?!*"



TIFFANY RAYNE

ALL NIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

The 20-year-old nymphet also loves showing off her pierced pussy. "I like that it shocks some people," she confides. "I did it on a whim two Halloweens ago, and I think it looks and feels great—especially during sex." So tell us more. "I have two personalities when it comes to fucking and sucking. Doing films, I'm into being banged all around, while at home I like regular sex with tons and tons of foreplay. If a guy can deliver the goods with his tongue, I'm hooked."

Tiffany, we find, is not only bisexual, but also bicoastal. "I live in New Jersey and fly to California every month to do movies and modeling," she explains. "Then I fly back to the East Coast to chill and do normal young-girl things." Do her friends back in the Garden State know she's a full-fledged porn star? "Yeah, there's a store in my hometown of Kenilworth that stocks all of my films. Most people there are totally cool."

What does this jet-setter want to do besides suck and fuck her way to notoriety? "I'm starting to direct and produce movies now," Tiffany says. "I think I can take this business as far as possible and make as much money as possible in porn."

See talented Tiffany Rayne do her thing in *Barely Legal Corrupted #5*, *Salvation*, *Desperate Housewhores #2*, *HUSTLER XXX #28* and *Anal Destruction* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERhollywood.com to order.

NEW GIRLIE GIRL

I was a woman obsessed with lesbians. It was all I could think of—pussies and tongues and strap-ons and pussies—ever since I found my two best friends more than just making out at my last party.

I'd opened the bedroom door, and there they were, sprawled out naked on the mattress. Amy was licking her way up the inside of Sara's thighs, pausing every few seconds to nibble and bite. And Sara—well, I couldn't even see her head, buried as it was between Amy's long legs, but I could sure hear all the lapping and slurping.

Eventually Amy looked up and noticed me standing in the doorway. There was just something about her shy smile and the hopeful, "please understand" look in her eyes that made me realize this wasn't any one-time thing for them. My best friends were carpet munchers, bull daggers, margies, fuckin' dykes! What the hell? Had I been totally blind? I tried to remember the last time I'd seen either one of them with a guy, but I couldn't get my mind to work.

I was in shock. Whispering "Sorry," I fled to the bathroom and locked the door. My pulse was racing. I sat on the edge of the tub and turned on the hot water. As soon as I could breathe again, I noticed that my panties were soaked through.

By that time it was well into the party, and I had been well into the Stoli. Drunk and fuckin' horny, I quickly dug around in a drawer until I found my favorite toy. Slipping my panties aside, I jammed the fat handle of my hairbrush into my conch so deep that the bristles scraped my swollen clitoris. In less than a minute I was coming nonstop.

I peeled off my clothes, slid into the tub and lay there in my delirious sexual reverie till the banging on the door got too loud to ignore. Dripping wet, I fumbled the lock open and peeked out. Partygoers were lined up halfway down the hallway, jumping up and down, desperately needing to pee.

That was a week ago, and like I said, lesbians were all I could think about in the seven days...168 hours...10,080 minutes since. I hadn't seen Amy or Sara, but I would soon. It was Friday, when the three of us always get together. Waiting for them to come by that night, I wondered if things would be awkward. But once they showed up, we got to drinking wine and eating pasta, and it was like our usual routine—except that I couldn't get the image of their nude, writhing bodies out of my head.

So finally, still gathered around the dining room table, I asked them point-blank all about it—how long they'd been together and what it was like in bed, whether it was true that only a woman really knows how to please another woman. And my two best friends told me. Actually, they *showed* me.

The two cutie pies stripped each other buck naked right in front of me, and my jaw dropped at the sight of Sara's pendulous breasts and thick, half-inch-long nipples. Each girl's vagina was smooth, pink and beautiful. Amy's sported a gold ring through one labe, and my fingers itched to play with it.

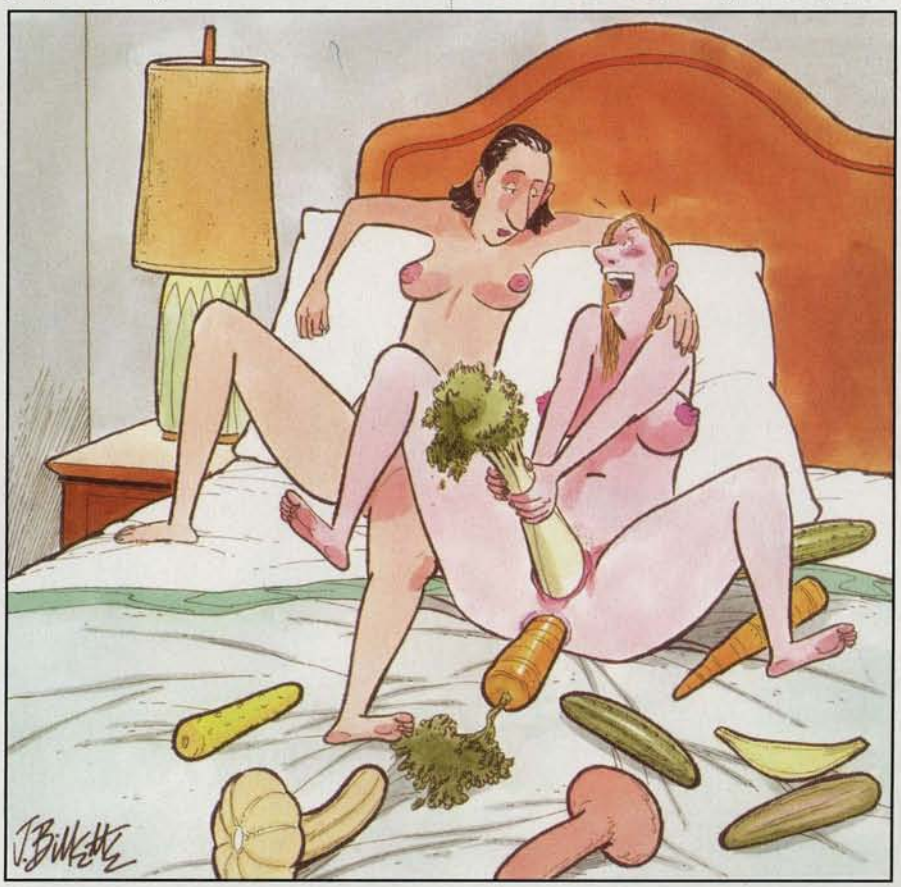
After sliding to the floor, Sara and Amy lay back and scissored their legs. Spreading their flaps wide, the lovebirds pressed snatch against snatch and started grinding. Slit cream trickled down their legs.

I was touching myself before I even realized it. My hand had slipped down inside my panties, where I was pinching my clit between two fingers and jacking it like a little dick. I was mesmerized—still a little scared to join in, but totally turned on. Man, my lesbo pals were fuckin' hot!

After a minute or two, Sara swiveled around to dive tongue-first into Amy's twat, and I dropped to the carpet for a closer look. Amy's clitty was as long and thick as Sara's gumdrops. It looked so good, I just couldn't resist. Crossing a new frontier, I wrapped my lips around that pulsating orgasm trigger and started nursing on it. Mmmm, pussy jizz *is* delicious.

Amy was moaning nonstop now and bucking her hips off the floor. When Sara had to come up for air, with wet cheeks and a mischievous smile, she gestured me closer to her partner's cunt. My tongue was mere millimeters from her janey when *splat!* A powerful stream of girl cum hit me right in the face! Seeing that Amy had ejaculated, Sara giggled. For the next few hours I slurped, kissed and tongued them both. —D.A.

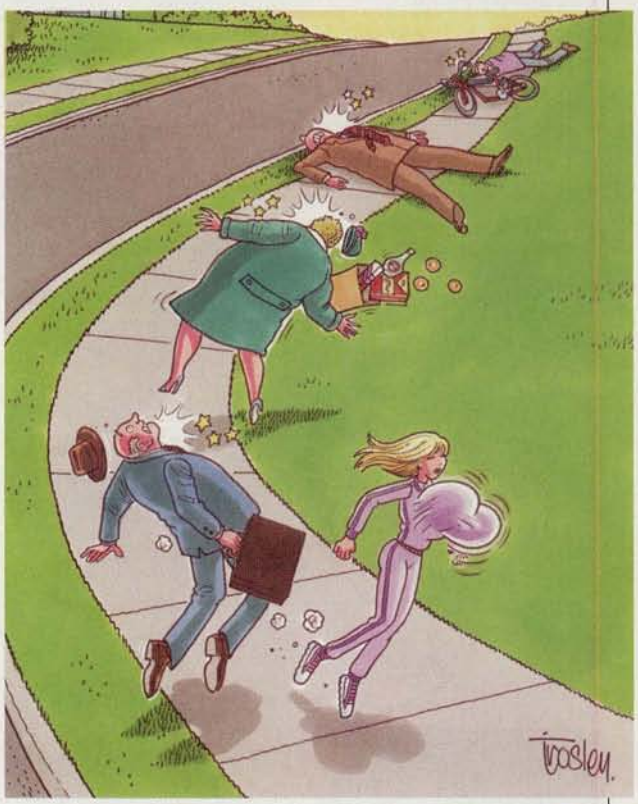
MADISON, WISCONSIN



"I'm a vaggie. That's a vegetarian who only eats food she can fuck herself with!"

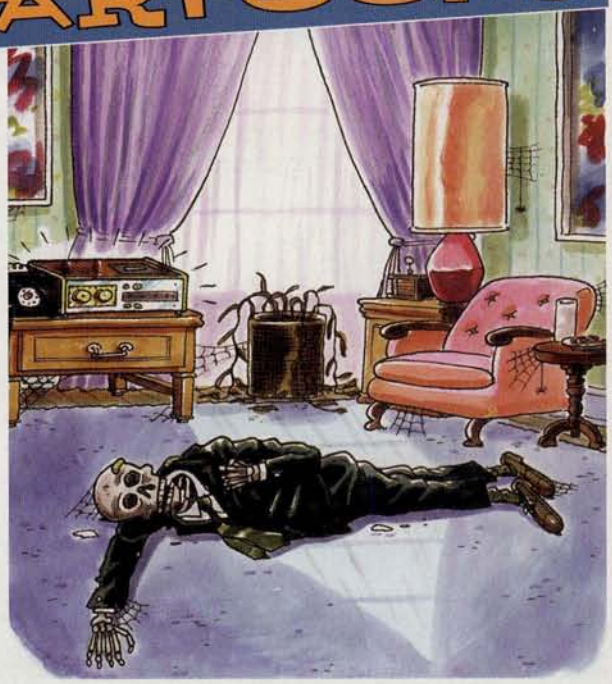
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"I knew selling our company to Larry Flynt was a bad idea!"

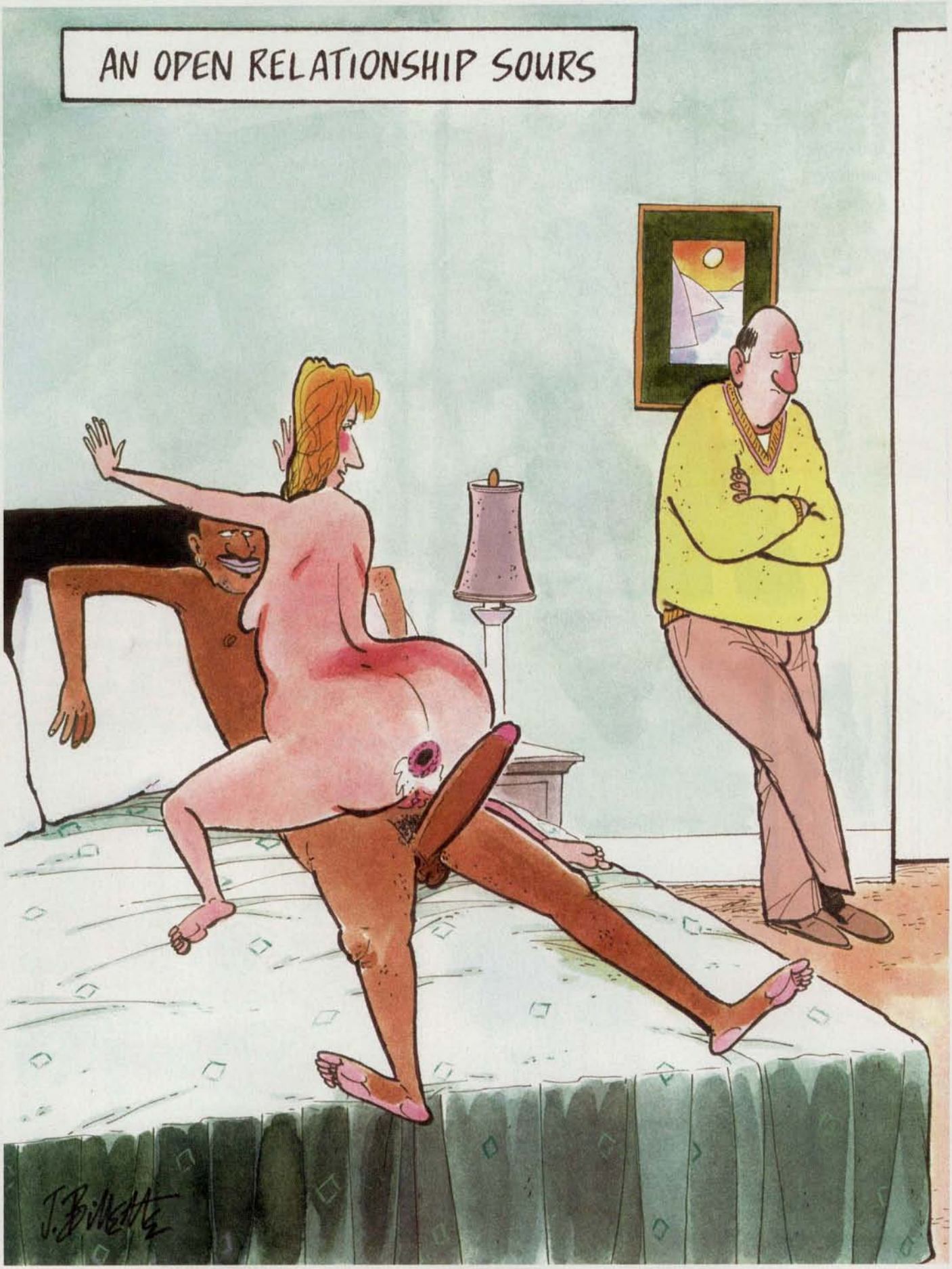


HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Do you realize, my darling, I've never even seen you naked?"



"Sorry I missed your call, but if you would please leave your name and number at the sound of the tone, I will get back to you as soon as possible. Thank you. *Beep!*"



"Sweetie, Calvin slipped out of my ass. Would you be a dear?"

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WATER WARS: YOUR M YOUR

Filmmakers Deborah Kaufman and Alan Snitow believe pure, clean drinking water is a fundamental human right. But the big corporations disagree.

THERE ARE HUGE PROFITS TO BE MADE from controlling life's most vital substance: water. It's happening already—corporations are buying up local water supplies—and not just in the Third World. The rush to privatize water is now happening in America. From a small town in Massachusetts to New Orleans, Americans are waking up to the reality of mismanaged utilities and undrinkable water.

In their documentary *Thirst*, Kaufman and Snitow examine how human needs are balanced against a new form of corporate control.

Defenders of H_2O: Documentary filmmakers Alan Snitow and Deborah Kaufman.

HUSTLER: Is the United States in the midst of a water crisis?

DEBORAH KAUFMAN: I'm not sure if you'd call it a crisis, but I think we don't pay attention to our natural resources in general, and we are overconsuming water. At the same time we're polluting our resources and letting our infrastructures fall apart. So the good water delivery that most of us in the U.S. have taken for granted is starting to need some attention during this time of government cutbacks and deregulation. Many private companies are eyeing the water industry, as they call it, as an opportunity to make profits—to come in and take over what has been an incredibly sound and successful public water system in America.

Are we running out of water?

ALAN SNITOW: There isn't any more water. You've only got what you've got. You don't get any more. There's no creation of water. There *is* a water cycle. It's an amazing thing, and it's finite.

Where in America is the water supply most threatened?

SNITOW: In many areas of the country, particularly in the West, you've never had enough water. There have been major public projects in various places to transport water to areas where there is none. Now we're in a situation where those sources [are imperiled]. For example, the Colo-

ONEY OR LIFE

INTERVIEW BY
BRUCE DAVID &
CAROLYN SINCLAIR

rado River never actually reaches the sea because the water is so completely used. At the local level there are water crises all over the country.

The secondary crisis is with groundwater. The Ogallala Aquifer is the basis of agriculture in the Midwest, and no one really knows when it might suddenly go dry. It's being pumped up at an extraordinary rate, much faster than it can ever be replaced. This is ancient water; some of it's been in the ground for thousands and thousands of years. At some point it may go dry. So there's tremendous concern now about the ever-accelerating rate at which we're using water in areas where there isn't enough. It's even an issue in areas where there's been plenty of water in the past, where people thought it could never run out.

Is this when corporations sneak in to privatize?

KAUFMAN: The crisis is amplified by the stealth operation of private corporations that are coming in, under cover of darkness, to work with mayors and city council people, despite opposition from local communities. It's really a broad coalition of people. This is not a partisan issue with Democrats on one side and Republicans on the other. This is really about local control. You get coalitions banding together against both the corporations and local government.

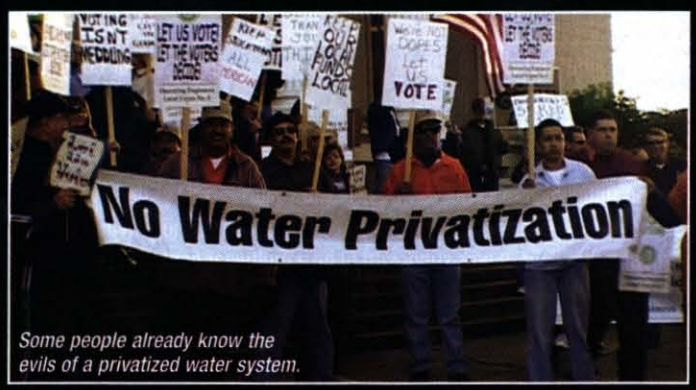
Which corporations are trying to privatize local supplies?

SNITOW: The big ones. In the past seven years or so there have been the three giants of the international water industry. All are foreign multinationals. All are among the hundred largest corporations in the world. They've come in and bought up the major private water corporations operating in the United States. The companies are Vivendi, which bought U.S. Filter [then sold it to German electrical-engineering titan Siemens]. Vivendi had also spun off parts of its business as a separate unit called Veolia, but it still is the same giant corporation. There is Suez Lyonnaise des Eaux, another French-based company like Vivendi, which bought United Water in the U.S. The last one is Thames Water, an English company, which was bought by RWE, a giant German energy conglomerate that some call the Enron of Europe.

These corporations have already bought up water supplies in South America. What have we seen happen *there* after privatization?

KAUFMAN: In recent years we've seen private corporations going into Latin America, Africa and Asia and creating really disastrous experiences in terms of failed promises to deliver water to the people. There have also been price hikes that are beyond the range that normal middle-class, working-class or poor people can afford to pay. There have been explosive problems in Latin America in particular, which we've heard about because they've reached our newspapers. People have literally kicked these companies out of their countries, most notably in Bolivia.

In Bolivia, after privatization, the rates were hiked, water quality went down, and the people couldn't afford to pay. Next the government made it illegal to collect rainwater. Is that accurate?



Some people already know the evils of a privatized water system.

SNITOW: That's correct. In that case the Bechtel Corporation made what many consider a sweetheart deal with the local, city and national governments in Cochabamba to take over all sources of water and to build a dam. Part of that deal was for the city to jack up rates even before Bechtel formally took over the city water supply. It caused an absolute uprising.

Bechtel has been slammed on Cochabamba worldwide. That battle, the death of a young man by an assassin's bullet—really from the military police—and the insurrection that occurred has become the international symbol of resistance to the takeover of water by private water companies. It's also been a symbol of resistance against the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank's imposition of conditionalities on loans. A conditionality is that you have to privatize water supplies before you get any money from the World Bank.

If nearly everyone suffers when water is privatized, how does public water fall into private hands?

There's a stranglehold. You bring in these giant corporations. This is not like your mom-and-pop, small private water system that exists in a lot of rural areas. Now you're dealing with giant, multinational corporations, which can pay campaign contributions, bring in lawyers, change state laws, completely abrogate the possibility of local control and institute a monopoly. The people have almost no capacity to change it once these companies get their foot in the door.

One of the things that got us interested in making *Thirst* was learning that Enron was one of the world's largest water companies. In fact, Enron was planning to do with water exactly what it did with power in California. Their plans were to take over as much water around the world as they could.

Have corporations attempted to take over any U.S. water supplies?

There are several cities that have been targeted by corporations. New Orleans refused them; Puerto Rico threw them out; in Stockton, California,

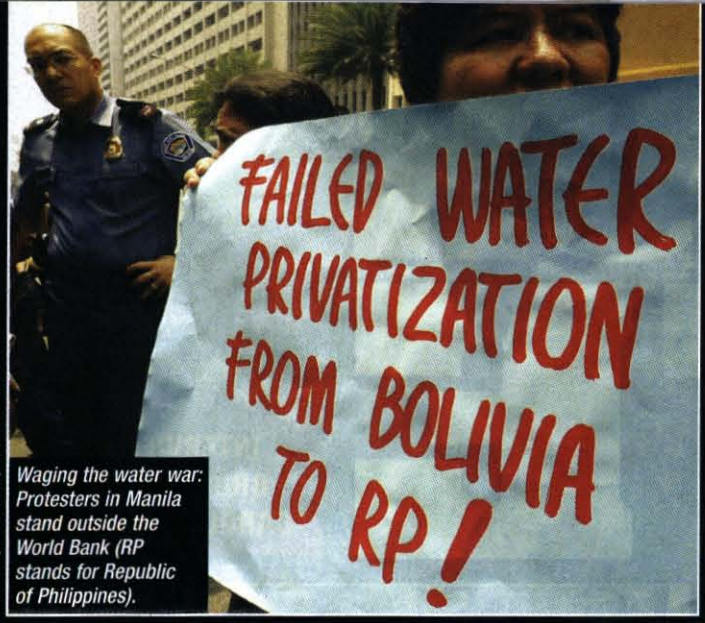


Photo by Mike Alquinto/Newscom

Waging the water war: Protesters in Manila stand outside the World Bank (RP stands for Republic of Philippines).

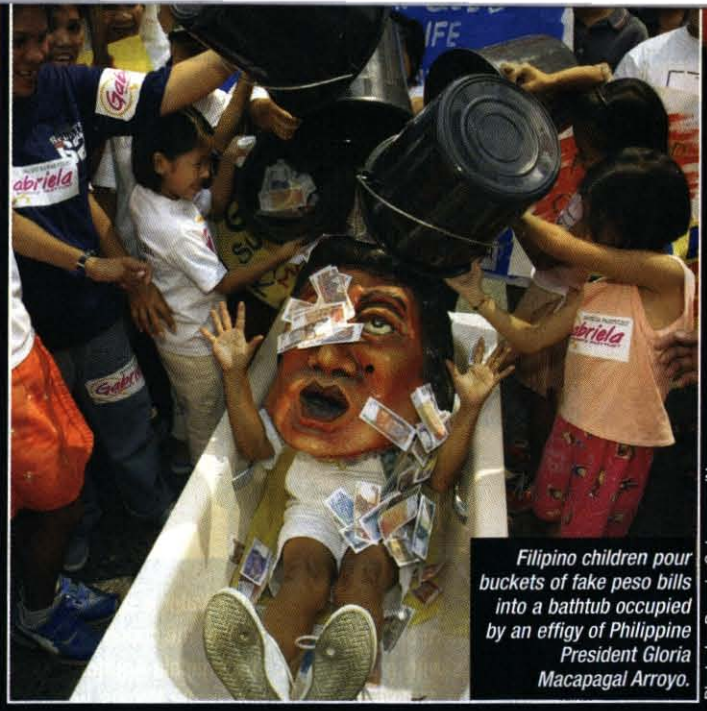


Photo by Dennis Sabangan/Newscom

Filipino children pour buckets of fake peso bills into a bathtub occupied by an effigy of Philippine President Gloria Macapagal Arroyo.

they're embattled but still there. They've even targeted small communities such as Lee, Massachusetts.

The most famous case was in Atlanta. A few years ago Suez was in control of the water system through United Water, its affiliate in America. They had an unbelievable series of brown-water alerts, lack of delivery, billing issues and every possible problem you could imagine. The mayor ended up throwing them out. It was supposed to be a multiyear contract, maybe several decades long, and after a year or two the contract was thrown out.

The company wanted to get out because they realized that they'd have to put in a lot more money than they'd expected. This is one of the ways a giant company abrogates its contract. They say, "We don't want to do this anymore. We've gotten what we can out of this situation." So they pay a fine and move on. But the people in the city can't move on. Their water is a necessity to them, and they're suddenly left in the lurch. That's why the public water system is much more reliable than a globe-trotting corporation, which has no loyalty to any locality or local population.

These water companies come into a city, hire a public relations company and start a publicity campaign. If that doesn't work?

They recruit politicians. That's a bold way of putting it, and it's pretty much what is happening.

Are there any benefits to citizens when water systems become privatized? If not, how do they sell the idea to the people?

They say public water utilities don't have flexibility. The head of the National Association of Water Companies said, "A public water company has to go by civil service rules. We don't have to do that." They say they can make things more efficient, more flexible, that they can use efficiencies of size, and purchase things for less. So these are the general pitches, plus, "We take this off the city's hands." You don't have to have a hundred employees anymore; you just have the ten people who oversee the system.

The whole idea is cost-cutting. You can't make a bigger profit unless you're cutting your costs or raising your rates. Of course, they do both. They raise rates and cut costs, either through layoffs or attrition and replacing full-time workers with temps. Working for a public utility used to be a union job, a solid job in America. Now it's becoming a job for a temporary worker.

And these companies don't necessarily upgrade the infrastructure or maintain the system?

KAUFMAN: Not only that. In Stockton, California, they weren't putting in the appropriate chemicals that would shield neighborhoods from the horrible odors that were coming out. So they *were* saving a lot of money by allowing poor neighborhoods to stink. They will cut corners to cut costs wherever they can. Communities have to suffer through this. Your neighborhoods will suffer through this.

How serious a problem is chemical pollution in terms of our current water supply?

SNITOW: There's a tremendous problem now because when the rains come down, they wash across larger and larger paved areas of cities and sweep all kinds of chemicals from the streets into the water supply. The pollution problem is now much broader than a particular factory. It now flows from all over. Agricultural areas have tremendous problems because

Your Water Is Not Safe

BIG BUSINESS is poisoning your water with one of the scariest pollutants facing Americans today. Believed to be a highly potent carcinogen, the chemical compound methyl tert-butyl ether (MTBE) is found on several national priorities lists identified by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. MTBE, which ironically was intended as a gasoline additive to cut pollution, has infiltrated various aquifers after leaking through tiny holes in fuel storage tanks. Pipelines, fuel spills, unsafe disposal and storm runoff are additional sources of MTBE pollution.

States are struggling to remove MTBE from where it can do harm, but the corporate honchos are playing dirty. The Canadian company Methanex, which produces a component in MTBE, sued California in 1999 for almost $1 billion in lost profits after the compound was banned in that state. The corporate giant was able to seek restitution because NAFTA regulations supercede federal, state and local laws of the United States, Canada and Mexico. Miraculously, an international tribunal of Methanex-approved legal experts eventually determined that California did not have to pay damages.

This may seem like a victory, but don't be fooled. The NAFTA arbitration process is conducted behind closed doors among corporate-approved arbitrators. The fact that Methanex was even allowed to take this case to court and spend four years pursuing it is a travesty. And under the blanket protection of NAFTA, megacorporations with vested interest in poisoning America will continue to override our legal rights.

—Hans Feuersinger

there's no regulation of farm runoff, so you have pesticides in the soil flowing into drainage ditches and back into rivers. The EPA has been hamstrung by this administration in dealing with this. And local areas are hamstrung because there's no funding.

What about buying bottled drinking water?

KAUFMAN: You've got this huge public problem of toxins in the water supply. And people think that if they just put a water filter or buy bottled water, they can solve the problem individually. They say, "I'm going to go get my Aquafina," thinking that's going to protect them. But, of course, large corporations own all the bottled water, and most of it isn't spring water anyway. It's just filtered tap water, and you're needlessly paying huge amounts of money. If instead of buying bottled water, everyone spent the money for municipal system upgrades, which the EPA was regulating, we'd have a much better system. People would be able to send their kids to school so they could drink out of the water fountain rather than have to give them a dollar every day to buy water out of the Coke machine.

People are really being snookered by the bottled water industry. This has got to be one of the greatest capers of pulling the wool over people's eyes. Those bottles of supposedly fresh water are less regulated than public water. Tap water is supposedly pretty clean because the EPA approves it, whereas bottled water is only lightly regulated by the Food and Drug Administration.

If there is a serious threat to public water supplies, will it happen all at once?

SNITOW: It depends on the shape of a local aquifer. There are some people who think it's like an underground river going through the rocks and pebbles. Others say it's more like an egg carton, that you could run out of water in one spot, but in another spot you'd still have water left. They don't know. There's a hydrologic investigation going on, but we're playing with fire right now. It's very clear that the water table is being sucked down.

There are pictures, for example, from the central valley of California, where you see where the land has dropped 20 or 30 feet because of the water being sucked out of the ground. So there is enormous use of aquifer water not being replaced. We're mining water. That's an idea people have a hard time grasping, but it's just the way we talk about how oil could run out someday.

How would privatization affect conservation efforts?

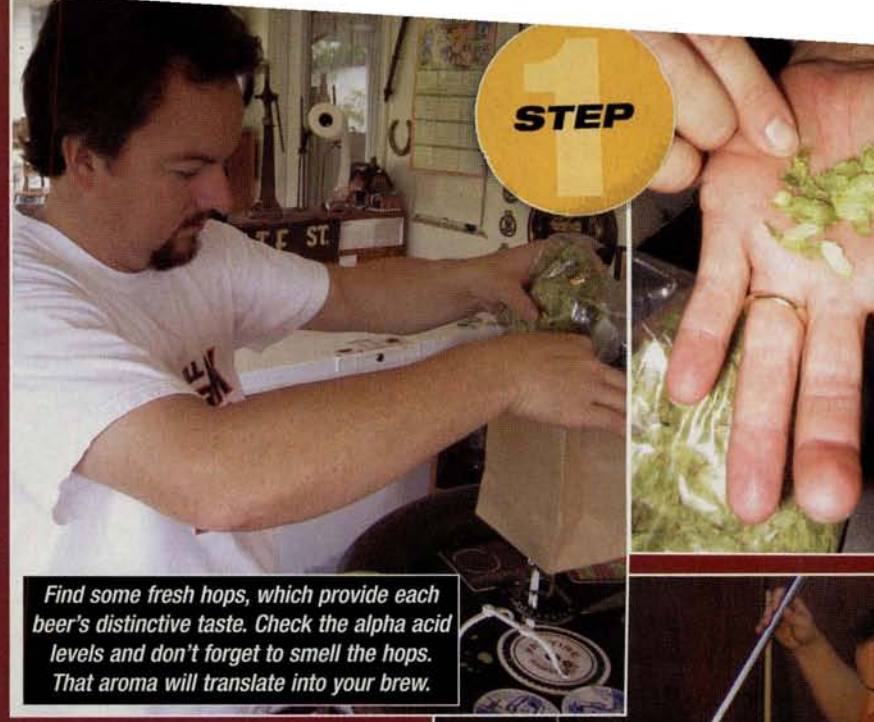
KAUFMAN: Part of the problem with privatization is that corporations want to encourage you to use more because that's how they make profits. It's unlikely that they would be the leaders in any conservation campaign when their modus operandi is to make profits for shareholders. That's the point of a corporation. So you're not going to really hear about conservation efforts being led by corporations. It's going to be the opposite. Whereas, if we continue to keep these things municipally run, at least there might be some effort and leadership to promote more conservation.

Alan Snitow and Deborah Kaufman's remarkable documentary *Thirst* is available on DVD and can be purchased online at BullfrogFilms.com.

BILLY HERE MADE THE STATEMENT RIGHT IN CLASS, THAT HIS PARENTS ARE 'F-ING STUPID'!
THEY VOTED FOR BUSH ... TWICE!
THE BOY HAS A POINT.
PRINCIPAL
J. BIVENS

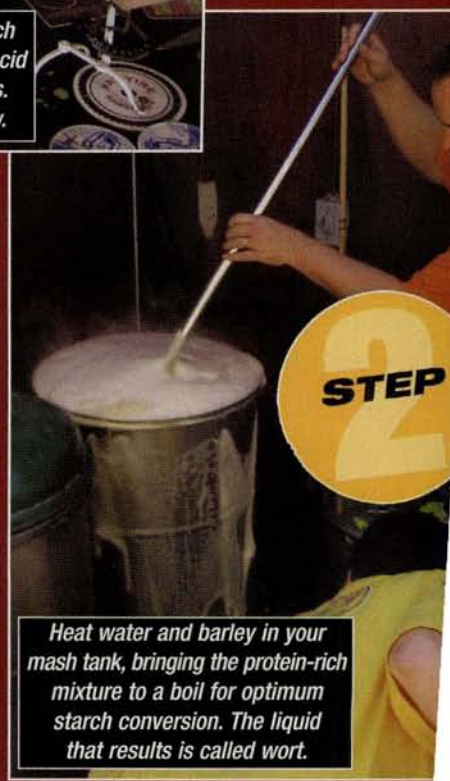
"It's okay if I drink and smoke while I'm pregnant—I'm getting an abortion!"

SOME BASIC SUPPLIES for brewing beer include a cooking thermometer, water, yeast and large metal containers.



STEP 1

Find some fresh hops, which provide each beer's distinctive taste. Check the alpha acid levels and don't forget to smell the hops. That aroma will translate into your brew.

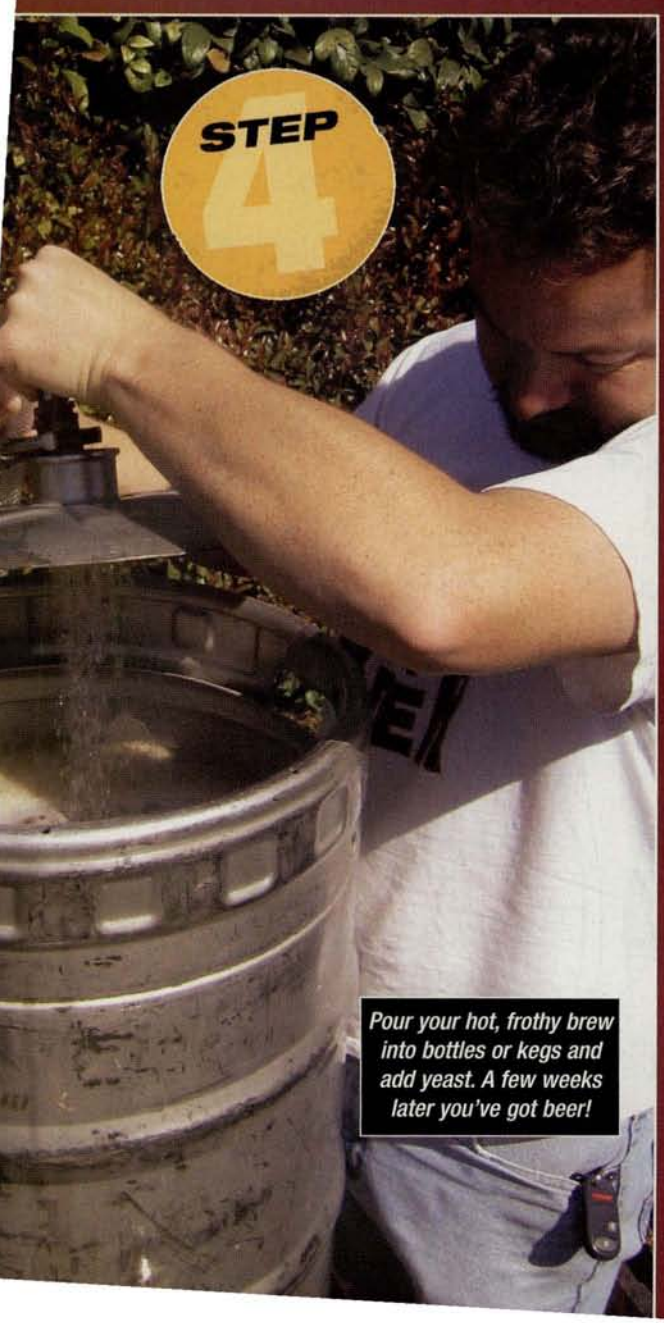


STEP 2

Heat water and barley in your mash tank, bringing the protein-rich mixture to a boil for optimum starch conversion. The liquid that results is called wort.

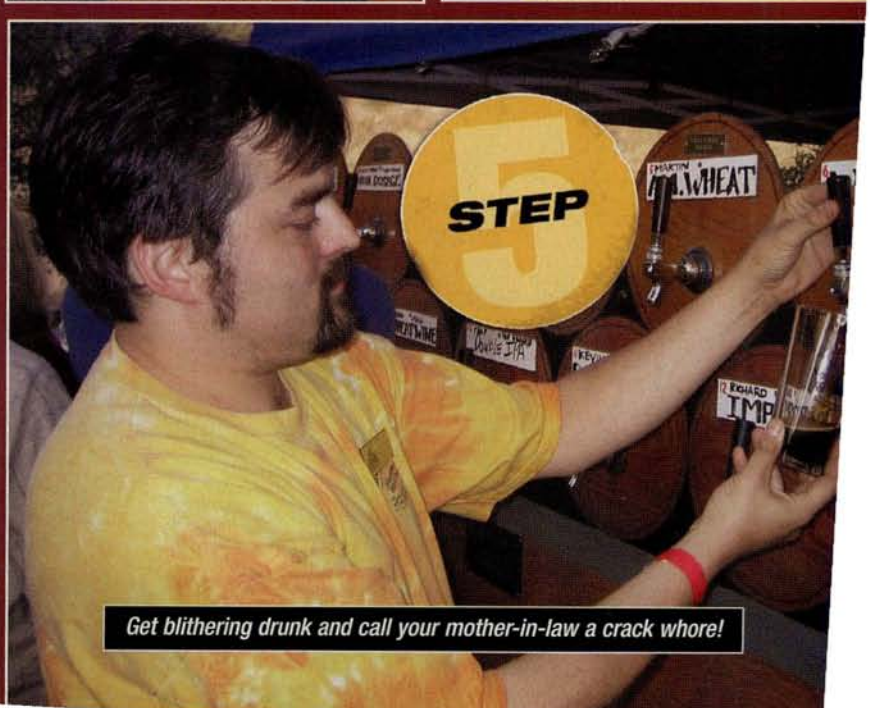
STEP 3

Get wasted while waiting for the wort to filter with hot water through your aromatic hops.



STEP 4

Pour your hot, frothy brew into bottles or kegs and add yeast. A few weeks later you've got beer!



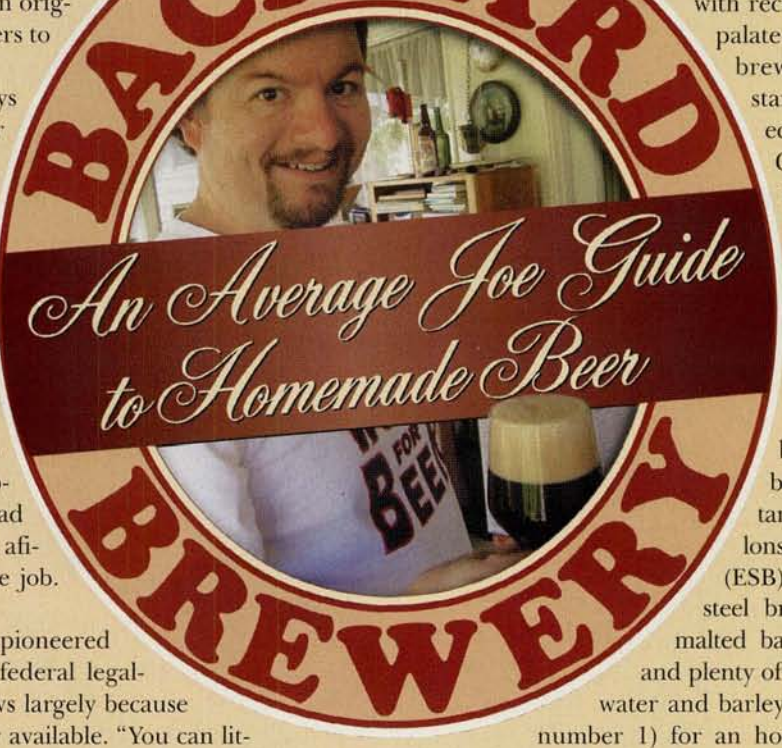
STEP 5

Get blithering drunk and call your mother-in-law a crack whore!

BY ANDREA BARKAN

BACKYARD BREWERY

An Average Joe Guide to Homemade Beer



ON A GLORIOUS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, members of America's first homebrew club gather to concoct the oldest beer in existence. Their recipe comes from an ancient Sumerian hymn heralding a beer goddess, and the main ingredient is bappir—an unleavened, storage bread that looks either like a big cookie or a cow pie, depending on your level of optimism. (Sumer was a pre-Babylonian civilization in what is now Iraq.)

"Hymn to Ninkasi is all about turning bappir into beer," explains Drew Beechum, president of the Maltose Falcons, a Los Angeles-area homebrew club established in 1974. "It's the first written recipe we have. Beer and religion were intertwined."

To re-create the granddaddy of all beers, Beechum and half a dozen Falcons crumble homemade bappir into a bucket of barley during their monthly gathering at Falcon headquarters in Woodland Hills, California. Whether they're hijacking history or concocting an original, the Falcons are no strangers to strange beers.

"I really screw around," says John Iatchison, a ten-year Falcon vet. After learning that ancient Germans hefted huge boulders heated over fire into their brewing beer, Iatchison thought, *I've gotta try that.* Soon he was roasting river rocks over a barbecue grill to 700 degrees, using tongs to plunk them in his brew and hopping back to avoid a barrage of boiling bubbles and scalding steam. "I had rocks explode on me," the aficionado recalls. "But it did the job. It was a good beer."

Like the homebrewers who pioneered the present-day hobby upon federal legalization in 1978, Iatchison brews largely because he wants beer that isn't readily available. "You can literally make high-quality beer that you can't get anywhere," he says. "You make it to your parameters, your taste." You know, like beer boiled by scalding-hot, explosive rocks.

"There's a certain caramelization that you get from the hot rocks," Iatchison continues, "a certain caramel flavor that doesn't come through any other way. And again, can you buy this beer at a store? You cannot. If you want it, you have to make it yourself."

The average homebrewer need not go to such lengths as Iatchison to spice up fermented nectars. Flavorful varieties of malted barley are widely available and impart delicious traces of chocolate, coffee and even plum.

"You get some that taste just like a grain," Beechum explains, munching malted barley from bins stacked at Falcon headquarters. "Then you get some that taste like coffee and some that taste like roasted walnuts and raisins. So the art of doing this is understanding the flavor impacts you get from the ingredients and choosing the right balance."

Sound complex? It's not. Most homebrew starter kits cost around $100.

"Just do it," says Aubrey Howe III, president of California's Santa Barbeerians Homebrew Club. "Find a good book."

Ray Daniels, director of craft beer marketing for the Brewers Association, recommends *Zymurgy for Beginners*, a free how-to guide available online at its Web site, **Beertown.org**. "Go to your local homebrew store [check your Yellow Pages], and tell them you want to get started," Daniels suggests. "They're always a good source of information. Brewing is a craft just like gardening, baking or photography. There's a tremendous pride of ownership."

And sometimes that pride can transform simple backyard brewing into a bona fide business. Consequently, America is now home to 1,400 breweries, most of them small independents known for taking risks with recipes that pay off on the palate. Even California megabrewery Sierra Nevada started as a backyard project, when founder Ken Grossman began brewing five-gallon batches of his now-famous ale using basic equipment. Today his award-winning brewery houses more than 100 giant barrels.

In his Santa Barbara backyard, Howe lights a burner beneath a boiling tank. He's making ten gallons of extra-special bitter (ESB) ale using three stainless steel brewpots, 25 pounds of malted barely, 4 ounces of hops and plenty of water. He first heats the water and barley in the mash tun (tank number 1) for an hour, which converts the barley's inaccessible starches into ready-to-eat sugars and produces a liquid called wort.

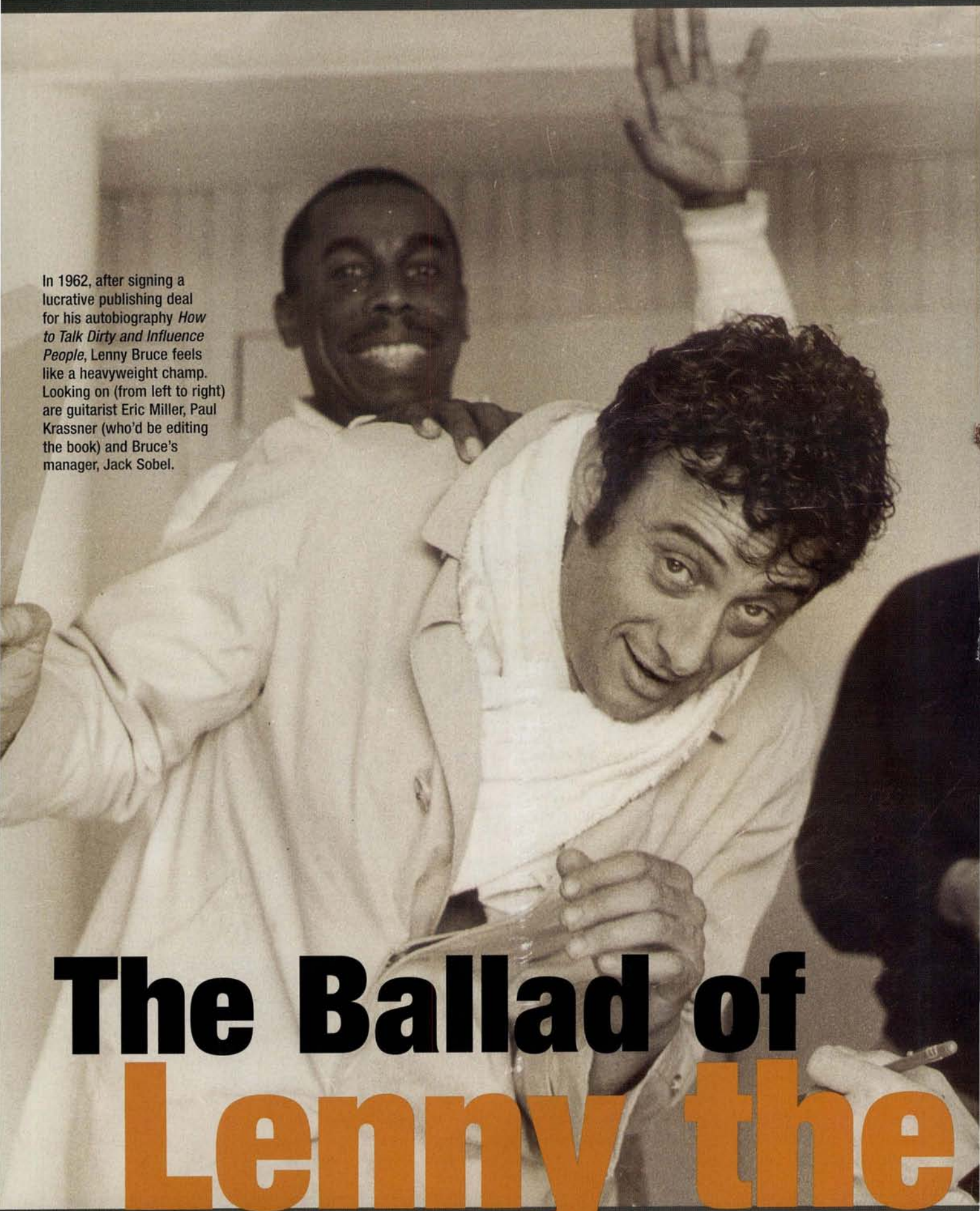
Next, Howe filters the wort through hot water into the boiling tank, where he adds hops, which give an aromatic quality to the beer. Depending on the variety you choose, the hops can make a beer fruity, floral, spicy, bitter and even grassy. This provides a break from barley's trademark sweetness.

The bubbling wort resembles witches' brew and smells like steaming, cooked cereal. When finished, Howe transfers the concoction into five-gallon glass bottles and adds yeast. The mixture ferments for about two weeks. Yeast then eats the sugar and produces two by-products: carbon dioxide and alcohol.

"If you can boil water, you can brew beer," Howe reckons. "When I taste some of the beers I make, I go, 'Wow! I made that!' I get a sense of accomplishment!"

Now all you need to get started is a backyard and a hankering for a cold brewski.

PHOTOS BY ANDREA BARKAN



In 1962, after signing a lucrative publishing deal for his autobiography *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, Lenny Bruce feels like a heavyweight champ. Looking on (from left to right) are guitarist Eric Miller, Paul Krassner (who'd be editing the book) and Bruce's manager, Jack Sobel.

The Ballad of Lenny the

Realist publisher and countercultural gadfly Paul Krassner looks back at his relationship with trailblazing comedian LENNY BRUCE, whose social commentary and stand against censorship made him a legend.

Lawyer

The following is an excerpt from Paul Krassner's latest book, *One Hand Jerking: Reports From an Investigative Satirist*, published by Seven Stories Press.

In 1959 I published an interview with Lenny Bruce in *The Realist.* It had been conducted totally by mail. When Lenny came to New York for a midnight show at Town Hall, he called me that afternoon, and we met for the first time at the Hotel America. He was staying there with Eric Miller, a black guitarist who worked with him in certain routines. In "How to Relax Colored People at a Party," Lenny would play the part of a "first-plateau liberal" trying to make conversation with Miller, playing the part of an entertainer at an otherwise all-white party. Lenny's character would spout one racial cliché after another. A critic had blasted him for "the insulting way in which he ridiculed races and creeds." Miller lamented, "They just don't understand."

At this point in his career, Lenny was still using the euphemism *frig* on stage. Although his irreverence was already being translated into "sick comic" by the media, he had not yet been branded "filthy." I handed him the new issue of *The Realist,* featuring my interview with psychologist Albert Ellis, who described "the campaign which I have been waging, with remarkable lack of success, for many years, in favor of the proper usage of the word *fuck.* My premise is that sexual intercourse, copulation, fucking or whatever you wish to call it is normally, under almost all circumstances, a damned good thing. Therefore, we should rarely use it in a negative, condemnatory manner. Instead of denouncing someone by calling him "a fucking bastard," we should say, of course, that he is an "unfucking villain" (since *bastard,* too, is not necessarily a negative state and should not only be used pejoratively)."

"I can see this scrawled on subway posters," I said. "Unfuck you!"

"Are you telling me this is legal to sell on the newsstands?"

"Absolutely. The Supreme Court's definition of obscenity is that it has to be material which appeals to your prurient interest—"

Lenny magically produced an unabridged dictionary from the suitcase on his bed, and he looked up the word *prurient.* "Itching," he mused. "What does that mean, that they can bust a novelty-store owner for selling itching powder along with the dribble glass and the whoopee cushion?"

"It's just their way of saying that something gets you horny."

Lenny clenched his jaw, nodding his head in affirmation of a new discovery: "So it's against the law to get you horny."

He asked me to give out copies of *The Realist* with the Ellis interview in front of Town Hall before his concert that night. He brought a copy onstage and proceeded to talk about it. As a result, he was barred from performing there again.

"They'll book me again," Lenny said. "They made too much on that concert. I'd have more respect for them if they didn't ever book me again. At least it'd show they were keeping their word."

But he was right. They did book him again.

I was able to subsidize *The Realist* by doing interviews for *Playboy*'s new feature, the "*Playboy* Panel," which wasn't really a panel. I had to interview each person separately, then follow up with questions to give the illusion of interplay, and finally weave all the material into a discussion until I was convinced that we had all been sitting at a table together in the same room. For a panel on "The Hip Humorists" in 1960, I flew to Milwaukee to interview Lenny.

That evening three plainclothes police [officers] walked into his dressing room at the club where he was working. They told him not to discuss politics or religion or sex, or they'd yank him right off the stage. The previous night, a group of Catholics had signed a complaint about his act. The cops told him that he shouldn't say *son of a*

bitch in his impression of a white-collar drunk. Lenny was nervous and did two slightly toned-down shows.

At breakfast in the YMCA cafeteria, a man sitting at our table told how he had slapped his daughter because she wanted to see *Psycho*. He had seen it and didn't want her to witness a kissing scene between a partially disrobed couple. He didn't mention the violence of repeatedly stabbing a woman in the shower, but the contradictions in that conversation would work their way into Lenny's performance that night.

I was fascinated by the way he played with ideas and inspired by how he weaved taboo comedic targets—nuclear testing, teachers' low salaries, drug laws, abortion rights, organized religion—into stream-of-consciousness vignettes.

Lenny's first arrest occurred in September 1961, ostensibly for drugs—for which he had prescriptions—but actually because he was making too much money, and the local officials wanted a piece of the action. He was working at the Red Hill Inn in Pennsauken, New Jersey. Cops broke into his hotel room to make the bust. That night an attorney and bail bondsman came backstage and told him that $10,000 was all it would take for the judge to dismiss the charges. A beatnik-looking young lawyer friend witnessed this attempted extortion. In court, Lenny pleaded not guilty.

"Incidentally," he added, "I can only come up with $50."

The judge dismissed the case against him.

In October, Lenny was arrested for obscenity at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco for using the word *cocksucker* to describe a cocksucker. He got busted for aptness of vocabulary. The officers said they came because of an anonymous phone call the previous night, although the doorman insisted that there had been no complaints or walkouts.

Two decades later, Meryl Streep would get an Academy Award for saying *cocksucker* in *Sophie's Choice*, and if she didn't, then fellow nominee Jessica Lange would've won the Oscar for saying *cocksucker* in *Frances*.

Lenny was writing his autobiography—*How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*—which *Playboy* would serialize, then publish as a book, and they hired me as his editor. We hooked up in Atlantic City, where Lenny drove a rented car.

Lenny was taking Delaudid for lethargy and sent a telegram to a contact with a phrase—DE LAWD IN DE SKY—as a code to send a doctor's prescription. Now he got sick while waiting for it to be filled. Later, while we were relaxing on the beach, I hesitatingly brought up the subject. "Don't you think it's ironic that your whole style should be so free-form, and yet you can also be a slave to dope?"

"What does that mean, a slave to dope?"

"Well, if you need a fix, you've got to stop whatever you're doing, go somewhere and wrap a lamp cord around your arm—"

"Then other people are slaves to food. 'Oh, I'm so famished, I must have lunch immediately or I'll pass out.'"

Later he began to get paranoid about my role: "You're gonna go to literary cocktail parties, and you're gonna say, 'Yeah, that's right. I found Lenny slobbering in an alley; he would've been nothin' without me.'"

I denied any such intention, but he demanded that I take a lie detector test, and I was paranoid enough to take him literally. I told him that I couldn't work with him if he didn't trust me. We got into an argument, and I left. I sent a letter of resignation to *Playboy* and a copy to Lenny. A few weeks later I got a telegram from him that sounded as if we had been on the verge of a divorce—WHY CAN'T IT BE THE WAY IT USED TO BE?—and I agreed to try again.

In December 1962 I flew to Chicago to resume working with Lenny. He was performing at the Gate of Horn, and now he was asking the whole audience to take a lie detector test. He recognized my laugh.

Lenny was arrested for obscenity that night. The cops broke open his candy bars, looking for drugs.

"I guess what happens," Lenny mused, "if you get arrested in Town A and then in Town B with a lot of publicity, then when you get to Town C, they have to arrest you, or what kind of shithouse town are they running?"

Chicago was Town C. Lenny had been released on bail and was working again, but the head of the vice squad warned the manager: "If this man ever uses a four-letter word in this club again, I'm going to pinch you and everyone in here. If he ever speaks against religion, I'm going to pinch you and everyone in here. Do you understand? You've had good people here. But he mocks the pope—and I'm speaking as a Catholic. I'm here to tell you your license is in danger. We're going to have someone here watching every show."

And indeed, the Gate of Horn's liquor license was suspended. There were no previous allegations against the club, and the current charge involved neither violence nor drunken behavior. The only charge pressed by the city prosecutor was Lenny's allegedly obscene performance, and his trial had not yet been held.

Chicago boasted the largest membership in the Roman Catholic Church of any archdiocese in the country. Lenny's jury consisted entirely of Catholics. The judge was Catholic. The prosecutor and his assistant were Catholic. On Ash Wednesday the judge removed the spot of ash from his forehead and told the bailiff to instruct the others to do likewise. The sight of a judge, two prosecutors and 12 jurors, all with a spot of ash on their foreheads, had the surrealistic flavor of a Lenny Bruce fantasy.

After the first week of the trial, Lenny flew to Los Angeles—Town D—where he was promptly arrested on suspicion of narcotics possession. Years later the arresting officer went to prison himself for drug-smuggling. When the Chicago case resumed, the jury found Lenny guilty. The judge gave him the maximum penalty—a year in jail and a $1,000 fine—"for telling dirty jokes," explained a network newscaster.

A week later the case against the Gate of Horn was dismissed, but it had become obvious that Lenny was now considered too hot to be booked in Chicago again. In San Francisco the jury found him not guilty of obscenity. Arresting officers admitted that his material didn't arouse their prurient interest, but in Chicago the judge refused to permit that line of cross-examination by the defense. Nor would he allow the head of the vice squad to take the stand, on the grounds that his testimony would be extraneous to the issue before the court.

"Chicago," said Lenny, "is so corrupt it's thrilling."

In less than two years Lenny was arrested 15 times. While the Chicago verdict was on appeal, he was working at the Off-Broadway in San Francisco. The club's newspaper ads made this offer: "No cover charge for patrolmen in uniform."

Since he always talked onstage about his environment, and since police cars and courtrooms had lately become his environment, the content of Lenny's performances began to revolve more and more around the inequities of the justice system. "In the halls of justice," he declared, "the only justice is in the halls." But he also said, "I love the law."

Lenny's jazz jargon was gradually being replaced by legal jargon. He had become intimate not only with the statutes concerning obscenity and nar-

cotics, but also with courtroom procedure, and his knowledge would be woven into his performances.

"Query," he'd begin. "If a tape recording is my voice, are they using me to testify against myself, since it's my voice that would indict me?"

Ultimately, Lenny fired all his lawyers in the New York trial and defended himself. He was found guilty, even though the law stated that to be obscene, material must be utterly without any redeeming social importance; therefore, if one single person felt that Lenny's performance had the slightest bit of redeeming social importance—and there were several witnesses who so testified—then he should've been found not guilty.

Lenny hadn't been able to get work in six months. Club owners were afraid to book him. He almost got an engagement in Philadelphia, but the deal fell through when the district attorney demanded that Lenny show up a couple of days early and take a Naline test to prove there was no morphine in his system. Plus, he was told to present his material in advance.

He performed at a club in Westbury [Long Island], but on his way to the parking lot after the first performance, a district attorney warned him, "If you do another show like the one you did tonight, I'll arrest you." Then the D.A. told the club owner, "If you let him go on, I'll pull your license."

Lenny went before the Court of Appeals in New York, seeking an injunction that would prevent district attorneys from arresting him in the future. The three-judge panel was headed by Thurgood Marshall, former chief counsel for the NAACP, who would later become the first black justice appointed to the Supreme Court. Lenny pleaded that he was like a carpenter whose tools were being taken away. He compared the denial of his rights to "a nigger who wants to use a toilet in Alabama."

"You're not a Negro, Mr. Bruce," said Judge Marshall.

"Unfortunately not, Your Honor."

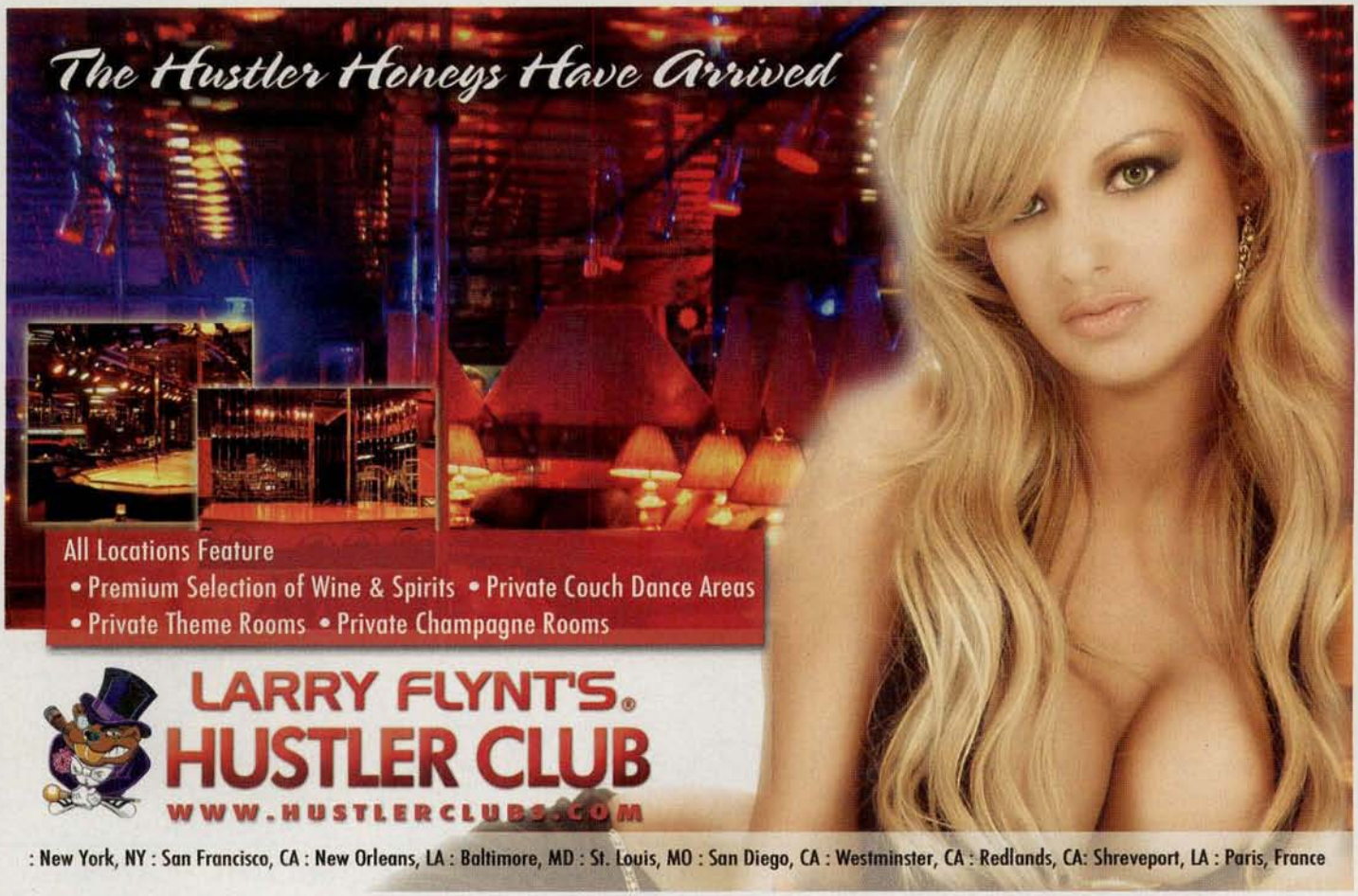
And Lenny's request was denied. A week later he was due to be sentenced. Once again he would act as his own attorney. In court he borrowed a watch, because he planned to state for the record what time he began and ended his argument—"so that the judge can't close me out for taking too long." Lenny spoke for a solid hour. He did everything in this one-time-only matinee performance short of applying burnt cork to his face, donning white gloves, getting down on his knees and singing "Nobody Knows de Trouble Obscene," but his most relevant argument concerned the very obscenity statute which he'd been accused of violating.

As his legal homework, Lenny had obtained the legislative history of that statute from Albany, and he discovered that back in 1931 there was an amendment proposed which excluded from arrest in an indecent performance: stagehands, spectators, musicians and—here was the fulcrum of his defense—actors. The law had been misapplied to him. Despite opposition by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, the amendment was finally signed into law by then-Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Lenny had complained that prosecutor Richard Kuh tried to do his act in court. A friend of mine who dated Kuh swears that he took her back to his *(continued on page 60)*

A REPUBLICAN TRYING TO GET INTO HEAVEN

"Looks like Mary had a little lamb!"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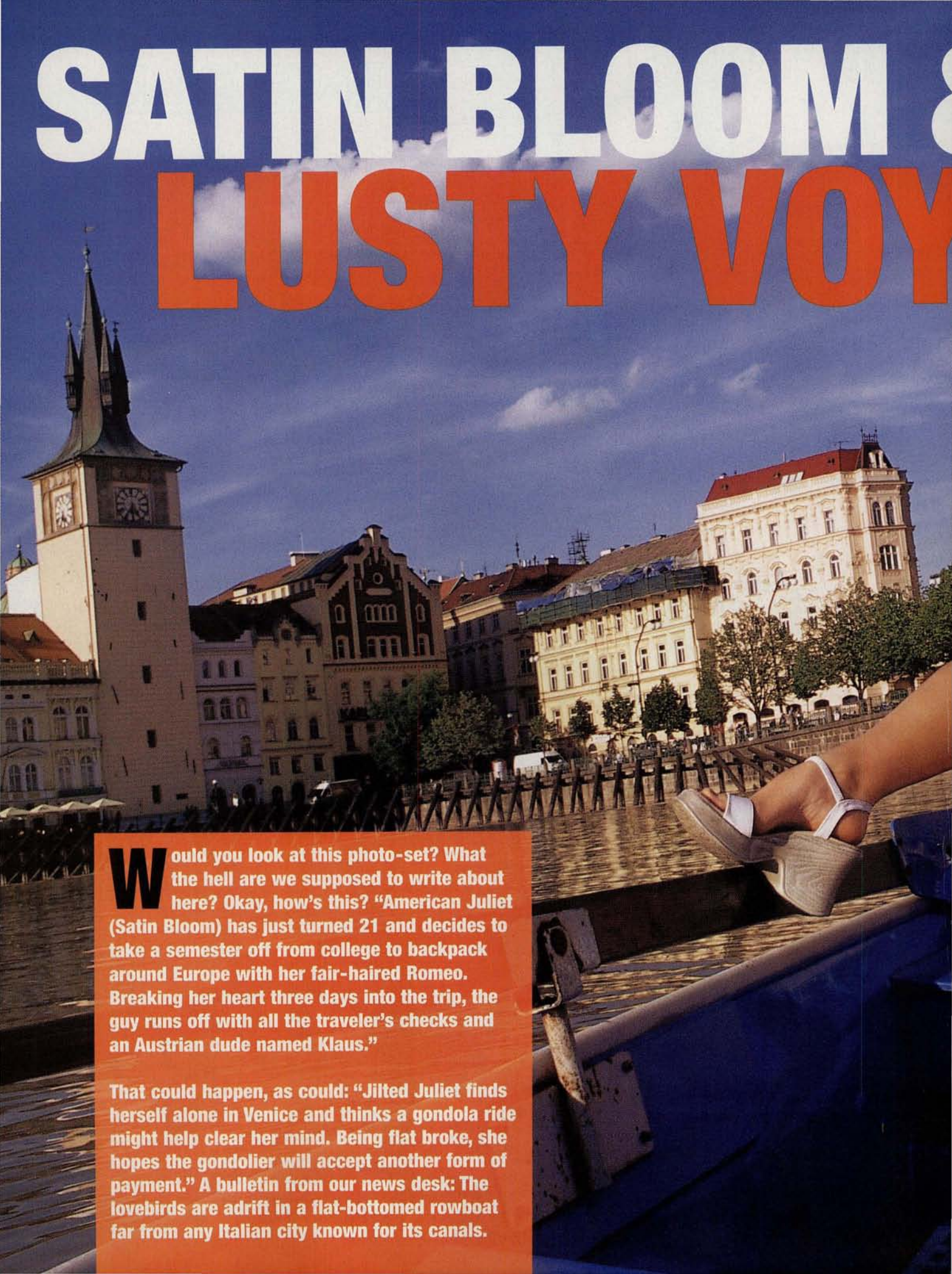
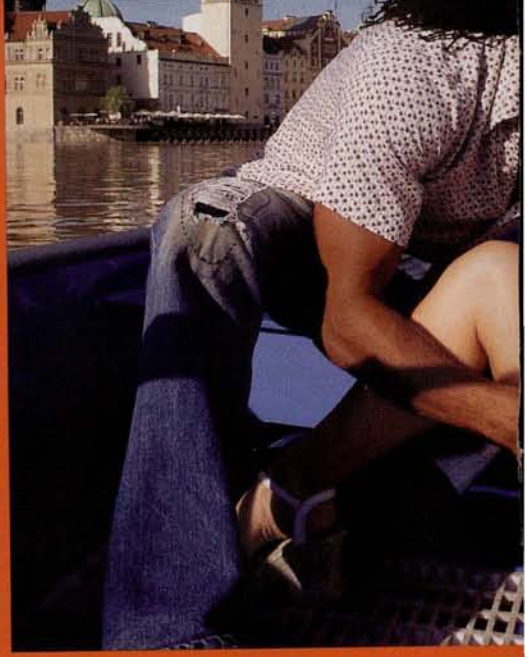


Would you look at this photo-set? What the hell are we supposed to write about here? Okay, how's this? "American Juliet (Satin Bloom) has just turned 21 and decides to take a semester off from college to backpack around Europe with her fair-haired Romeo. Breaking her heart three days into the trip, the guy runs off with all the traveler's checks and an Austrian dude named Klaus."

That could happen, as could: "Jilted Juliet finds herself alone in Venice and thinks a gondola ride might help clear her mind. Being flat broke, she hopes the gondolier will accept another form of payment." A bulletin from our news desk: The lovebirds are adrift in a flat-bottomed rowboat far from any Italian city known for its canals.

& K.K.
AGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



Wait! Would a super-tight chick like this really trade sex for a fucking boat ride? Maybe if the guy was hot and she was horny, but not with this Eddie Grant-looking motherfucker. Yes, *that* Eddie Grant, the faux reggae guy who had a hit in the 1980s with "Electric Avenue."

We have to write something; so here goes: "Dreading a public indecency rap, the wily oarsman Othello (K.K.) suggests heading to Juliet's tiny room at the youth hostel to continue the ride. Eager to have him rock the little man in the boat (you know, her clit), the tempestuous coquette quickly agrees. Taking charge, Othello moors his cock in all her pleasure portals. What sexual electricity!" That's good. Not Pulitzer Prize good, but close enough.

Now a big capper: "As cum drenches her angelic face, the American coed is glad she's been granted a new lover, while Othello is glad that he got to borrow his uncle's skiff for the day." That will have to do. We're feeling a little seasick.

Sadie Frost

Enough Already!

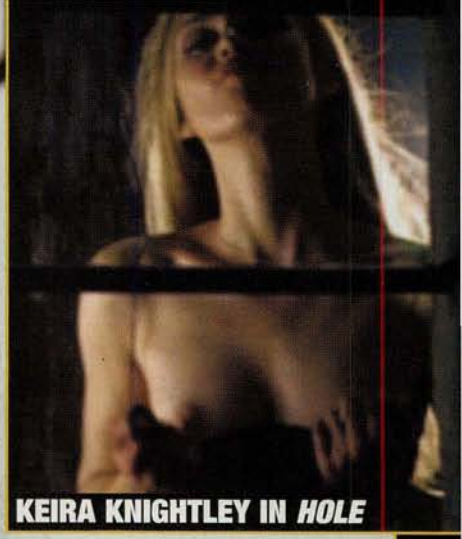
WE CAN'T BELIEVE we're saying this, but we never want to see another shot of these tiny titties again! Letting one of her little ones out at some charity function is **Bai Ling**, the Asian actress who starred in *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* and the reality show *But Can They Sing?* (She can't!) This is the fourth time Bai's wayward bosom has graced these pages, and we have to say it's time for her to stop wearing clothes in public altogether. Come on, baby, you know you want to.

Got any nude celebrity pictures? Contact us at nakedcelebs@lfp.com about publishing them.

Bai Ling

FAMOUS FLESH

Exposé by Keith Valcourt

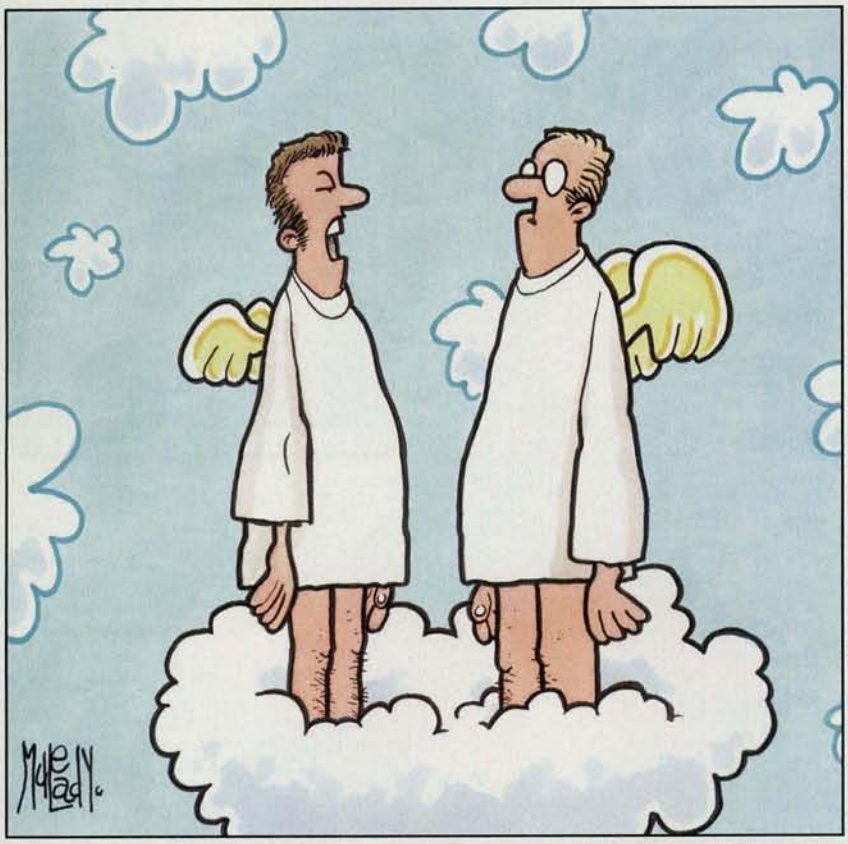


KEIRA KNIGHTLEY IN *HOLE*

Keira Knightley

HERE SHE IS: this generation's **Winona Ryder** (minus the crazy), superhot Brit babe **Keira Knightley**. When the sexy star took time off from filming the *Pirates of the Caribbean* sequels to attend the red-carpet premiere of her latest flick, *Pride & Prejudice*, she couldn't have possibly imagined ending up in our magazine. Lucky for us, one of her perky pals decided to make a surprise appearance and greet her adoring public. We have to admit that Miss Knightley's boobs might be small, but they are powerful.

Looks like divorced life is agreeing with busty British actress **Sadie Frost**. We caught the former Mrs. **Jude Law**, best known in America for portraying Lucy Westenra in *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, running around London proudly showing off her less-than-toned tits to anyone who'll look—including the paparazzi. Seems Sadie is over that whole postpartum depression thing and just happy to turn heads again. We can't say the same for her pissed-off boy toy.



"I wanted to fuck this girl, but she was uglier than shit. So I drank a case of beer, but then she looked like Ann Coulter. So I killed myself!"

"We're making sure to send our troops in Iraq all the supplies they need!"

The Ballad of Lenny the Lawyer

(continued from page 45) apartment and played Lenny Bruce records for her. Maybe someday he would play for her the soundtrack album from the movie *Lenny*, with Dustin Hoffman doing Lenny's act onstage where he complains about the district attorney doing his act in court. But now, before sentencing, Kuh recommended that no mercy be granted because Bruce had shown a "lack of remorse."

"I'm not here for remorse," Lenny responded, "but for justice. The issue is not obscenity, but that I spit in the face of authority."

The face of authority spat back at Lenny that afternoon by sentencing him to four months in the workhouse. Then, in the pressroom of the Criminal Courts building, a reporter asked, "Do you believe in obscenity?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lenny. "Do I believe we should pray for obscenity?"

On October 2, 1965, Lenny visited San Francisco FBI headquarters. Two days later they sent a memo to the FBI director in Washington, describing him as "the nightclub and stage performer widely known for his obscenity" and stating that "Bruce, who advised that he is scheduled to begin confinement, 10/13/65, in New York State as a result of a conviction for a lewd show, alleged that there is a conspiracy between the courts of the states of New York and California to violate his rights. Allegedly this violation of his rights takes place by these lower courts failing to abide by decision of the U.S. Supreme Court with regard to obscenity...."

On October 13, Lenny's 40th birthday, instead of surrendering to the authorities in New York, he filed suit at the U.S. District Court in San Francisco to keep out of prison, and he got himself officially declared a pauper. He also asked the federal court to protect him from harassment by police in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco, to determine how much money he had lost since his conviction in New York and to order the police department there to pay him damages.

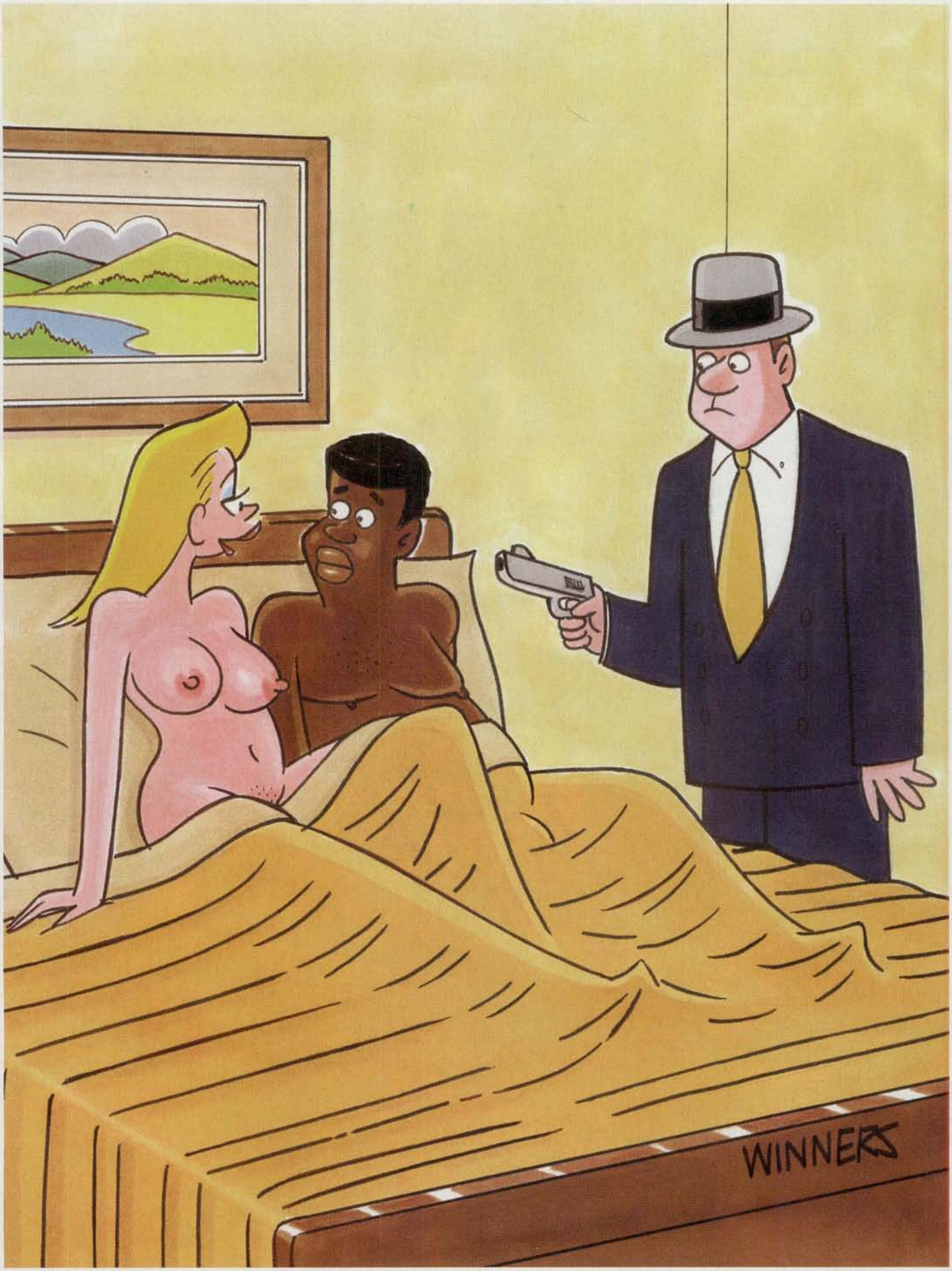
Since his first arrest for obscenity in San Francisco, his earnings had plummeted from $108,000 to $11,000, and he was $15,000 in debt. Under great emotional and financial stress, he had not yet filed a proper appeal in his New York case. Au Go Go owner Howard Solomon had been convicted of the same charge, and that ruling was reversed on appeal.

On May 31, 1966, Lenny wrote to me: "I'm still working on the bust of the government of New York State." And he enclosed his doodle of Jesus nailed to the cross with a speech balloon asking, "Where the hell is the ACLU?"

On August 3 he received a foreclosure notice on his home. Lenny died that day from an overdose of morphine. His death was on the cusp of accident and suicide. In his kitchen a kettle of water was still boiling. In his office the electric typewriter was still humming. He had stopped typing in mid-word: *Conspiracy to interfere with the 4th Amendment const*

Constitutes what, Lenny?

At the funeral his roommate and sound engineer, John Judnich, dropped Lenny's microphone into his grave before the dirt was piled on. But, like any pioneer, Lenny's legacy continues on.



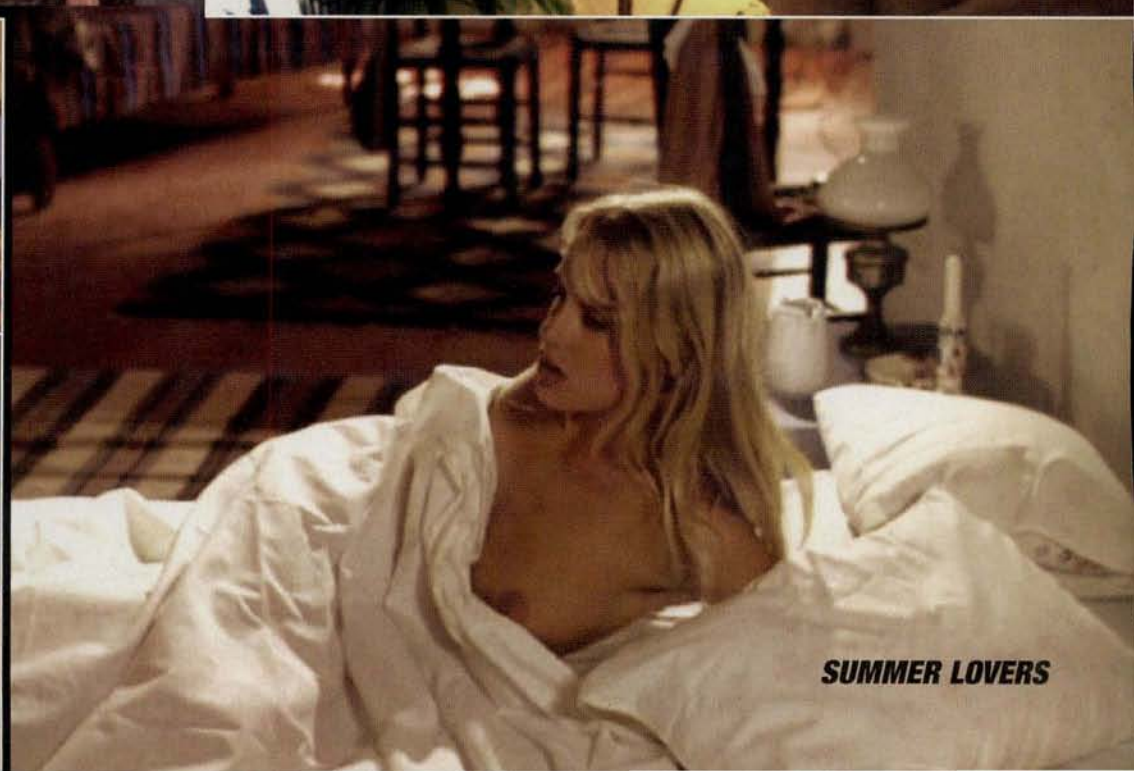
"The only chance you have right now is to play the race card!"

SPLASH

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD

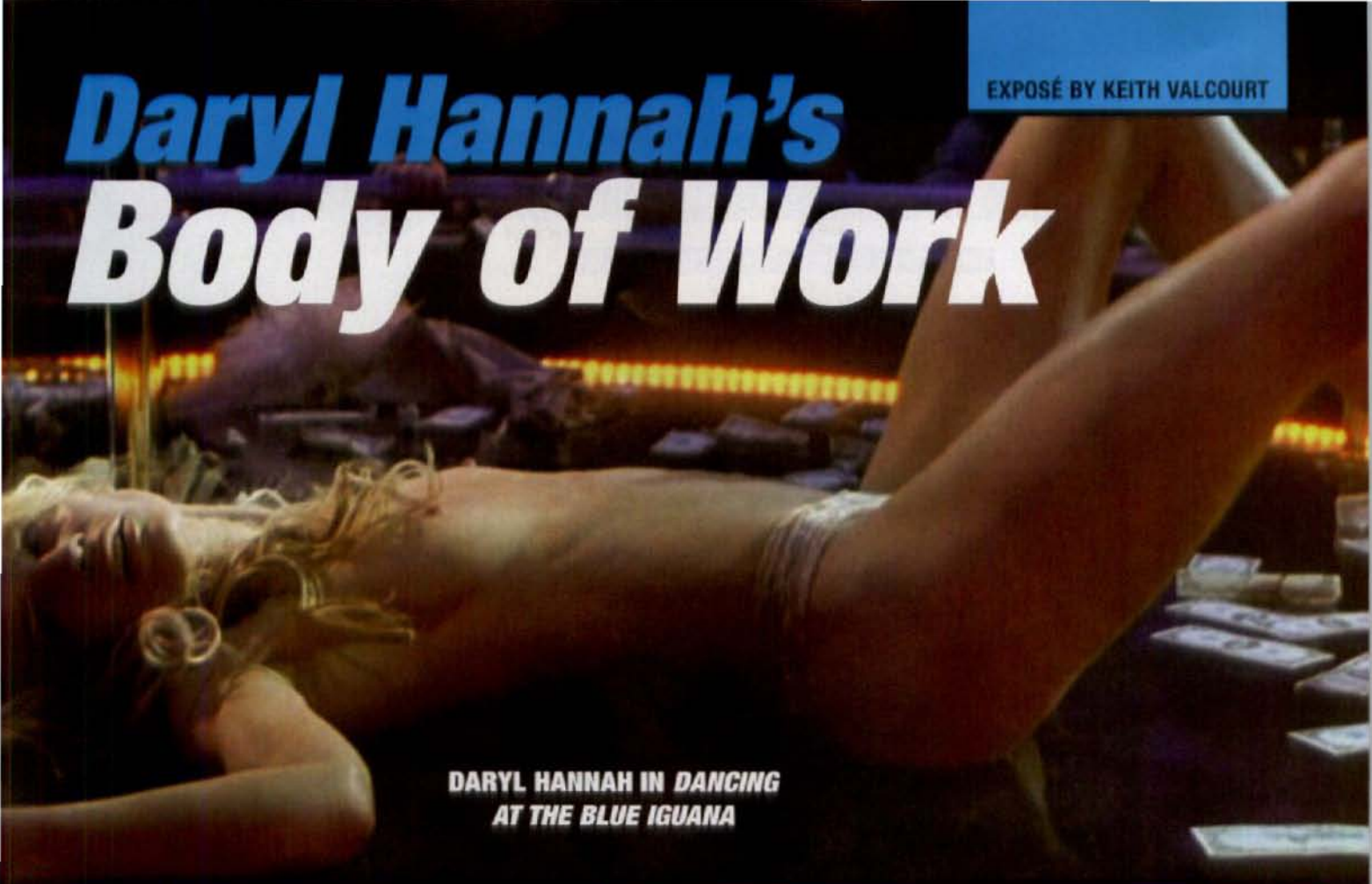
THE JOB

RECKLESS



SUMMER LOVERS

Daryl Hannah's Body of Work



DARYL HANNAH IN *DANCING AT THE BLUE IGUANA*

WHEN SHE DONNED AN EYE PATCH and burst onto the screen as **Uma Thurman**'s nemesis in **Quentin Tarantino**'s *Kill Bill Vol. 1* and *2*, **Daryl Hannah** reminded us exactly how kickass she is. A major Hollywood player since the late 1970s, this former girlfriend of **Jackson Browne** and **John F. Kennedy Jr.** (bet she's glad to have missed his last flight) is probably best known for her role as a stark-naked mermaid, starring opposite **Tom Hanks** in the light comedy *Splash*.

We recognize the willowy actress for much more than that fishy film. Ms. Hannah has willingly bared all in several movies you may have missed. In 1982's *Summer Lovers* she enjoyed a little hot girl/boy/girl action with future *O.C.* star **Peter Gallagher** and a female friend. That flick was followed by the remake of *Reckless*, in which the young and tight Hannah shared some heavy petting with **Aidan Quinn**. Following *Splash* (1984) and a string of forgettable films, Hannah got artsy (and very, very revealing) for *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*. What's it about? Who cares? She's naked in it. A lot!

Flash ahead to 2000, when the blond beauty worked the pole as a stripper with a heart of gold (don't they all have that?) in *Dancing at the Blue Iguana*, followed by another topless tryst in 2003's *The Job*. Although Hannah's career has had many ups and downs, the one constant has been her avowed willingness to take it off for the camera—the main reason we continue to watch.

Every month, HUSTLER brings you the best and hottest nipple-slips, accidental bust-outs and fleshy film highlights. Let us know what you think at nakedcelebs@lfp.com.

CATHERINE ZETA-JONES IN *1001 NIGHTS*

OUT OF THE BLUE

RENT THESE TOO! Because we often think of **Catherine Zeta-Jones** as the uptight, lawsuit-loving, codger-marrying wife of **Michael Douglas**, we may forget that she's totally hot. Here the busty brunette shows off her greatest assets in the forgotten films *Out of the Blue* and *1001 Nights*. The latter features a topless Zeta-Jones—barely 21 at the time—in genie garb, which made us rub more than our magic lamps.

The Illustrated

Yukiko draws hair on the "mound" of a little girl.
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG
The brothers of a dead samurai have sex with his daughter.
"He asked if they should fuck the deer."

Scooter Libby

WITH RIGHT-WINGERS?

BY MELISSA McEWAN A/K/A MISS SHAKESPEARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN COLLINS

With all the bloviating we hear about moral values from conservatives on a regular basis, you'd think that maybe they'd make some vague attempt to actually live up to their rhetoric. But time after time it's conservatives who prove to be the most corrupt, the most deviant, the most disturbed. Completely antithetical to the liberal theory that allowing people freedom of choice and expression will facilitate the development of healthy choices and self-expression, conservatives believe that repression is the key to goodness. But it doesn't work. In fact, it has the opposite effect.

Repression of normal desires can't work forever, and once those normal desires have cooked in the dark recesses of the human mind for years on end, they bubble to the surface in a much uglier form. Sorry, but I'll take a run-of-the-mill adulterous blowjob any day of the week over mule-fucking, online prostitution or closet boytoy-trolling while advocating antigay-rights measures.

Anyway, *The New Yorker* tabs a 1996 novel titled *The Apprentice*—penned by none other than recently indicted scumbag Lewis "Scooter" Libby—as another in a series of questionable works by prominent conservatives, and notes: "Like his predecessors, Libby does not shy from the scatological. The narrative makes generous mention of lice, snot, drunkenness, bad breath, torture, urine, 'turds,' armpits, arm hair, neck hair, pubic hair, pus, boils and blood (regular and menstrual). One passage goes, 'At length he walked around to the deer's head and, reaching into his pants, struggled for a moment and then pulled out his penis. He began to piss in the snow just in front of the deer's nostrils.'"

Eugh. And it gets worse. The passage "He asked if they should fuck the deer" is quoted, to which *The New Yorker* notes, "The answer, reader, is yes." And then there are the old standbys of conservative fiction writers: Homoeroticism and incest also figure as themes. The main female character in *The Apprentice*, Yukiko, draws hair on the "mound" of a little girl. The brothers of a dead samurai have sex with his daughter. Many things glisten (mouths, hair, evergreens), quiver (a "pink underlip," arm muscles, legs) and are sniffed (floorboards, sheets, fingers).

Perhaps the most disturbing, however, is this passage: "At age ten the madam put the child in a cage with a bear trained to couple with young girls so the girls would be frigid and not fall in love with their patrons. They fed her through the bars and aroused the bear with a stick when it seemed to lose interest."

What kind of mind comes up with this shit, dreams up scenarios where children are raped by animals to train them in prostitution? Oh, right. A conservative one. One that has toiled under a lifetime of repression and spent its time dreaming up legislation designed to control the sexual freedom of women and gays. It isn't enough that men like Scooter Libby must repress their own sexualities; they have to oppress anyone who doesn't succumb to exhortations to do the same.

They like to say that the sexual liberation of women and gays has some alleged detrimental effect on society, but I don't see it. What I do see is a collection of perverts whose own sickness pours out of them given the slightest opportunity, and whose fervent beliefs that they are the moral ones encourages them to create a whole other generation of screwed-up people, as they legislate the promotion of abstinence—read repression—in sex ed classes.

Scooter's craptacular book may seem funny on the surface, but it's spawned of the same darkness that motivates a man like Bush ally Judge Samuel Alito to consider a wife her husband's property and deny protection of gay children. There's nothing funny about conservatives or their twisted views of sexuality, because they're inextricably linked to denying freedom.

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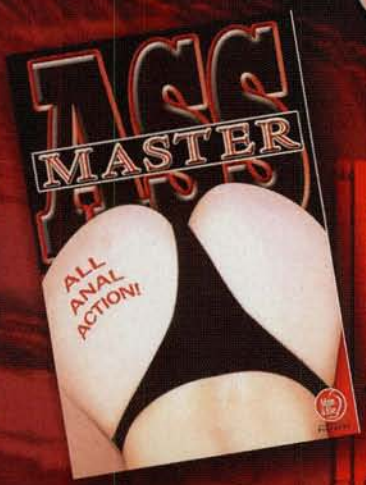

ASS MASTERS

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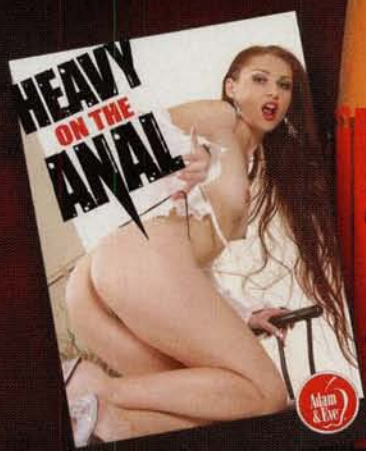

HEAVY ON THE ANAL

There's one thing these 10 women have in common – they prefer a bone in the bum! There's even double-penetration when bad-ass Melanie X tackles 2 cocks – one in each sweet hole!

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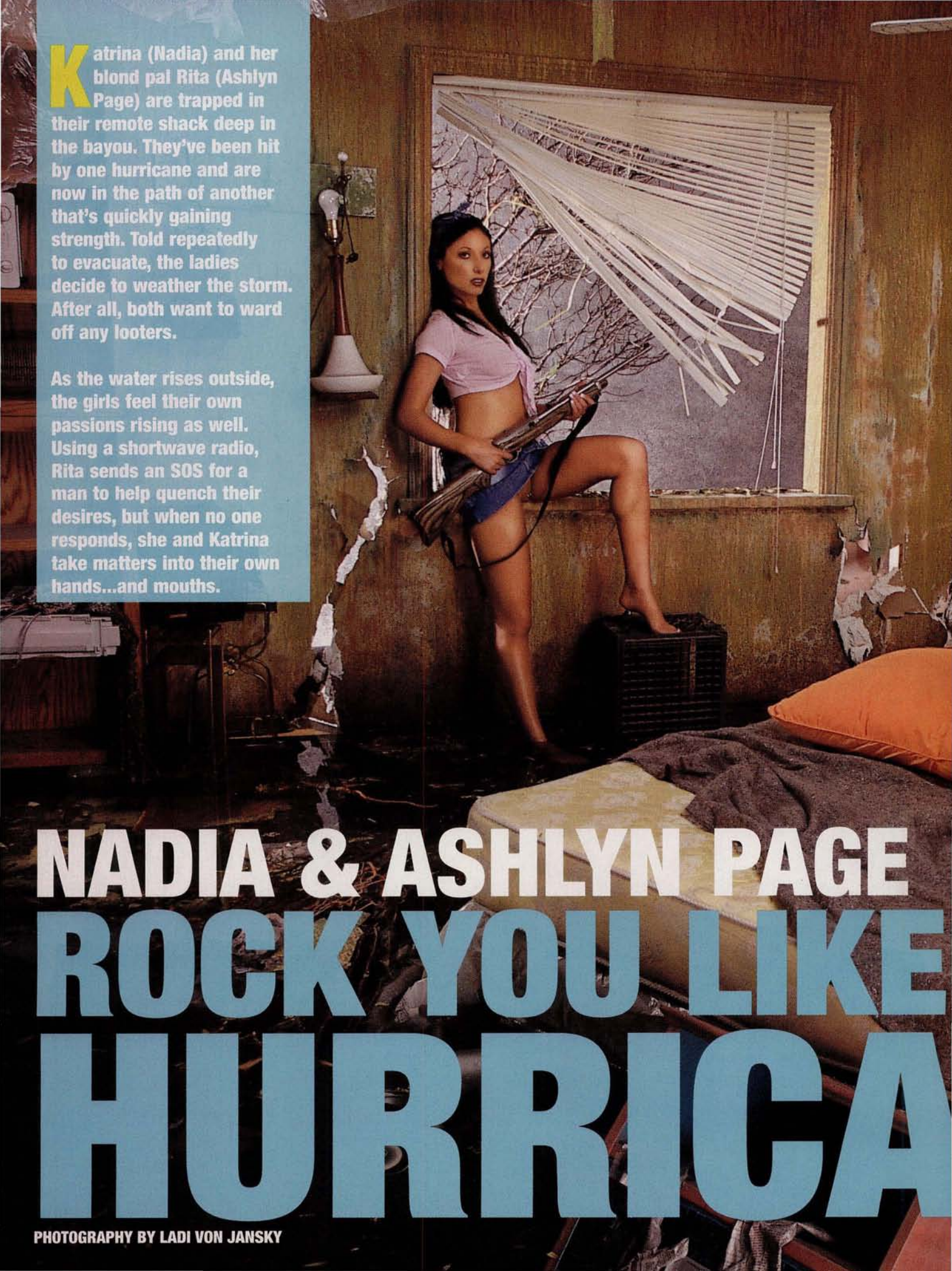


Katrina (Nadia) and her blond pal Rita (Ashlyn Page) are trapped in their remote shack deep in the bayou. They've been hit by one hurricane and are now in the path of another that's quickly gaining strength. Told repeatedly to evacuate, the ladies decide to weather the storm. After all, both want to ward off any looters.

As the water rises outside, the girls feel their own passions rising as well. Using a shortwave radio, Rita sends an SOS for a man to help quench their desires, but when no one responds, she and Katrina take matters into their own hands...and mouths.

NADIA & ASHLYN PAGE ROCK YOU LIKE HURRICA

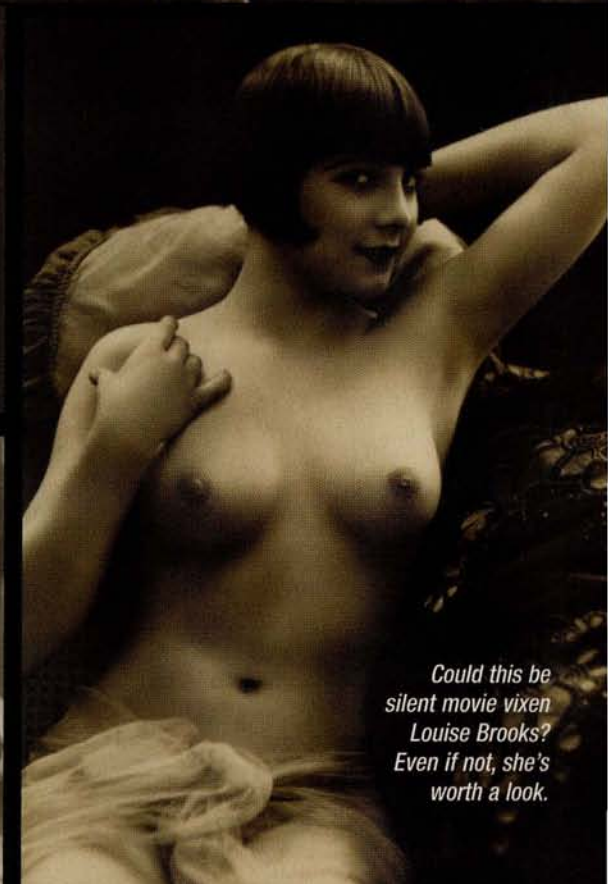
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

A

NE

As the wind picks up and the rain comes pouring down, the two dykes are unable to hold back their pent-up passions. Soon they're soaked in each other's pungent juices.

The two lovely Louisianans ride out the storm by riding each other all day long. As the sun sets and the howling winds subside, Katrina and Rita realize that all they really needed to survive was sticking together, which they'll do long into the night.



Could this be silent movie vixen Louise Brooks? Even if not, she's worth a look.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

A Past Full of PORN

FANS OF HUSTLER's venerable "Porn From the Past" feature will love this Web site. RetroRaunch.com was established in 1997 by smut aficionada Hester Nash as sort of an accident. "A couple of business partners and I were hoping to make a ton of cash in modern-day Internet porn," she explains, "and this was going to be a sideline. When we saw a friend's collection of antique photos, we knew this had massive potential."

Retro Raunch features more than 43,000 vintage black-and-white images from the 1970s all the way back to Civil War times. Its ever-increasing inventory, most of which dates from 1940 to 1965, is provided by dealers in the antique paper community, yard sales and private collectors. "Most of the stuff is loaned to the site," Hester adds, "and we scan all our own photos in order to avoid fraud."

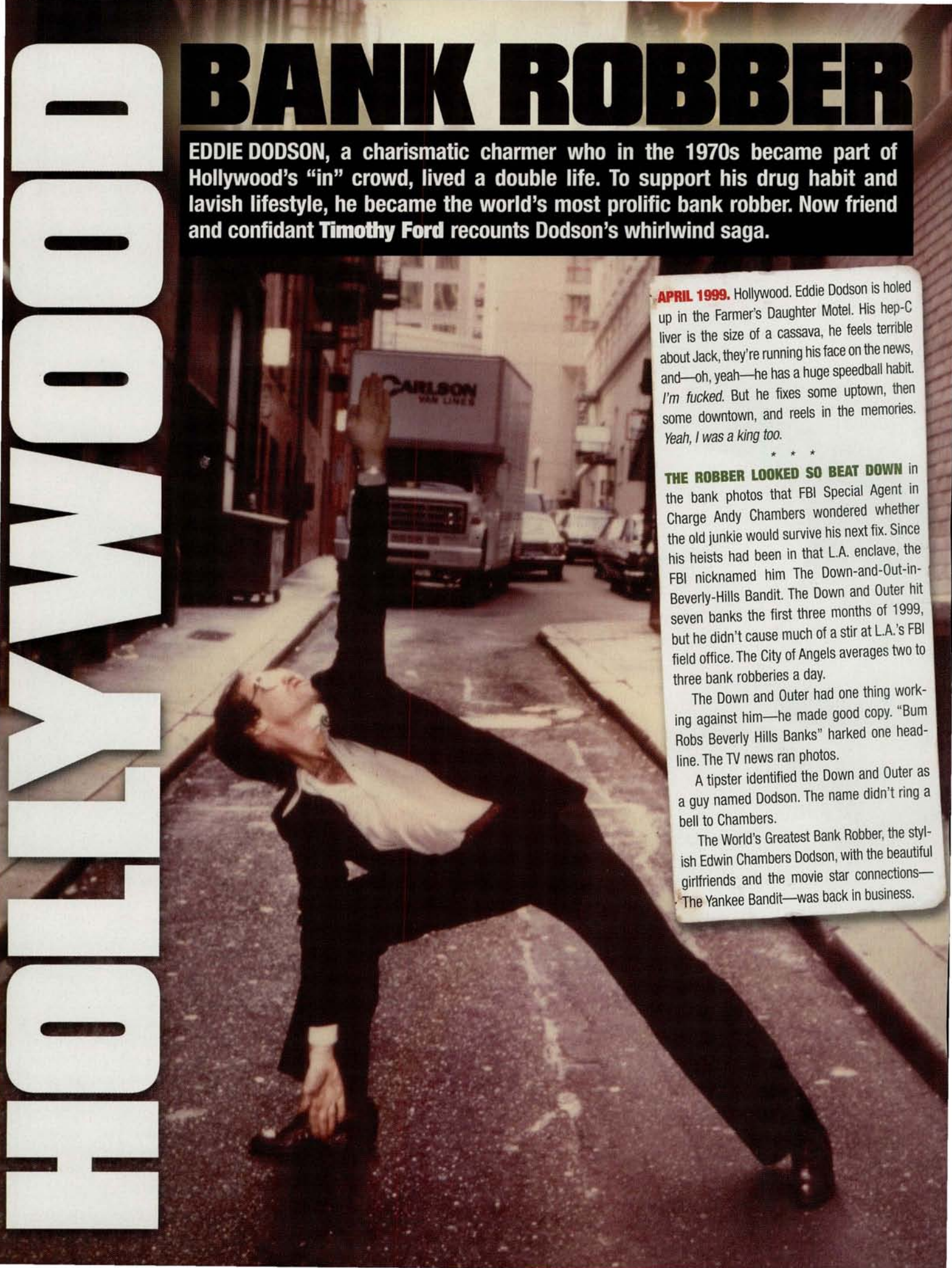
For a monthly subscription fee of just $19.95, you can travel back in time at this ultimate stag site and ogle the naked ladies your grandpa may have enjoyed in his younger days. Okay, why beat around the bush? Dirty pictures he jerked off to.

Check out all the old-school smut at **Retro Raunch.com**, where we found the accompanying selection of our pre-1950s favorites.

HOLLYWOOD

BANK ROBBER

EDDIE DODSON, a charismatic charmer who in the 1970s became part of Hollywood's "in" crowd, lived a double life. To support his drug habit and lavish lifestyle, he became the world's most prolific bank robber. Now friend and confidant Timothy Ford recounts Dodson's whirlwind saga.



APRIL 1999. Hollywood. Eddie Dodson is holed up in the Farmer's Daughter Motel. His hep-C liver is the size of a cassava, he feels terrible about Jack, they're running his face on the news, and—oh, yeah—he has a huge speedball habit. *I'm fucked.* But he fixes some uptown, then some downtown, and reels in the memories. *Yeah, I was a king too.*

* * *

THE ROBBER LOOKED SO BEAT DOWN in the bank photos that FBI Special Agent in Charge Andy Chambers wondered whether the old junkie would survive his next fix. Since his heists had been in that L.A. enclave, the FBI nicknamed him The Down-and-Out-in-Beverly-Hills Bandit. The Down and Outer hit seven banks the first three months of 1999, but he didn't cause much of a stir at L.A.'s FBI field office. The City of Angels averages two to three bank robberies a day.

The Down and Outer had one thing working against him—he made good copy. "Bum Robs Beverly Hills Banks" harked one headline. The TV news ran photos.

A tipster identified the Down and Outer as a guy named Dodson. The name didn't ring a bell to Chambers.

The World's Greatest Bank Robber, the stylish Edwin Chambers Dodson, with the beautiful girlfriends and the movie star connections—The Yankee Bandit—was back in business.

There was nothing to do but play out the hand. So when the last score ran thin, Outlaw Dodson saddled up his badass self. *Fucka buncha Down and Outer.*

This time the score was $12,000, courtesy of a Santa Barbara Wells Fargo. *Bank robbin' mothafucka.* For a minute the pressure was off.

* * *

ARRESTED IN APRIL 1984 for robbing a legendary 64 banks in seven months, Dodson was sentenced to 15 years—meaning he would be on the streets by now. But it was hard to reconcile this criminal with the Yankee Bandit.

"I worked the streets, arriving on Tuesday, April 27, 1999, to the Farmer's Daughter Motel," recalls the boyishly handsome Chambers. "I showed a photo of Dodson to the manager. 'He's in Room 117.'"

Forty-five minutes later ten FBI agents, 20-odd LAPD uniforms and ten police detectives were positioned at various firing angles to Room 117.

Chambers: "I had a flip thought as I put the bullhorn to my lips: *Seventeen years with the FBI, and this is the first time I've gotten to say,* "THIS IS THE FBI! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! DODSON, YOU ARE SURROUNDED!"

Dodson. Like it was his whole name. Few knew his first name: Eddie. Like the gold-leafed signature on the window of his Melrose art and furniture store: *Dodson's.* From 1973 to '84, Dodson's shop was a boho beehive, a short-dog salon, a drop-in joint for artistes, models and rich characters.

Dodson blended Hollywood glamour, offbeat kitsch, art deco and satin upholstery into a dreamy comfort zone. Celebrities, cokeheads and jeune filles competed with interior decorators, art directors and photographers for Eddie's attention.

"DODSON, DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH! DON'T BE STUPID!"

And, oh, yeah—Dodson had the coke. For sale. And *that* store was open for business 24/7. But soon the coke-and-champagne high life became the coke-and-heroin speedballs. Then there was a new guy in the deal: the monkey. Then the monkey became a gorilla. *A monster.* Furniture auctions were forfeited for a direct source of revenue. Like Willie Sutton said, "Because that's where the money is."

"WE DON'T WANT ANYONE TO GET HURT!"

Eddie Dodson was the World's Greatest Bank Robber; so said the *Guinness Book of World Records* after his first 64. After a break of 15 years (ten in stir), Eddie hit his 65th. Seven banks later (new record: 72), and here he was at the Farmer's Daughter.

World-famous bank robber Eddie Dodson, livin' the high life.

* * *

DODSON FIXED HIS LAST SPOON, paused to slip on a slouch hat, then inched his way out the door. Chambers: "I was thinking, *He's wearing a damn fedora,* when someone called out, 'He's got a gun!'" Chambers switched his assault rifle to single shot.

Dodson held the pistol pointed down as he made his way along the balcony. Ten cops yelled, "DROP THE GUN!" Dodson raised his pistol.

Twenty trigger fingers tightened. No black man in the history of American law enforcement would have survived to this point.

An agent atop a stairway across from Dodson drew a bead with an H&K .00 shotgun. "My trigger was set at 11 pounds," Chambers recalls. "I squeezed it to about ten pounds before Dodson lowered the gun."

Chambers remembers thinking, *It's a miracle none of the other officers are firing.* "Dodson took the elevator—it threw us," then dashed for his car. The marksmen squeezed their triggers. Eddie was a dead man the moment he broke into the open. But a rookie uniform got heroic and tackled Dodson hard against his Mercedes.

In the tussle, Dodson yelled, "Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!"

* * *

OCTOBER 15, 2002. Terminal Island Federal Correctional Institute was where it all started for Dodson; he did six-plus years there starting in 1984, over half of his first stretch. And it's where it's all ending. "It does feel a bit like home," Dodson muses as he is driven away.

Dodson's in bad shape, his failing liver stressed to the breaking point by a botched prison hernia operation. The wonder is that he's survived this long. Arriving in L.A. on the lam in 1972 at the age of 23, Dodson began a 12-year Hollywood party built around his Melrose store, beautiful gals, an elegant style, celebrity pals and a mountain of drugs. Eddie started robbing banks in 1983, got arrested in 1984, faced 960 years and got 15. He did ten. He moved into Jack Nicholson's mountain retreat, had more girlfriends, did more drugs, got thrown out of Jack's two weeks before his parole ended and started robbing banks two weeks after.

Having hit eight more banks, he got arrested again, looking 120 years in the eye as he was diagnosed with hepatitis C. Partly because the court thought he may not live long, he got only 46 months. Once again he did the maximum—in this case, 85% or 39 months.

* * *

WHAT DOES IT TAKE, in the gut, to go from a charming, arty character to a for-real outlaw—a "bank-robbing mothafucka"?

Is it just desperation that fuels a guy to say *Fuck it,* show the teller a starter's pistol and announce, *Give me the large*?

Or is it some beautifully impossible bravado, crazy enough to buy the romance of it all, but sane enough to keep from tipping over? Imagine the composure required to rob six banks all within a two-mile radius, with sirens all around you, while tap-dancing with a monster habit. How is that possible? And how do you do ten years, complete five years of parole and then say to yourself, *I guess I'll rob some more banks now*?

* * *

WE ALL HAVE OUR EDDIE DODSONS: the class smartass we need to develop a healthy irreverence; the legend-in-his-own-mind who dares us to be heroes in our own lives; the teenage lover boy who shows us how to not be embarrassed to choose a girl; the lush whose path warns us to moderation; the reckless criminal who teaches us how valuable our liberty is; the near-death junkie who reminds us we want to live.

Perhaps we conjure up our Eddie Dodsons out of necessity; in any case we give our consent to their influence over us—we insist on it. Not that they aren't dying for the role. Then they're locked in. To keep getting what they've been getting from us—that awe—the outlaws have to keep raising the stakes; that's how we get rid of them, once we've grown embarrassed by our youthful idols.

Live by the jump shot, die by the jump shot, loser.

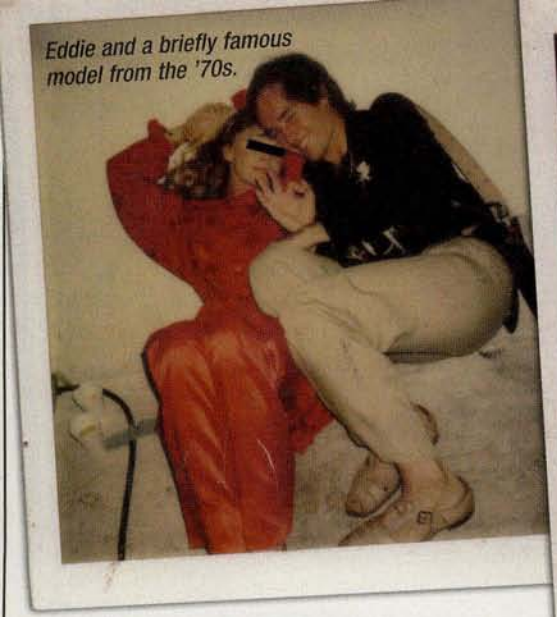
We need to kill our heroes.

Through it all Eddie Dodson was the same guy, focused on his 21-year-old Las Vegas girlfriend Pris, a lovely gal whom he somehow romanced from a prison cell.

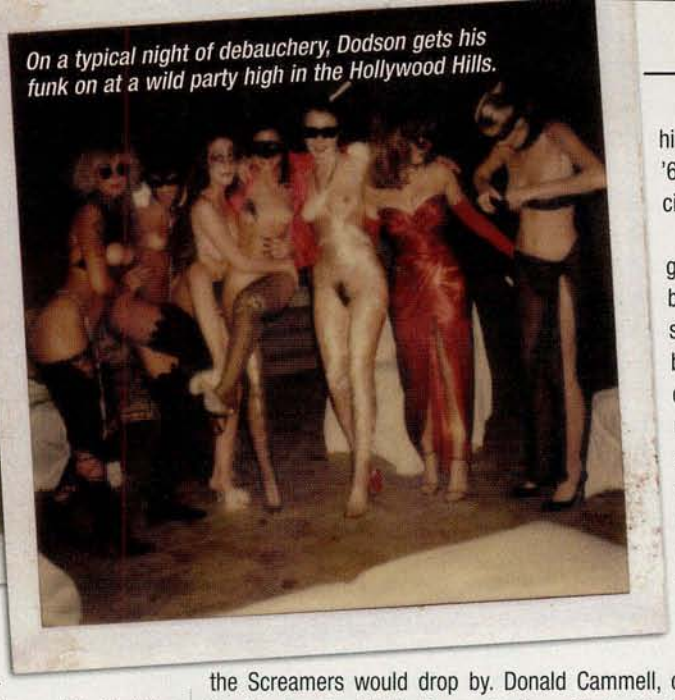
But if he didn't change, we did. In 1984 the news of Eddie Dodson's arrest burned up the town. The word got around Hollywood lazily in 1999. *Dodson robbed some more banks.* "Of course." *And they caught him.* That's what they said, most of them, they who've moved on to a world of words like *appropriate* and *preschool waiting list* and *granite countertops*: "Of course."

In 1999, Dodson was on his way back to prison, for life (we all then thought). A funny expression—going to prison, for life. And maybe that's what he was after—a life in prison, to escape the pressure of having to be somebody. But to him things *just got out of hand—again.* Like they tend to when you can't stop mixing the Mexican tar with the Colombian flake.

But there's more here than *desperate junkie.*



Eddie and a briefly famous model from the '70s.



On a typical night of debauchery, Dodson gets his funk on at a wild party high in the Hollywood Hills.

EDWIN CHAMBERS DODSON was born in Shelby, North Carolina, on Christmas Eve 1948. Dodson's father, an insurance executive, had died when Eddie was a baby. Mrs. Dodson, plain Christian folk, worked at the textile plant. Although prone to chubbiness, Eddie was an avid Little Leaguer. "It was a pretty normal childhood," he recalls. "I got a lot of love and had everything I needed. A perfect breeding ground for crime."

A longhair with mediocre grades, Eddie enrolled at the University of North Carolina, Charlotte in 1967 to study art. He made money driving to New York and buying pot, until a local cop shook down his car. Bad; the North Carolina state prison system was no place for an *artiste*. So Eddie blew town.

California sounded like the right thing to Eddie's lawyer in 1972.

* * *

EDDIE FELT IMMEDIATELY COMFORTABLE IN L.A. He even considered the smog a good sign. "To me it seemed like Success Exhaust," Eddie recalls. "A sea of commerce full of happy porpoises."

Los Angeles in the 1970s was chic. California seemed brimming with possibilities.

Dodson's lawyer got his drug case thrown out. Dodson opened a store—*Dodson's*, of course. He slimmed down and became a lady-killer. Soon the tone for the shop was set—a bohemian, arty, hedonist salon where people intuitively wanted to hang out. Dodson felt born for this: at the absolute center of the coolest spot, holding the keys.

Soon the famous made their way to the establishment. Barbra Streisand haggled over art deco. John and Yoko, Steve Martin, Liberace, Lily Tomlin, Tony Perkins, Timothy Leary and Steve McQueen showed up. Actress Candy Clark was a regular. All in all, a weird mix.

* * *

DODSON MET STYLISH HILARY BEANE at a macrobiotic café. (Dodson, morally indignant about meat-eaters, drank champagne and did coke on the way to yoga.) Beane: "Dodson took me to his store, played Billie Holiday and Roxy Music, showed me charming objects and gave me coke. I moved in." The affair lasted a few months. "Eddie wants his relationships to be endless replays of the first couple weeks—presents, long phone calls, flowers. His drug of choice is romance."

Beane started dating actor Phil Hartman. Jealous, Dodson drove over to Hartman's pad, where he filled the vents of Hartman's new pickup with trick-and-puzzle store stink oil. It was awful, but hilarious.

Dodson seemed to know where every party in town was. Carloads would show up with Dodson, dressed to the nines with Polaroid cameras. Legendary sexual scenes were regular occurrences; usually shy girls got daring under Eddie's urging. Eddie was the fearless social leader; he loved being the center of attention, and everyone wanted him to be larger than life. And so, of course, did he.

Before long, Eddie acquired his signature ride: a mid-'60s black Lincoln with suicide doors.

Denise Crosby, actress granddaughter of Bing, became his semi-full-time shop gal. Crosby remembers it passionately: "Dodson could pull it all together for us—fashion, art, drugs and exhilarating people—to bring us to the campfire, which was his shop. Eddie was our totem pole. For me, there was no downside."

Artists flocked to Dodson's. Tommy Gear of the Screamers would drop by. Donald Cammell, codirector of *Performance*, liked to drop in with the Kongs. Designer Vartan Kurjian was a regular with sidekick Natasha and her poodle-cut. A ravishing Japanese couple, Taki Ono and Keiko Fukuzaki, also hung out. Luscious models came by the place hourly.

For the four to five years when he was at his absolute peak, Eddie lived L.A. super-large. It seemed like it would never end.

The end of the '70s brought some changes. Cokesters sought to soothe their jangled nerves with heroin. At an East Hollywood ska club, Dodson dipped into the dooge for the first time.

Dodson started seeing model/actress/socialite Marisa Berenson. Her crowd, including sister Berry (Mrs. Tony Perkins, a lovely gal who perished in one of the World Trade Center planes on 9/11) and photographer Paul Jasmin, were partying full-time with other celebrity types. Many around Eddie could see the stress mounting. He was rarely without a glass of frozen Stoli. Chipping at some downtown took the edge off.

The National Enquirer reported Berenson's husband taking a punch at Dodson in Le Dome, complete with photo. "Now the folks back home can see what time it is," Eddie said.

Eddie's cocaine dealing was moving up as well, but that doesn't mean it was more genteel. Certain rock 'n' rollers made a habit of stealing. "Keith and Ron stole heroin every chance they'd get," Eddie claims. "They stole a boom box. I had to shake 'em down when they left. They were the Rolling Thieves."

Dodson could see the mountaintop, and he still managed to be the center of attention. What he couldn't see—yet—was how steep the other side of the summit was.

The Berenson crowd came and went in less than a year. Dodson was edgier. There were still great nights out—Halloween and New Year's at the China Club—but things were getting different.

After the Shah's fall, Persian heroin was everywhere. Everyone seemed to have his personal Ali or Mustafa. Dodson had Hojet in the San Fernando Valley. Hojet, a circus acrobat in Tehran, practiced his contortionist poses while Eddie sampled the shit.

* * *

IN 1981, EDDIE HOOKED UP with a young British stylist named Jenny. She had that scrappy, working-girl ambition. Jenny was lovely enough, but to Dodson's friends this was a step down from Marisa and the models. They were troubled that the myth-man was becoming prosaic. But Dodson was not dropping the outlaw ball; he had crested the hill and was shifting gears.

Eddie now had to furiously smoke pure Persian brown for an hour daily. Smoking heroin—chasing the dragon—wastes a lot of doowap, compared to fixing. And

if you're speedballing—doing coke along with it—you use more heroin than a junk-only junkie. Dodson's overhead was getting big.

Still, Dodson managed to keep up appearances. In February '82, Dodson and friend Erick Jussen took in a Mink De Ville concert at the Roxy. They slipped over to the corner booth reserved for the owner. John Belushi was already in the booth; after the show they dropped by Dodson's shop.

"Dodson and Belushi got very high, put on Elvis and positioned themselves in front of a large mirror," Jussen recalls. "For a couple hours they tried to outdo each other. Soon they stopped competing and were showing each other Elvis moves, making plans for the upcoming days and nights."

Dodson dropped by Belushi's Chateau Marmont suite many times over the next several weeks. By March 2, Belushi was dead.

Eddie admits that he figured prominently in Belushi's last days. "But when I met him, he had already been working the late, late night like an old Green Bay Packers lineman, and he was well into the fourth quarter."

By the late spring of '83, Dodson needed to buy several hundred dollars' worth of smack and coke a day. The shop wouldn't be open for days on end. Nobody was around to sell those cut-to-shit grams.

Money was a problem.

The slippery slope had become a free fall. Outlaws don't get parachutes.

In early July 1983, Dodson needed to take a ride out to Hojet's—bad—but he was short on cash. Halfway there, Dodson pulled off the freeway to call Hojet. Hojet said *no dice.* "Dodson was blubbering," Jussen recalls. "Then he remembered the cash he had stashed at home for Jenny's birthday-or-something present." Within an hour, Dodson had loosened Hojet up with the cash.

The guys went over to Mali and Slavenka's pad to smoke. Mali was Bosnian; Slavenka was Montenegran; they were clothes designers. "Dodson was all fucked up about spending the Jenny-gift money," Jussen recalls. "He kept saying he was going to have to rob a bank. I saw Dodson eyeing a gun Mali had lying around; so I hid it."

Mali and Slavenka said not to worry and set about stitching a suede outfit for Jenny. *But Jenny won't dig something without a label.*

And when he finally had smoked enough to get high, Dodson complained that it was all society's fault. *They* "should just give us money," he said. "Outlaws are the can openers in the supermarket of life." Dodson smiled at his turn of phrase, but he meant it. *They owe me.*

In Dodson's head the under-appreciated outlaw was becoming a refrain. The attention-seeking bravura performer, the lovesick romantic and the drug addict—that painfully exhausting, sizzling equation, the simmering inner brew of a self-mythified outlaw—was about to reach critical mass and turn on itself. Ed Dodson's true kingdom was about to find him. Banks.

The words kept pounding through his stony head space: *They owe me. They owe me. They owe me. They owe me.*

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

"Nah, I don't think she's fuckin' around on me. What man would want her big ass?"

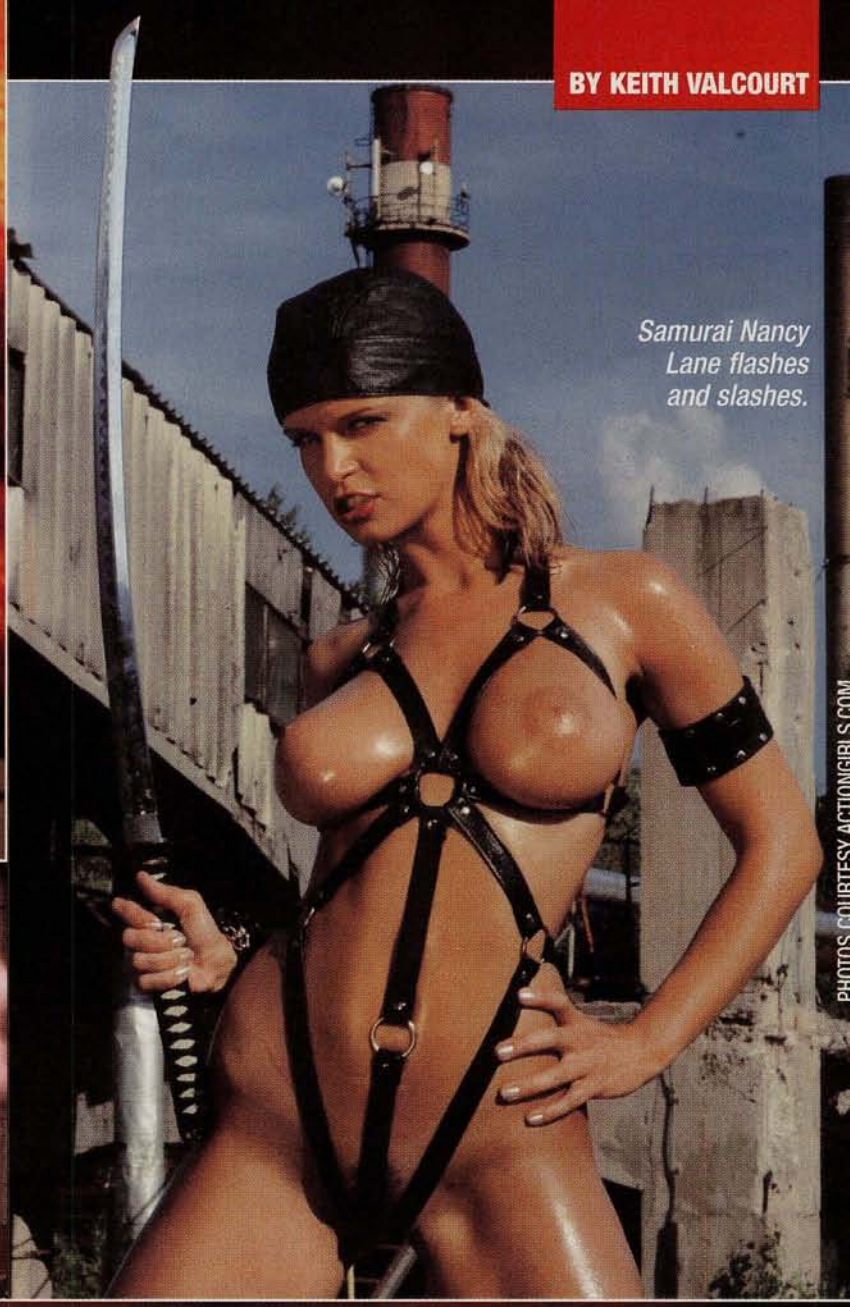
Bombshell Veronica Zemanova's bazookas make for a commanding action figure.

I WANT

HUSTLER model and XXX star Sylvia Saint enjoys being in a lensman's crosshairs.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

What a hottie!



Samurai Nancy Lane flashes and slashes.

PHOTOS COURTESY ACTIONGIRLS.COM

ACTION

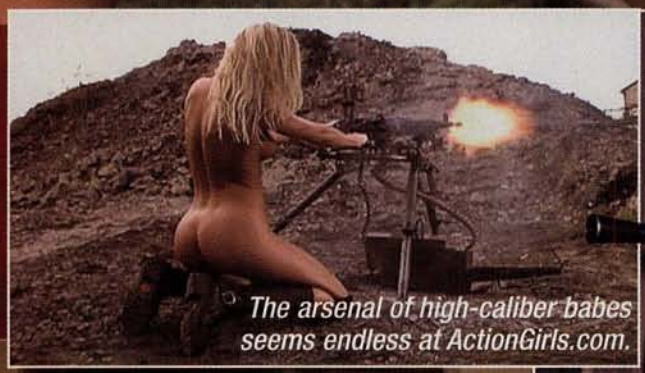
FIRST LAUNCHED in 2003, **ActionGirls.com** is the brainchild of filmmaker and gun enthusiast Scotty JX. Wanting to offer something different and entertaining in the porn world, he claims to have sunk more than $5 million into a Web site with superhot naked chicks doing battle with weapons ranging from machine guns to samurai swords and even flamethrowers. Tipping its hat to video game vixen Lara Croft, Action Girls showcases breathtaking women who kick ass and usually end up engaging in soft-core sex.

For two years Scotty traveled the globe (okay, mostly the Czech Republic) to shoot the bulk of the footage, using top-rate professional film crews, stunt people and

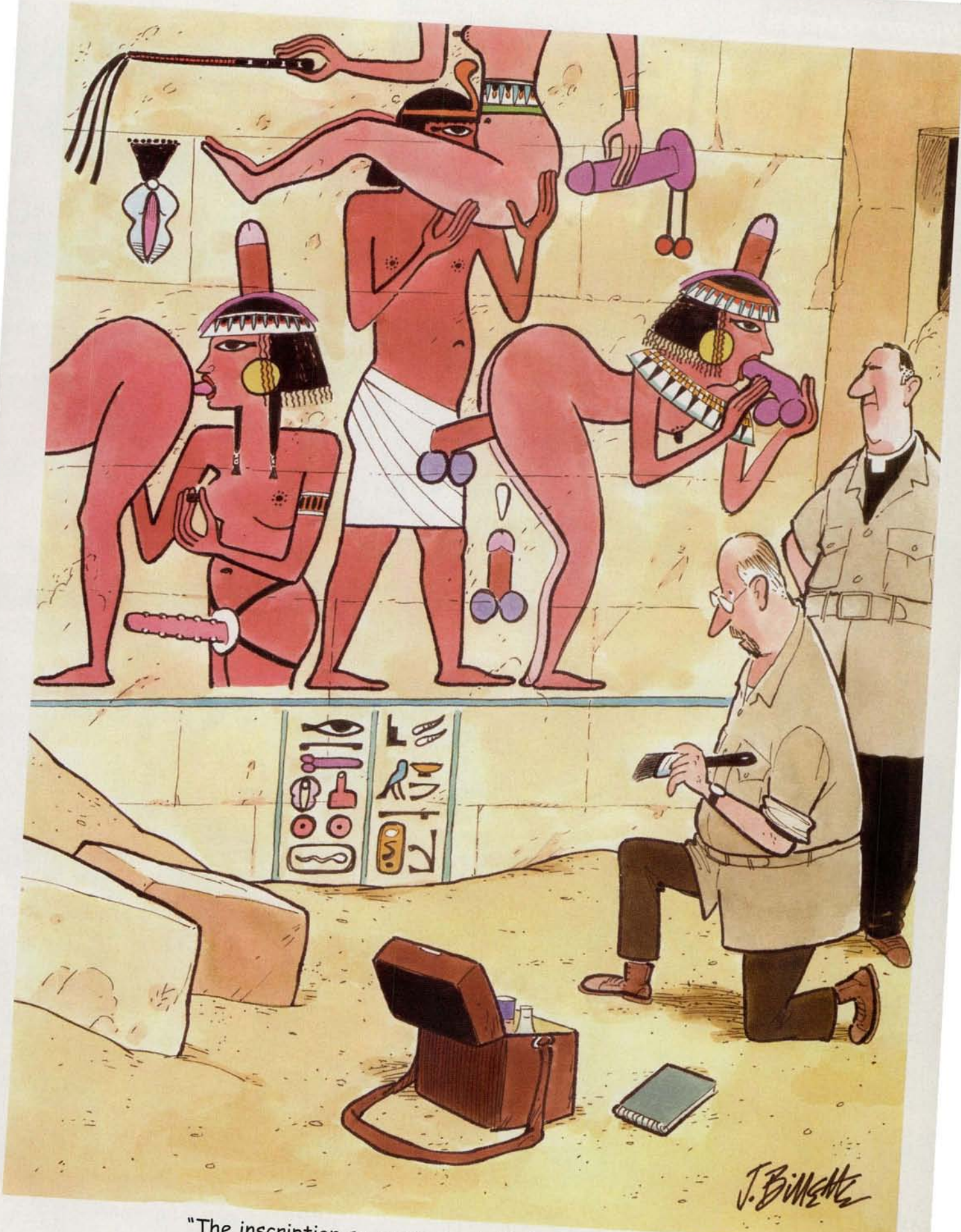
modeling talent. The resulting mini-movies and photo galleries feature dozens of beauties (who are all into firearms), with three standouts: Veronica Zemanova, Sylvia Saint and Nancy Lane. Always looking for ingenious ways to showcase gun-toting babes, Scotty is developing future scenarios that include the Mafia, schoolgirls, sci-fi and the Wild West. Recent additions are model Erica Campbell and chick boxing.

For a $34.95 monthly membership you'll have access to over 200,000 exclusive sexy photos and 300 action clips (5 to 8 minutes), plus a free link to another Scotty JX venue, ViewPornStars.com. Three 90-minute DVDs can also be purchased online from ActionGirls.com.

I WANT ACTION



The arsenal of high-caliber babes seems endless at ActionGirls.com.



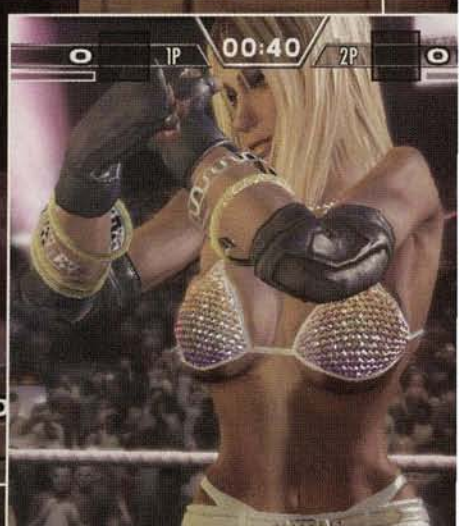
"The inscription seems to read, 'Relax. It's just sex.'"

GAME ON

BY TOM FARRELL

JUST FOR THE XBOX 360: Rumble Roses XX

Konami has released ***Rumble Roses XX*** for the Xbox 360. A follow-up to last year's smash-hit female wrestling video game, ***Rumble Roses XX*** offers a full lineup of incredible-looking wrestlers along with all-new moves, gameplay modes, tag team action and online play. Our pals at Konami tell us that "***Rumble Roses XX*** features more than 20 playable characters, including all the popular ladies from the original ***Rumble Roses***, such as Reiko and Dixie. Additionally, just like in the original, each character's 'alternate' persona will be included, allowing for players to play the hero or the heel. Modeled in revealing outfits, the look of the wrestlers in ***Rumble Roses XX*** will defy the imagination as the polygon count for each of these models has increased substantially from the original. Each wrestler will also have a variety of costume changes, new moves, different crowd reactions and attitudes depending on their persona." Check out the screenshots, and you'll see why you need to get ***Rumble Roses XX*** in *your* box.



The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe

Disney and **Walden Media**'s lush adaptation of the C.S. Lewis book and Hollywood blockbuster doesn't disappoint. Fans of the classic author and the movie he inspired will fall in love with this game, while those unacquainted will be drawn in by the storyline, vivid creatures and memorable characters. Players enter Narnia, a land cursed to eternal winter by the White Witch. Narnia's true ruler, the benevolent mighty lion Aslan, seeks to free his realm from its frozen captivity. Four young siblings are destined to work together and, under the player's control, utilize their unique combat skills, weaponry and abilities to defeat the evil witch and her armies. You may never want to leave Narnia. Available on NinDS, GBA, PC, PS2, GC, Xbox and coming soon to the PSP.

Quake 4

Initially for the PC and now available on Xbox 360, ***Quake 4***—according to **ID Software** head honcho Todd Hollenshead—"utilizes the power of our groundbreaking Doom 3 engine to transport players into a war-torn science-fiction universe graphically realized like never before." In the game you are Matthew Kane, an elite member of Rhino Squad, Earth's valiant invasion force. Fight alone or with your squad in hover tanks and mechanized walkers. Incredible graphics and sound, great gameplay, thoroughly addictive. Would you expect any less from the company that brought you ***Doom***?

Mortal Kombat: Shaolin Monks

Midway is back in ass-kicking action with the latest installment of its popular ***Mortal Kombat*** series. ***Shaolin Monks*** is an action/adventure title driven by both intense single- and multi-player action. Similar to the recently released ***Mortal Kombat: Deception***, background interactions (i.e., acid pits, living trees, spiked ceilings, etc.), multiple new fatalities and action-based puzzles play important roles in the gamer's quest for an outstanding victory. ***MK:SM*** also features an impressive lineup of ***Mortal Kombat*** characters who make frequent appearances as enemies, both in boss battles and during several additional in-game interactions.

Nibiru

DreamCatcher's ***Nibiru*** takes you to atmospheric locations around the world—from Prague to ancient Mayan ruins—in an Indiana Jones-like adventure that will leave you wanting more. Breathtaking graphics and intriguing storyline are the long suits. For PC.

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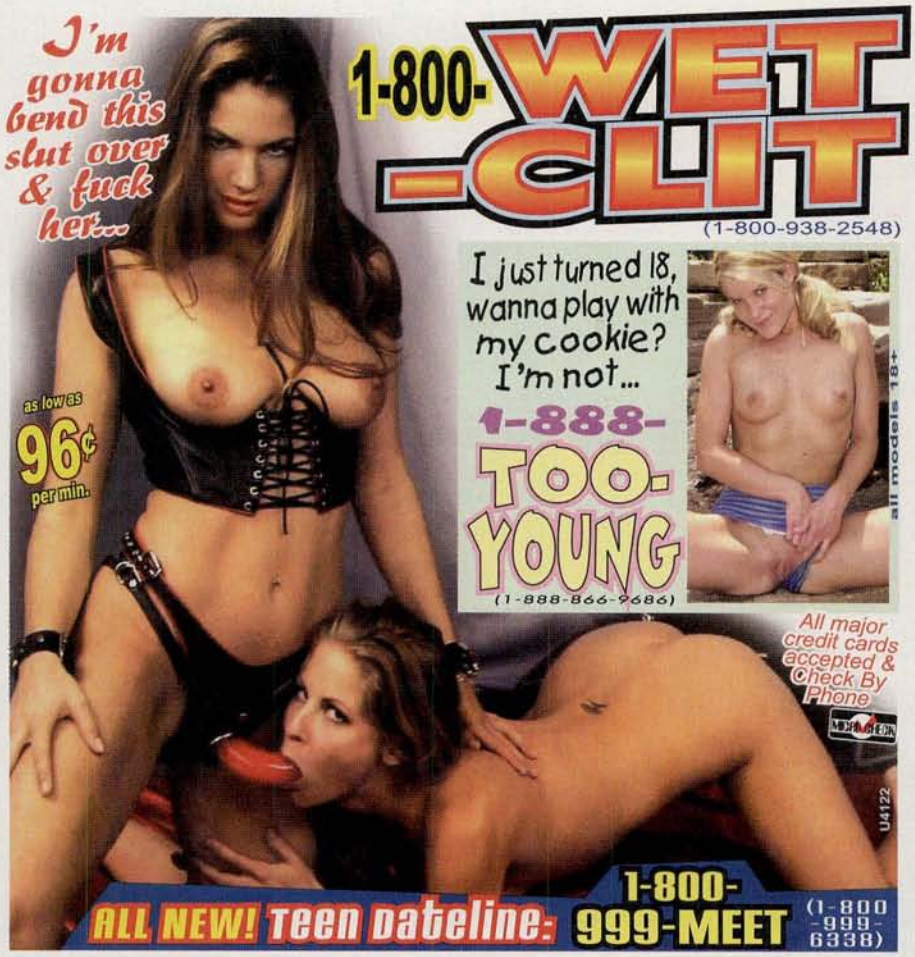
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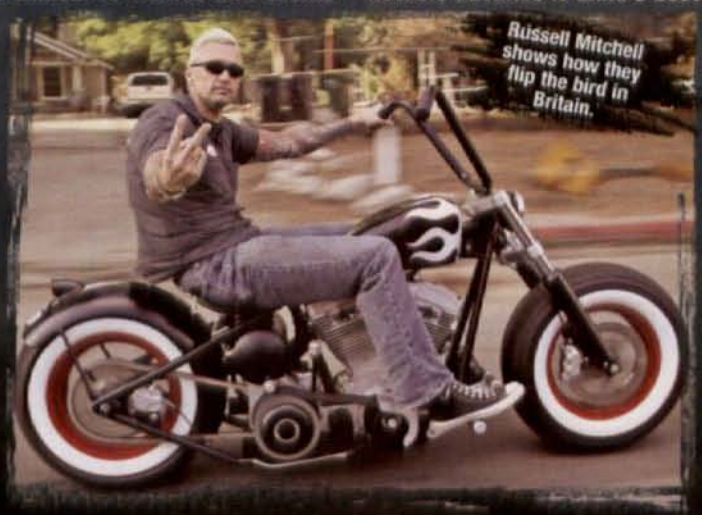
Motorcycle Maverick

GIVING THE COLD SHOULDER TO GAUDY, OVERCHROMED CHOPPERS, BIKE BUILDER RUSSELL MITCHELL IS REDEFINING AN AMERICAN AESTHETIC.

By Carolyn Sinclair

After the Apocalypse, when urban road warriors run the world, the last survivors will ride Exiles—mean-ass motorcycles built industrial tough out of unpolished metal and styled to look deadly serious. Their British-born creator is no different.

Some call him the new Jesse James. To friends and clients he's Russell Mitchell, founder and owner of Exile Cycles, whose expert fabricators build dynamic custom bikes from the ground up at his bustling shop in North Hollywood, California.



Russell Mitchell shows how they flip the bird in Britain.

"I have a colorful gang of thugs for a crew," Mitchell says of the talented, hard-working outfit. "I'll pay them extra for any tattoos above the neck!" The elite mechanics also design, manufacture and sell aftermarket parts and DIY bike-building kits. It's no surprise that Exile machines are in the hot hands of Hollywood's biker elite, including actor George Clooney and rocker Chris Cornell of Audioslave.

Mitchell describes his design philosophy as "cleaner, tougher, better," and he sticks to that in every motorcycle he builds. These one-of-a-kind bikes look unlike anything you've seen on the road. "There's no excessive chrome, no doodads," Mitchell proclaims. "It's all about the lines, proportion and flow."

Opposite your typical American chopper, the Exile bike is minimalism extreme, defined by what it lacks. There are no turn signals, no visible hand controls, no fenders, no mirrors, no brake lines. Most Exile creations feature a hardtail frame, clip-on handlebars, twist clutch and a twist throttle. Other popular options include a solid rear wheel, a twist-grip clutch (which works like a traditional throttle) and a hand-shifting, foot-operated clutch.

Mitchell has also proven to be a gritty innovator. His most notable advance is Exile's best-selling part, the "integrated rear sprocket/brake rotor combo," which leaves the rear wheel completely bare on the right side. Many of his bikes roll on massive, 15-inch front wheels and beefy 200-section tires, making these motorized monsters look tougher than nails. The style is unmistakable—the polar opposite of the pretty-boy chrome jobs you're accustomed to seeing on the interstate.

"It's too much, the American bike culture," Mitchell grumbles. "How gaudy? Their paint jobs are stuck on 11," he adds, referring to the famous *Spinal Tap* gag.

"We're the antithesis," Mitchell writes on his Web site, ExileCycles.com. "Reversing the current trend toward the fancy, frivolous and ridiculous. We want to expose the American people to clean, tough, European styling, whether they like it or not."

Exile's custom machines achieve a true industrial aesthetic. The style is distinctly old European, and if painted at all, it's usually the same color.

"Flat black," Mitchell explains during an interview. "For me, black is almost the only appropriate color for a motorcycle. In

Wrinkle Back Bulldozer

The Trike

the early days I wouldn't paint them—it was all down to the wire. A bike looks best in black."

After his first few years of refusing to make bikes in other colors, customers just stopped asking. Mitchell's even been known to turn down a job if a request is too far removed from his minimalist ideals. He stays dedicated to his form, even if it means losing a $50,000 order for a rocker like John Mellencamp, who's also an Exile client.

Growing up in a rural Bristol, England, the future gearhead anticipated a career as a veterinarian. Mitchell even worked at an animal clinic as a surgeon, where he found spare time and space to practice his true passion—mechanics. Once the clinic was closed for the evening, he'd rebuild bikes in the waiting room. Outside, crowds gathered to watch through a plate glass window.

Mitchell began sinking every penny into his creations and entering them in local bike shows. In the late '80s he emigrated to the United States and, to get by, found modeling and acting work in Los Angeles. Then in the mid-'90s he finally got serious about bike-building. Perfecting his welding skills, he was soon selling aftermarket parts from his garage and eventually opened Exile Cycles in 1995.

Since gaining popularity, Mitchell appears regularly on the Speed Channel's new weekly reality show *Build or Bust*, in which an amateur is given materials and tools to build a custom bike that must meet Mitchell's exacting standards. The prize is the finished machine itself. Meanwhile, Mitchell's fame as a motorcycle maestro is at full-throttle.

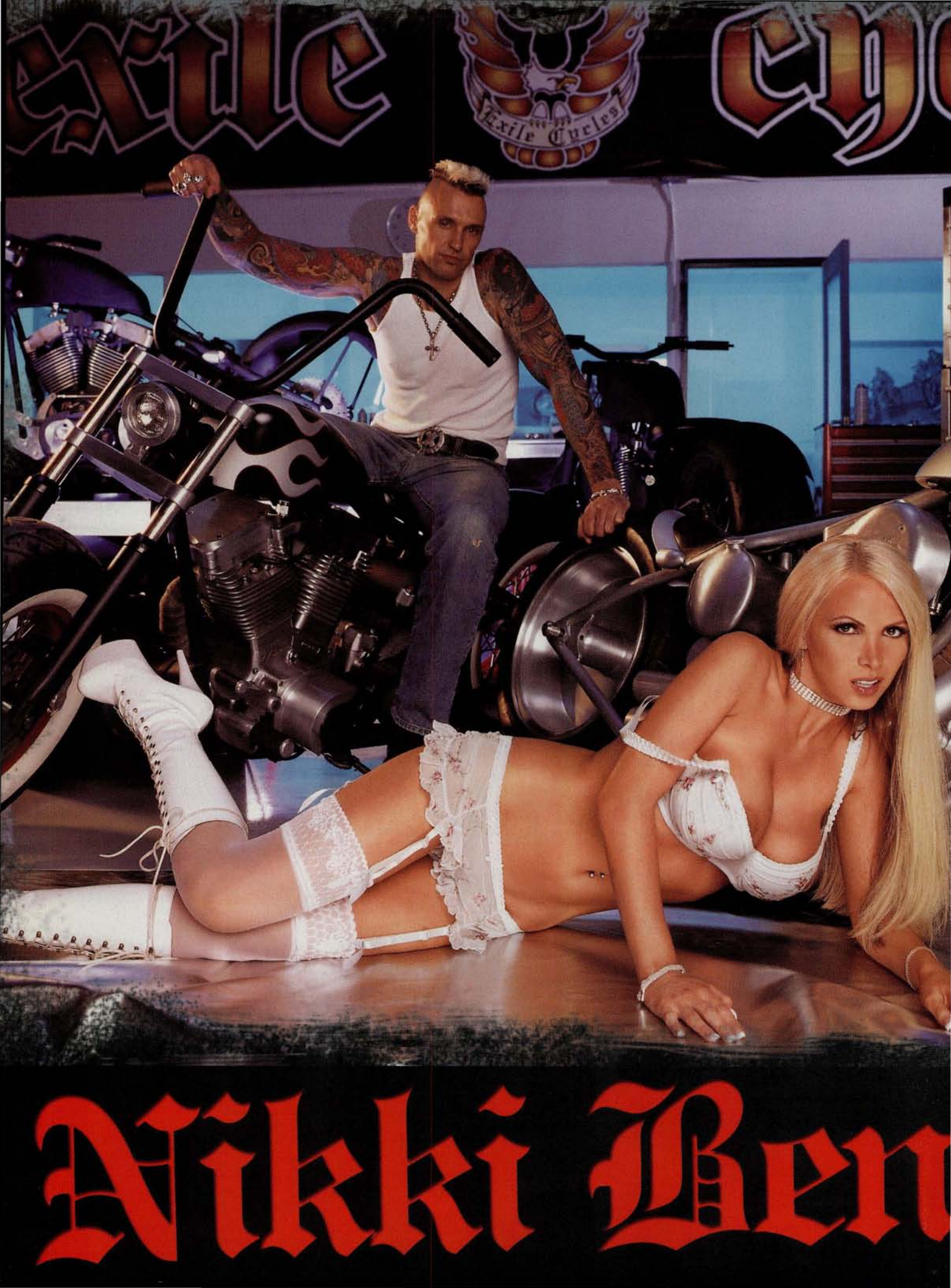
Centerfold Nikki Benz gets a lift from Mitchell and the boys. Turn page for her nude spread.

Pure Sex Dragster

The Chopper

Exile Acid a7k/a "The Brown Pearl"

By building monster bikes like these, Mitchell has redefined badass.


exile
Exile Cycles
Nikki Ben

Feast your eyes on Nikki Benz, the smoking-hot adult actress seen here displaying her magnificent bod in the studio of custom-bike guru Russell Mitchell (who's profiled in the preceding HUSTLER feature, *Motorcycle Maverick*). Nikki was tickled pink to drop by and straddle Mitchell's marvelous creations in all her naked glory. "It turned me on actually," the 36D knockout gushes. "I love riding on the back of a bike, but have always been too chicken to drive one."

Nikki's ride to the top of the XXX biz has been as fast and furious as one of these souped-up cycles. Not bad for a former shy girl from Toronto, Canada. "When I started, I was just a bikini model," the overpowering beauty tells us, "doing things like calendars and pageants. But I wanted to make more cash; so I started dancing. Two years later I decided to take it a step further. The day before my 21st birthday I called an adult-film director and flew to Florida to do my first film."

Nikki Benz appears courtesy ClubTera.com.

GET YOUR MOTOR RUNNING!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Jesus loves
bikers too

Whether discussing her XXX career or outside kicks, Nikki pulls no punches. "I love having sex on film," she adds, "but I have to admit it's better at home. I don't have to worry about angles and all those people standing around watching." What gets naughty Nikki revved up in her own boudoir? "Threesomes, honey! Me with a girl and a guy—the best of both worlds!"

The bodacious blonde's fast track includes recently signing up with Tera Patrick as a Teravision Girl. "I am always going to be in porn," Nikki vows. "I'm thrilled to be working with such a goddess, and I can't wait till my first girl/girl scene with her. This is the best job out there!"

cycles

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START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

Earl and Bubba both bought winning raffle tickets. Earl won the grand prize: a DVD player. Bubba took the sixth prize: a toilet brush.

A week later the two met up again, and Bubba asked his friend how he liked his prize. "Great!" Earl exclaimed. "I've been watching movies night and day." Then he asked, "Has that toilet brush been a help?"

"Not really," Bubba admitted. "I reckon I'm gonna go back to usin' paper."

What's the difference between females aged 8, 18, 28, 38, 48, 58, 68 and 78?

At 8 you take her to bed and tell her a story.
At 18 you tell her a story and take her to bed.
At 28 you don't even need to tell her a story to take her to bed.
At 38 she tells *you* a story and takes you to bed.
At 48 she tells you a story to *avoid* going to bed.
At 58 you stay in bed to avoid her story.
At 68 if you take her to bed, that'll be a story!
At 78 it's "What story? What bed? Who the hell are you?!"

Question: How many Chechen leaders does it take to change a lightbulb?

Answer: No one knows. Chechen leaders don't last as long as lightbulbs.

A budding actor approached his father one day and said excitedly, "Dad, guess what? I've got my first role in a movie. I'll be playing a guy who's been married for 25 years."

"That's great, son," the father remarked. "Keep at it, and one of these days you'll get a speaking role."

Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld was giving his daily briefing at the White House. He concluded by announcing, "Yesterday three Brazilian soldiers were killed in an accident."

"Oh, Lord!" the President howled. "That's terrible!"

Rumsfeld and everyone else in the room were stunned by this display of emotion, nervously watching as George W. sat dazed, head in hands. Finally, the anguished President looked up and asked, "How many is a brazillion?"

Question: Why don't Iraqis count sheep to help fall asleep?

Answer: Because they just want to sleep, not have a wet dream.

A blonde's nosy neighbor named Doris came over to her house one day, saw her crying and asked what happened. "It's my mother," the blonde sobbed. "She passed away last night."

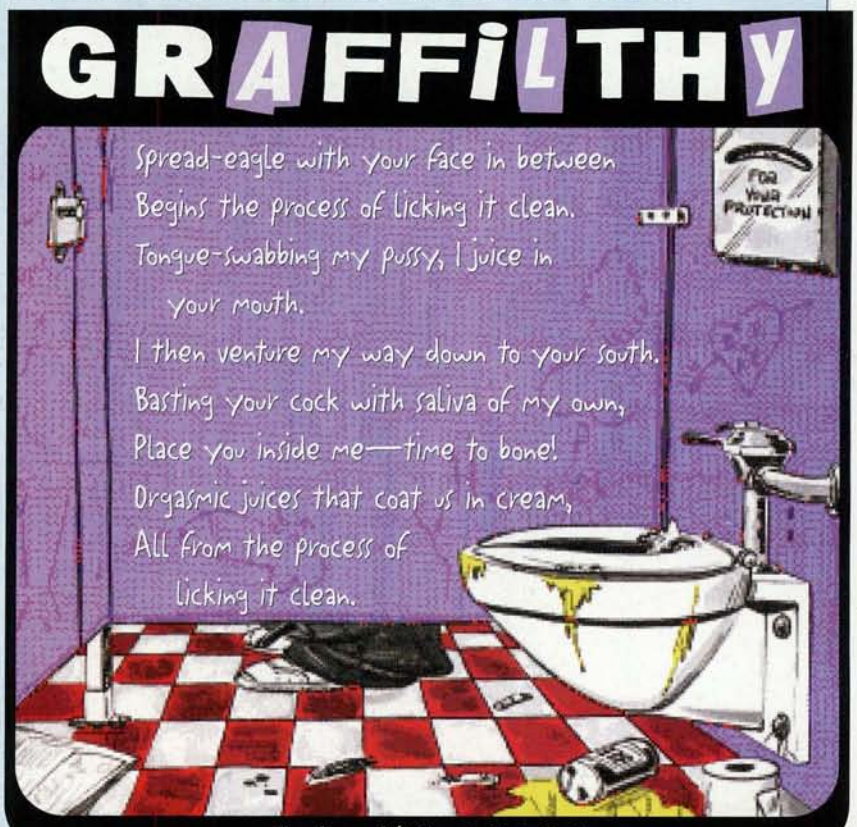
Doris made her some coffee, calmed her down a little and then left.

The next day the neighbor came by to see how the blonde was doing and found the younger woman crying again. Doris took her hand and murmured, "You poor girl. What happened now?"

"I just got off the phone with my sister," the blonde wailed. "Her mom died too!"

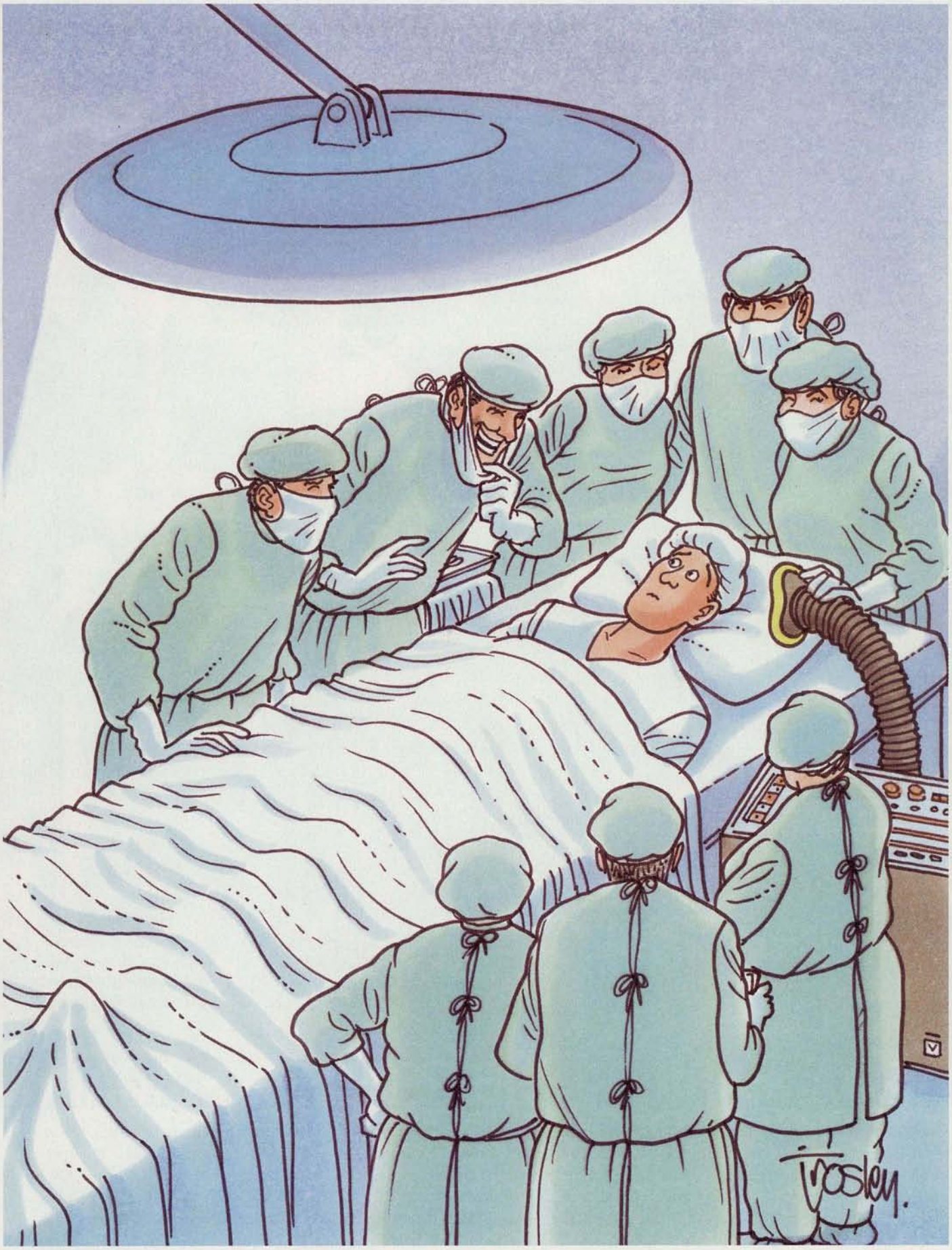
A bachelor came home after a rough day at the office and fell asleep. Getting ready for work the next morning, he put on a shirt, and a button fell off. Then he picked up his briefcase, and the handle came off. Sensing an ominous pattern, the guy immediately called his employer to say he wasn't coming to work because he was afraid to go to the bathroom.

GRAFFILTHY


Spread-eagle with your face in between
Begins the process of licking it clean.
Tongue-swabbing my pussy, I juice in
your mouth.
I then venture my way down to your south.
Basting your cock with saliva of my own,
Place you inside me—time to bone!
Orgasmic juices that coat us in cream,
All from the process of
licking it clean.
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to Valerie S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"As soon as we put you under, we're gonna pull down the sheet and all laugh at your tiny penis!"

cradle of filth

THE VAMPIRIC ROCKERS STRIKE AGAIN

Every day is Halloween for ringleader Dani Filth and his heavy-metal coven.

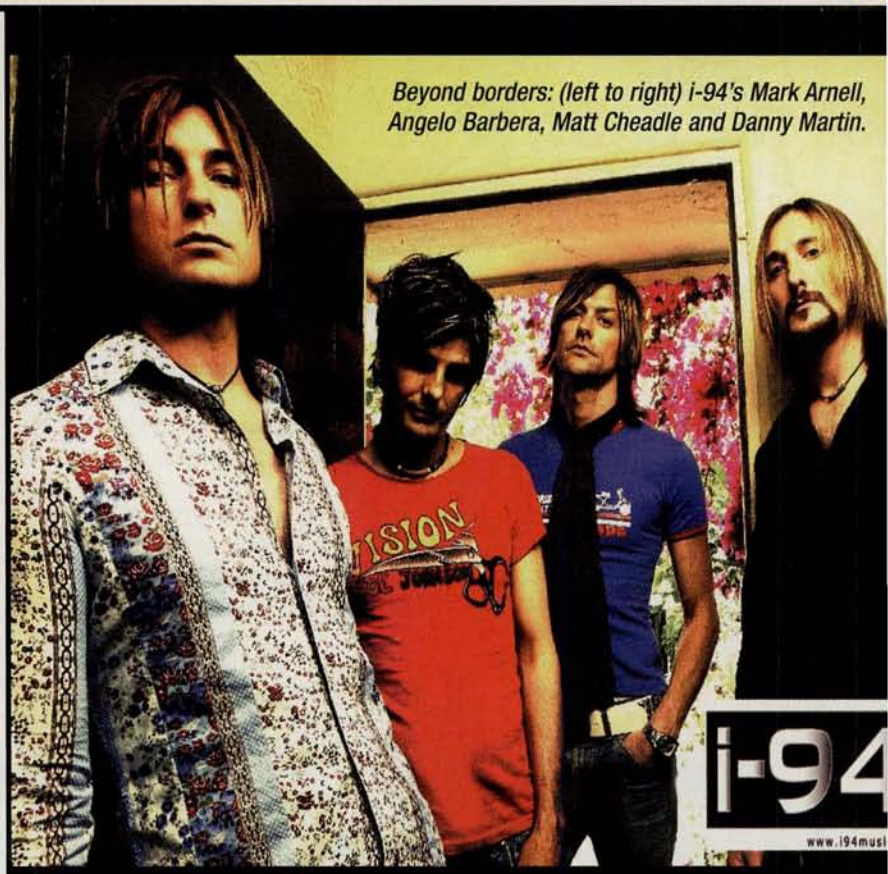
Rock music bible *Kerrang!* called gothic and operatic Cradle of Filth "the single most important metal band since the glory days of Maiden and Priest." Megafan Bam Margera—who has *Nymphetamine*, a CoF album title, tattooed on his arm—opined, "If you don't love this band, then you don't know shit about fuck." Meanwhile, the Lord Provost of Glasgow labeled them "sick and offensive."

Whatever your take on British black metal's most churlish wretches, you'll get more than your money's worth with their new DVD, *Peace Through Superior Firepower*. The primary pieces are a 90-minute 2005 Paris concert (in overwhelming Dolby sound) and the hilarious *Postcards From Vulgaria*. Hosted by Margera, this "shockumentary" includes worth-

while interview footage with Dani Filth, the band's creepier-than-all-fuck vampiric lead singer. Bam joins the group both in the studio and on the road, drinking and blowing up a lot of shit.

Firepower also offers various Web links; photo galleries depicting the band in their darkest, scariest incarnations; and best of all, a video compilation in which CoF shines brightest through the glass darkly. The group's cinematography and shadowy, frightening imagery put them at the forefront of their gothic horror-metal genre.

Check out the beautifully lensed video for "Her Ghost in the Fog," with CoF's dark, foreboding image contrasted against a field of falling snow and flickering light. The clip's mood draws upon the spooky Expressionist aura of such classic films as *Nosferatu* and *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Also on the disc are the stylish, disturbing video for "Babalon A.D. (So Glad for the Madness)" and other tunes. Highly recommended, *Peace Through Superior Firepower* will sock it to die-hard fans and newcomers who want to peer into Cradle of Filth's dank netherworld. *—Tom Farrell*



Beyond borders: (left to right) i-94's Mark Arnell, Angelo Barbera, Matt Cheadle and Danny Martin.

i-94

DOING IT FOR THEMSELVES

Newcomers i-94 can be added to the growing list of musicians who are taking the independent route, forgoing the help of a major label. The band wrote and produced their debut release *Don't Get Nervous*—a radio-friendly collection of rock songs big on hooks, melodies and harmonies—on their own BootDisk Records.

"It's difficult when you get tied to a major," says drummer Danny Martin. "They have so many artists they're dealing with that they can only give you so much attention." With a number of their tunes already being heard on TV's *Smallville* and *Laguna Beach* and the movie *Racing Stripes*, it appears the guys are doing something right.

On bass is American Angelo Barbera, but i-94's vocalist Mark Arnell, guitarist Matt Cheadle and Martin all originally hail from England. Having to constantly shuffle back and forth between the two countries may have been a hassle, but it had a hand in why they chose to be called i-94. "It's the visa waiver form you have to fill in as a non-U.S. resident," Arnell explains.

"We'd played all the London toilets, so we thought we'd come over here and play all the L.A toilets," Martin laughs. "Plus, L.A.'s not gray and miserable, with people shuffling about all worried."

Some of the more unique venues that i-94 has played Stateside were on last summer's Camplified Tour, where they hit a string of summer camps on the East Coast. "It was a chance for us to aim at a certain audience that we never really get to play in front of," Arnell says.

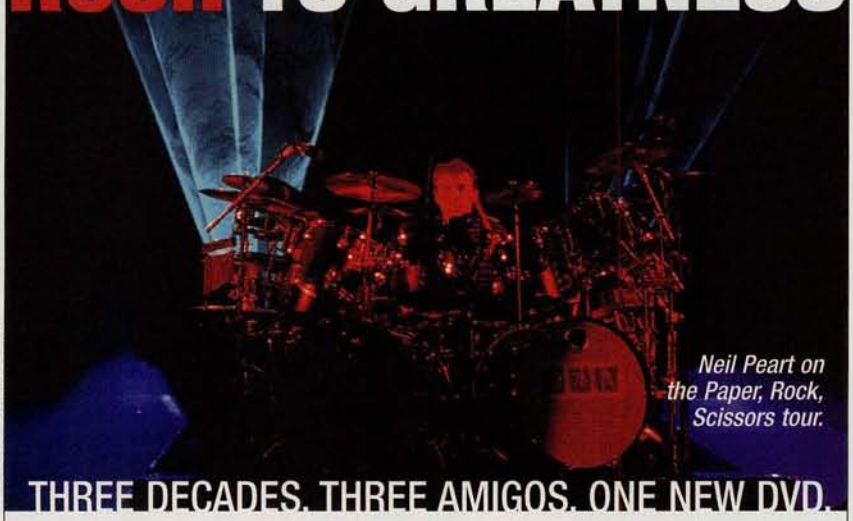
"We had reservations," Martin continues. "But we went out there, and you're playing, and you've got kids jumping up and down on the stage to the point where the whole thing's going to collapse, and everybody's going to die. Now that's rock 'n' roll."

—Michelle McCarthy

I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC

OHM+: The Early Gurus of Electronic Music is the most intriguing music lesson you'll ever have. The subject: How we learned to play with sound. This psychedelic three-CD/DVD set (and companion book) goes deeper into the genre than most would want to go, but it resonates in one's psyche with the ethereal echoes of space. The CDs track the history of electro-music chronologically, going as far back as 1937 (Olivier Messiaen). The book includes quotes by the electronic pioneers who created these warped sounds, revealing the inspiration and techniques behind the tracks. The DVD offers a rare glimpse at such legends as Robert Moog, Pauline Oliveros and Leon Theremin. The mental meltdown gets into full swing on the DVD, with pulsating experimental footage that perfectly accentuates the sound. From electric sackbuts to the joys of the clavivox, *OHM+* exposes electronica's bare flesh to the world. And we're more than ready to take it all in. *—Hans Feuersinger*

RUSH TO GREATNESS



Neil Peart on the Paper, Rock, Scissors tour.

PHOTO BY TOM FARRELL

THREE DECADES. THREE AMIGOS. ONE NEW DVD.

Canada's venerable rock trio Rush is celebrating three decades of success and relevance with *Rush: R30,* a well-conceived double-DVD/double-CD anthology. The group released their first album in 1974, and with the exception of finding a new drummer later that year, have retained the same lineup (Geddy Lee, Alex Lifeson, Neil Peart) ever since. Besides dotting the charts with hit after hit, Rush became known for impressive live shows, a staggering level of talent and insightful lyrics.

To celebrate Rush's 30th anniversary, Anthem Film/TV and Zoe Vision/Rounder have teamed up to produce a notable package worthy of the band's stature. The first DVD captures Rush in Frankfurt, Germany, on their commemorative world tour in 2004. The sound not only is absolutely incredible, but also has never been captured better. The camerawork is perfect, making this arguably Rush's best-lensed and best-recorded concert experience, rivaling even their stellar Exit...Stage Left tour. The show was filmed with 14 high-def cameras in 16x9 widescreen format. The trio's 18 studio albums are also well-represented, covering the diversity of material from their years of music-making.

The second DVD is a compendium of rare and classic performance footage from the very beginning (when Rush members sported long, flowing hair and robes during their metal and prog days) to a 2005 tsunami relief benefit concert. The disc also contains interviews from various time frames, revealing a deeper and broader side of a group known for their privacy.

The deluxe edition of *Rush: R30* includes two CDs with the complete soundtrack from the above-mentioned Frankfurt concert, two Rush guitar picks and a souvenir backstage pass. And there are plenty of Easter eggs hidden throughout the discs. *—T.F.*

SIX-PACK

A HALF-DOZEN CDs AND DVDs OF INTEREST

ERIC CLAPTON
Back Home
Reprise

The guitarist once known as "Slow Hand" actually lives up to that moniker on this CD/DVD. He's 86'd the guitar licks to become an easy-listening songsmith. "So Tired" is instantly catchy, but is there a smooth jazz album on Clapton's horizon? *—Donald Ambrose*

EAZY E
Eternal E
Priority Records
You really couldn't ask for much more from this compilation of the late N.W.A. frontman's songs and videos, including a handful from his former employer. Although a little cheesy at times, Eazy's contribution to rap history is indelible and well-represented. *—T.F.*

EVEN X
Angry Mirror
Sunland Records

Even X breathes life into the nu-metal sound of the late '90s. Apparent on this debut release is the band's steady diet of Alice in Chains and Korn. But they place a unique stamp on the genre with the addition of guttural growls and thunderous double bass drum rumblings. *—M.M.*

NELLIE McKAY
Pretty Little Head
Columbia
Singer songwriter Nellie McKay capitalizes on the buzz surrounding her 2004 debut *Get Away From Me,* again showcasing a unique style and vocal delivery. Along with producing the CD, McKay plays numerous instruments and is joined by Cyndi Lauper and k.d. lang on selected tracks. *—M.M.*

EISLEY
Room Noises
Reprise

Underrated Texas siblings (three sisters, one brother) weave pretty and pensive tunes that bring to mind the playful best of Kate Bush. Coldplay tapped Eisley (two of whom are teens) to open their 2004 U.S. tour and clearly saw what the rest are missing. *—T.F.*

KILLING JOKE
XXV Gathering!
Eagle Rock
The power of rock music to entertain, enlighten and educate has never been a mystery to Killing Joke or its hard-core fans. This DVD is a testament to one of the true innovators of tribal power and music that inspires. To survive in rock 'n' roll is a struggle; to thrive knowing its capacity to destroy its champions is rare. Killing Joke is as brilliant and relevant as ever. *—Nigel Mitchell*

KISS

THEY JUST KEEP GOING, AND GOING...

MORE MUSIC—AND PRODUCT—FROM THE ENDURING MAKEUP METALLERS

It's 33 years and counting for KISS, who are avoiding the retirement home like vampires avoid crosses. But as long as Gene Simmons and the boys keep putting out quality stuff like *KISS: Rock the Nation Live!*, then the band can stay around as long as they please. This two-DVD set from Image Entertainment captures KISS in high-def, bellowing out over two hours of tunes, including tons of classics from back in the days when Peter Criss and Ace Frehley were still in the band.

In case you haven't heard, the two guys now wearing Peter's whiskers and Ace's silvery makeup are replacements Eric Singer (one helluva drummer) and former Black and Blue frontman Tommy Thayer (who's taken the moniker Space Ace). Regardless, *Rock the Nation Live!* offers up a grandiose concert experience with ass-kicking sound, great camerawork and a slew of memorable songs that will keep any KISS fan happy.

And speaking of the original Ace, the lovable alien has a new Megaforce album titled *Ace Frehley: Greatest Hits Live*. The compilation features the journeyman rocker doing his favorite KISS tunes, solo hits and more. *—T.F.*

KISS DOLLS

WHAT DO YOU GET from the band that has licensed damn near every product on the planet? These official 12-inch animated singing dolls each play a different KISS song. Gene does "Rock 'n' Roll All Nite," Ace sings "Detroit Rock City," Peter performs "Beth," and Paul plays "Shout It Out Loud." Will they be as collectible as the original KISS dolls? Probably not.

They're $19.99 each and, no, there's no deal if you buy all four. Any real KISS fan knows Gene Simmons would never allow that. Available at DollTV.com. *—Keith Valcourt*

This stacked 24-year-old's English may not be that good, but one look into her smoky eyes and you realize it doesn't matter. "I grew up on a small farm in the Czech Republic with no one to play with but myself," Peach confesses. "Then I come to America, and there are so many people who want to play with me. I love being here."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

PEACH

SHE LIKES GIR

LS

When it comes to sex, this luscious bombshell dives right in. "I'm totally into getting it on with girls," Peach coos. "The way their pussies taste drives me wild. Don't misunderstand me. I love guys too. If you are my boyfriend, I have one rule: You have to be willing to share me with other girls."

"I just broke up with a guy," the Eurodoll continues, "because he didn't like having another girl around when we fucked. I need a man who is into having threesomes all the time." Peach, we think we've found your Mr. Right: any HUSTLER reader.

Peach enjoys modeling and for now has no plans to do anything else. "I think I have a nice body," the strawberry blonde says, "and I love that people want to see it. This is a great job for me. The thought of living my whole life on my parents' farm just isn't for me."

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

◀ PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH

We've heard it from the girls who pose in the magazine again and again: "A guy has to have a great smile and good breath to get with me." So you use your toothbrush to clean your mouth, but do you clean your toothbrush? Probably not.

The new VIOlight toothbrush sanitizer uses germicidal ultraviolet technology that has been lab tested to kill 99.9% of most germs and bacteria found on brushes. The compact and lightweight unit can accommodate up to four toothbrushes at once. After sanitizing for ten minutes, the VIOlight automatically shuts itself off. Available at ***VIOlight.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.95.

I SEE SOUND ▲

Looking like a modern-day jukebox, the iPulse for your iPod is as fun to watch as it is to listen to. Connect your MP3 player to high-quality dual aluminum cone speakers via an 18-inch ZipConnect cord, and while enjoying the music, watch an adjustable red, green and blue pulsating LED light show. Measuring 8 x 10 inches and weighing just 3 pounds, the iPulse can also be used as a speaker system for your computer through an auxiliary input. Available at ***SharperImage.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.95.

DEFYING LABELS ▶

Take a look at your collection of burned CDs and DVDs. There sure is an impressive amount of titles. Too bad they all look shitty because you just wrote the names on them with a Magic Marker. Now you can have high-quality copies that sound and look good as well.

The LightScribe labeling program is a new technology that offers you a no-hassle way to burn music or movie content on a CD or DVD. Then quickly flip the disc over to create professional-looking, silkscreen-quality labels with the same laser. All you need is a DVD burner enabled with the technology, and you'll have the sharpest discs around. Available at electronics stores everywhere. Suggested retail price: around $90 for burner with LightScribe.

◀ REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE

The compact and high-quality MiniVox USB Speakerphone with DSP voice processing is portable and lets you make free long-distance calls via the Internet to friends anywhere armed with their own MiniVox. It's perfect for mobile workers with laptops looking to engage in hands-free conversations and conference calls. Available at ***Amazon.com***. Suggested retail price: $39.99 each.

MUSIC MAKES ME WET ▶

If you consider yourself a tub tenor, then get the iSplash Wireless ZipConnect Splashproof speaker system with 900 MHz transmitter. The unit sends audio signals from your MP3 player, stereo, DVD player or TV up to 150 feet away—even through walls! The system, which runs on six AA batteries, hangs from your showerhead and comes with a bass boost button and volume control. The transmitter plugs into a standard AC current. Remember, your voice only sounds good when the music is really loud. Available at ***SharperImage.com***. Suggested retail price $99.95.

SKIN LENSMAN RUFFLES FEATHERS

New York University has become a campus divided, reports Nils Palsson, after a fellow student begins photographing coeds getting risqué for charity.

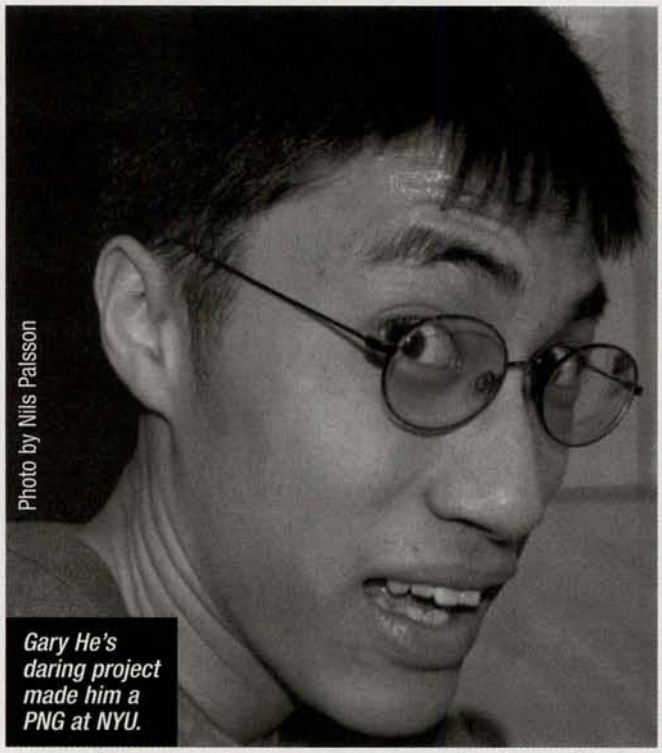


Photo by Nils Palsson

Gary He's daring project made him a PNG at NYU.

Last winter, while most New York University students were writing term papers and cramming for finals, student photographer Gary He was hard at work on a controversial and arousing extracurricular project—a sexy pinup calendar featuring a dozen NYU hotties.

He and colleagues Ang Cui (an alumnus of nearby Columbia University) and Vadim Gretchouchkin (a senior at Maryland's Johns Hopkins University) began recruiting potential models from Facebook.com, a popular collegiate Web site. In hopes of raising money for the American Cancer Society, the shutterbugs began photographing scantily clad college girls last fall for publication in their calendar.

As soon as the project became public knowledge, the NYU community quickly took sides. A number of supporters praised the photographers' entrepreneurial spirit and charitable aims, but the sexual nature of the calendar also garnered substantial criticism. A healthy arena of debate began when Meiko Beyer formed a Facebook.com group called ANTI, whose manifesto proclaimed: "It's important to analyze the issues this calendar brings to light and to voice opposition to some of the chauvinist concepts it is perpetuating."

Beyer and his 35-member crew were looking forward to a controversial photo-shoot expressing the student body's growing angst over the perpetually rising tuition costs at NYU. It involved a titillating scene in a dorm bedroom with an immodest coed wearing nothing but $32,000 in cash (the stiff annual fee for attending the private institution).

After catching wind of what was in store, Stewart Robinette—community development educator at NYU's Water Street Dormitory— fired off the following nasty e-mail to He the night before the scheduled money shoot: "This activity is not sanctioned by NYU, and it should not take place in a residence hall. This e-mail is to inform you that you are a persona non grata, and you should not try to enter Water Street [Dormitory] for any reason."

With this single pronouncement, university officials had banned Gary He from all campus residence halls because the student wished to take some innocent pictures of an attractive young woman. "I don't think it's anything to be taken too seriously," sophomore Camy Becker (one of He's models) wrote in the *Washington Square News*, NYU's campus daily. "It's all in good fun, and it's for charity. It wasn't inappropriate. It's a fun idea, and people will enjoy it."

Administrators also rejected He's request to name the calendar *Miss NYU '05-'06*, implying that doing so might detract from the school's prestige. "NYU's name is tied to NYU's reputation," spokesman John Beckman wrote in an e-mail to the paper. "For that reason we are careful about providing permission for the use of our name."

Controversy over sexually related school projects is nothing new to NYU's cosmopolitan campus. Just two years ago administrators at NYU's Tisch School of the Arts forbade student cinematographer Paula Carmicino from filming a scene in a campus studio involving sexual penetration. Carmicino sought to juxtapose scenes of carnal passion with clips of mundane, everyday behavior and asserted that shooting a live sex sequence was a necessary component of her artistic expression.

He's calendar project—unfinished at press time—is much less scandalous. It's a wonder why NYU officials have given it the same scrutiny as an explicit sex film. "The girls are still clothed," He insists. "This is more than some girls wear out on a Saturday night."

Nils Palsson, 20, is an NYU junior and a former editor of the Washington Square News. After finishing his undergrad studies in English, history and nongovernmental organizations, he plans to attend law school in the San Francisco area.

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com.*

HUSTLER has long been a haven for uninhibited sweethearts, but bookworms who love showing skin are a special breed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of naughty pix and garner $350 in financial assistance!

"On a bus trip to Alberta I had sex with a guy I'd never met before. We went into the bathroom, but it was way too small. So I just sat on his lap and tried to look innocent while he fucked my brains out!"

WANDA

"I'm an exhibitionist, I suppose," declares Wanda, 21, a freshman majoring in fine arts at Canada's **University of Winnipeg**. "It's fun." And so is the 5-foot-2 cherub, who was intrigued enough by HUSTLER to take a stab as a playful neophyte. "Being a Leo," the August 9 candle blower coos, "I'm kinda wild. Lovers have to tame me." Although avidly sapphic and a Mennonite, Wanda only turns her back on men for rear entry or when sitting on the turgid wand of a fellow traveler. Apt to dally on public conveyances, the naughty Manitoban fancies "having sex while seated in an airplane full of people." —Photos by Friend

EMILY D.

"I tend to be very compulsive," admits this frisky 18-year-old freshman at the **University of San Diego**. "I once ran away from home and had a one-night stand in Hawaii before some detectives picked me up." Of course, seeing the ex-cheerleader nude is a real pick-me-up. A San Francisco native who plays soccer and digs dancing, Emily D. aspires to be a teacher, but her sexuality isn't elementary. Why, she even copulated on a beach during her South Pacific jaunt. "I'm up for new things," the 5-foot-7 sweetie pie says. "In bed I mostly do what I'm told. But I'll be honest—I love having a guy go down on me." What about anal? "That's a fantasy, but I won't be saying no for long!" Yes, our first offering from a Catholic college is truly divine. —Photos by Boyfriend

ELIGIBILITY: Candidates must be 18 years of age or older and currently enrolled in an accredited school. To be considered for exposure here, please follow detailed instructions in model release that appears on page **127** of this issue and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope. All published RCG applicants have a shot at HUSTLER amateur models' annual $5,000 grand prize!

WE'VE GOT THE JENNIFER ANISTON GOODS!
NO... IT'S NOT A PHOTOGRAPHER... IT'S A CARTOONIST NOT ONLY DRAWING ME TOPLESS, BUT BOTTOMLESS TOO. AND WE CAN'T SUE?!
TOOLEN

ANGELA

"I don't mind using my body to get what I want," declares this 23-year-old housewife and skin-mag first-timer by way of Hinesville, Georgia. "It's exciting thinking about all those fellas out there looking at me naked 'n' all." Well, the 5-foot-7 peach just got 350 smackers for providing a full-frontal look-see, but she's game for further revelations. "I'm kind of wild," Angela readily confides. "My only hobbies are sucking dick and fucking as much as possible." How about desperate? "Not really," the doll replies, "but I have a few dildos for when my man isn't around." For those who don't mind standing on line to play a little hide-the-wienie, Angela's fantasy is a doozy: "I want about ten guys taking turns fucking me while my husband watches!" One last question: Are HUSTLER staffers invited? —Photo by Husband

KITTY

"Posing nude is my 15-minutes-of-fame sort of thing," purrs Kitty, 20, a Chicagoan whose preoccupation is being the quintessential girl-next-door. "My hobbies are running, rollerblading and camping," the 5-foot-4 vixen informs us. "I may be young, but I'm old-fashioned. I insist on foreplay, and I love having a man take control and talk dirty to me. I look innocent, but I'm horny all the time, and I do it all! Can I be your little sex kitten?" Readers are bound to have a collective fantasy: making Kitty meow. —Photos by Friend

HALEY STORM

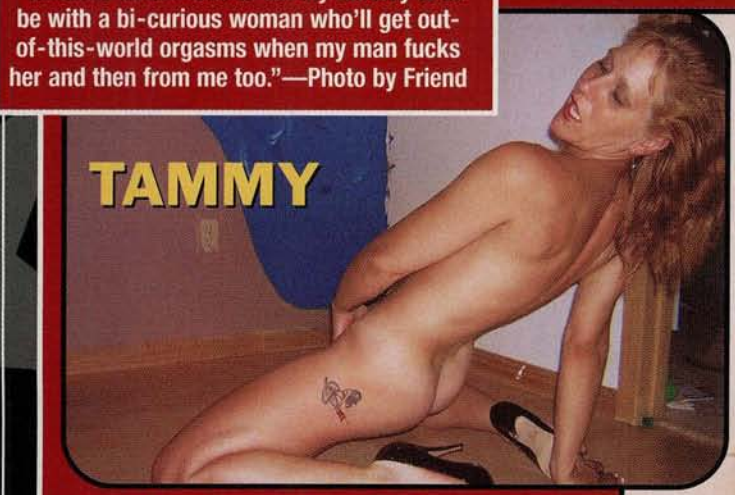
Introducing herself with panache is a credit card analyst from Huntington Beach, California, who heeds sound advice. "A neighbor suggested I do this," explains Haley, 42. "I never thought I'd be so daring, but then I figured, I couldn't ask for any better flattery than lots of men looking at me naked. I'm stoked!" Dancing, sunbathing and outdoor activities take Haley's mind off account statements, but we dig this bold statement. "During sex I'm usually out of control." Ms. Storm's steamiest fantasy? "Being blindfolded and seduced by a male." —Photo by Lady Friend

CHER-AMI

"Every year, my sex drive kicks in more and more," discloses this development adviser out of Salt Lake City. "I'm nasty and very open-minded." A spry 35, Cher-Ami enjoys skiing and crafts, but she's also a crafty lover. "My name is a twist on *share me*," she coos, "which is what I love to do. My fantasy is to be with a bi-curious woman who'll get out-of-this-world orgasms when my man fucks her and then from me too."—Photo by Friend

AMY

"Being naked gives me confidence," says Amy, 18, a waitress from Eugene, Oregon—the exalted Beaver State. "And I'll do it anywhere I can get tan, even by the pool at my apartment complex." A biking, hiking and yoga enthusiast, Amy is no shrinking violet when it comes to hanky-panky. "Sexually, I'm adventurous," she explains, "and I like to try different things, usually with girls. I like guys, but girls are more fun!" Which leads us to Amy's sex fantasy: "a feminine ménage à trois, of course!" —Photos by Friend



TAMMY

"I'm kinky, yet sensual," says this decorative damsel from Corpus Christi, Texas, who's into dancing, drawing, bondage and vampires. "The vampiress Lilith inspires me," Tammy, 32, continues. "I found her story unique. I like to bite my husband's neck and whisper, 'I'll suck your blood.'" What about his rod? "Sucking cock is my favorite," Tammy chirps. "That's my specialty!" Meanwhile, the lady of the house vows to "do a striptease for my darling while I'm holding the mag I'm in, then have sex!" —Photos by Husband

ICE CREAM

Baskin' for all to see is a water blaster from Cleveland. "I do great work with a hose," quips Ice Cream, whose yen for photography has finally brought *her* into focus. "I'm 41 and still look good," she boasts. Labeling herself as "hungry, single and bi," Ice Cream is fond of threesomes. "Being two people's dessert makes me melt," the 5-foot-7 Ohioan coos. Her fantasy blast is "a weekend with Kid Rock and Fred Durst."

—Photos by Friend

DESTINY ROSE

Here's a clothing store fashion coordinator sans clothing. "I'm wild, adventurous and a little on the crazy side," pipes this denizen of Waco, Texas, whose pastimes include painting, camping and fishing. "I'm a notorious flasher, and I like having sex where there's a chance of being caught." Destiny Rose, who'll be 33 in May, is an aficionada of fellatio and being on top, with "making love on a white-sand beach" just one hot desire. —Photo by Friend

ESSENCE

Informed she'd be a Beaver, this nude dancer from Randolph, New Jersey, exclaimed, "I'm completely flattered!" Certainly nice to look at, Essence, 31, also knows how to boost her appeal. "I'm more of a giver than a receiver," the petite travel buff says. "I love to take a man, unzip his pants and give him a blowjob." But lovers can be of assistance. "I like to bend over and have a guy or girl hit my clit with a vibrator," she adds, "and lick my hole." Essence's fantasy? "Being with two friends." —Photo by Friend

JENNIFER

"I'm just a bored housewife," claims Jennifer, 21, but it appears the cutie pie from El Paso, Texas, knows how to remedy the situation. "When my husband's at work, I masturbate, and when he comes home, I drag him into the bedroom and try to wear him out. I'm horny all the time! I don't know what I'd do if my vibrator ever conked out on me!" And what, pray tell, does Jennifer dig the most when she's receiving manly, not mechanical, attention? "I love it when he goes down *there* and licks my puss-puss. I never let him stick pete inside until I've come four or five times!" Juicy Jennifer reaffirms our belief that marital bliss is based on a desirable woman who puts out constantly *and* serves mouthwatering meals. —Photos by Husband

"I like to flaunt what I have" is the motto of Switch, 37, a Massachusetts-born novelist and artist now residing in the Lone Star State. "Nudity is art. I can do it and get away with it." And Switch admits that she often gets carried away. "I'm a wild, frisky woman," reveals the author of horror tales and cookbooks. "I once had someone taking pictures while I masturbated with a zucchini on the kitchen table." Heading outdoors, Switch yearns for "passionate sex during a wicked storm, keeping in synch with nature as rain pours down, lightning zigzags in the heavens and thunder shakes the Earth." —Photo by Boyfriend

Donning her birthday suit is a Fenton, Missouri, homemaker who'll be blowing out 22 candles in May. "I'll try anything," chirps Scarlet, whose hobbies are hiking and watching movies. "When I saw *Beaver Hunt* in one of my boyfriend's dirty magazines, I told him I could do *that!*" In bed the Show-Me Stater has no taboos, just a proviso for her stud: "Hit all the right buttons!" Scarlet's dream scenario is "having sex with two other girls and my boyfriend." There'll be lots of hot buttons to hit, honey. —Photo by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur exhibitionist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a layout worth $5,000. (Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each; the Grand Prize Winner's lensman pockets $500, the Finalists' shooters $250 each.) All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies & personal interests

Sexual fantasy (can be listed on separate sheet of paper if necessary)

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

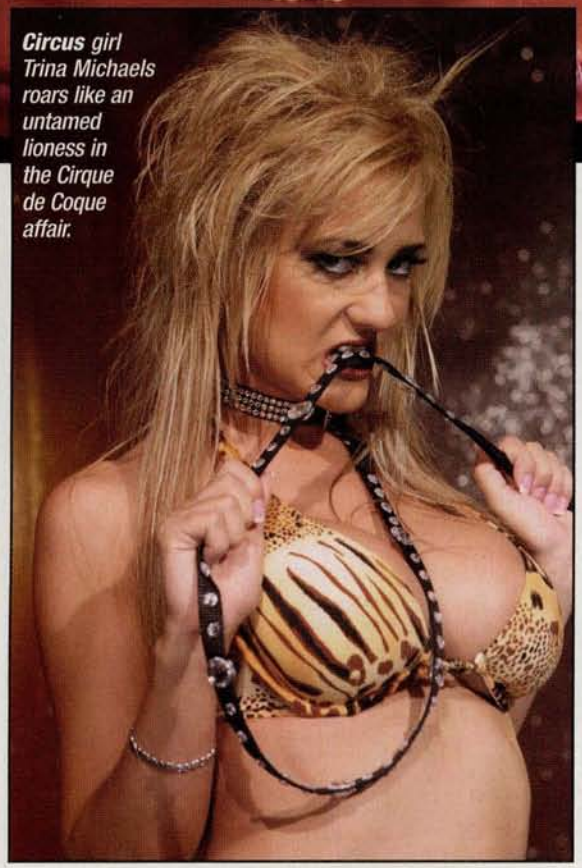
Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

*The dazzlers in **Circus** may not fly through the air with the greatest of ease, but Gabriella Banks (left) and Trina Michaels trap dicks with sheer expertise.*



***Circus** girl Trina Michaels roars like an untamed lioness in the Cirque de Coque affair.*

Circus

DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. **STARRING:** LANNY BARBY, MONIQUE ALEXANDER, ANGEL EYES, JADA FIRE, VANESSA LANE, TRINA MICHAELS, FLOWER TUCCI, GABRIELLA BANKS, BEN ENGLISH, JOHN STRONG, JOHN E. DEPTH, JERRY RENO, BUSTER GOOD, CHRISTIAN, BARRY SCOTT, ANTHONY HARDWOOD, TOMMY GUNN AND EVAN STONE. **DVD:** VIVID ENTERTAINMENT (VIVID.COM).

Circus tells the story of a bleak Orwellian future (the year 2050) where sex has gone too far, and a society inundated with lust draws the line in a big way. Society has been neutered, strip joints are gone, and sex clubs are illegal. The overtly conservative mind-set mirrors today's religious zealots, enacting ridiculous draconian laws. Even showing too much cleavage is punishable by death! However, like all times throughout history when sex has been oppressed, something will bubble up from the underground. In this case it's a traveling troupe of sexual deviants. Boasting top-notch production values, *Circus* offers a radiant peek under the big top, where the carny meets the carnal. The sets are lavish and well lit, and the direction gives a sense of motion that keeps the movie spry. Audience members are chosen to participate in a three-ring sex circus, resulting in a variety of spontaneous, intense lust. As usual, Vivid has cast strictly grade-A specimens of hotness, and all throw their backs into their sex scenes. Colorful, entertaining and packed with a bevy of dreamboats, *Circus* is more than worth the price of admission. ***—Tom Farrell***

Circus's Monique Alexander and Tommy Gunn have fun under the big top.

Vanessa Lane shows off her acrobatic flexibility in **Circus**.

What has four legs, a dilated vagina and an ass stuffed with cock? Lanny Barby and Ben English in **Circus**.

*Phoebe Luxe rocks in the title role of **Killing Courtney Luv**.*

Killing Courtney Luv

DIRECTOR: JOE GALLANT. **STARRING:** PHOEBE LUXE, HARLEY RAINE, MARIAH LYNN, REVAY, SANDY CHEEKS, DEAN JAMES, DINO BRAVO, KENNY, TYLER HEAT AND ROD FONTANA. **DVD:** VCA PICTURES.

Killing Courtney Luv is just as bold and edgy as the title suggests. However, it owes more of its inspiration to mainstream director Martin Scorsese than to the widowed Mrs. Kurt Cobain. Shot in New York City on digital video and grainy Super-8, this *Taxi Driver*-styled tale of celebrity obsession is unlike anything coming out of Porn Valley. Only busty brunette Harley Raine had any professional experience going in, but all the newcomers do anal and ass-to-mouth like champs. A star is born in Phoebe Luxe, who plays Courtney Luv. The sweet, voluptuous blonde is sexier than her celebrity namesake and has so much fun taking it up the butt in every position that there's no doubt she'll be back for more. A downright nympho, redhead Mariah Lynn can't resist blowing a guy in the street or being sodomized in broad daylight. Filled to the brim with anal and ATM action, *Killing Courtney Luv* is as raw and gritty as the mean streets of the Big Apple. ***—Kevin Wright***

*"Who's your favorite junkie blond ho?" Newbie Phoebe Luxe is a brash, thrilling, finger-licking sex wizard. Movie cabbie Travis Bickle would have loved **Killing Courtney Luv**.*

Keri Sable (left) and Jessica Drake pony up for able Brad Armstrong in the imaginative period piece ***Sold***.

Sold's Carmen is operatic as Mario Rossi conducts.

Sold

DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. **STARRING:** JESSICA DRAKE, KERI SABLE, AUSTIN KINCAID, JENAVEVE JOLIE, SHARON WILD, CARMEN, RITA FALTOYANO, BRAD ARMSTRONG, CHRIS CANNON, MARIO ROSSI, RANDY SPEARS, TALON AND TOMMY GUNN. **DVD:** WICKED PICTURES.

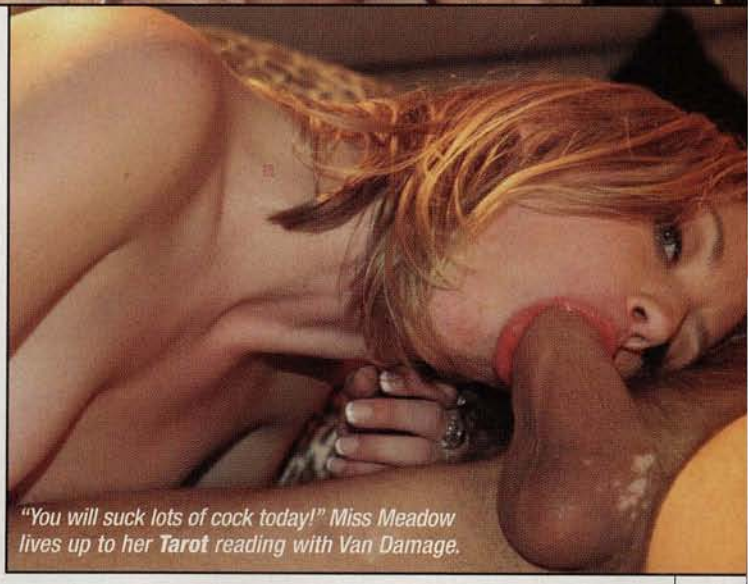
Of the two Brad Armstrong films reviewed this month, *Sold* is the leaner and meaner affair. A simple plot involving a sex slave auction allows for one twisted fantasy after another to quickly unfold. Jessica Drake stars in a trio of the wildest scenes. Her first fantasy fuck involves bondage, swordplay and a ring of fire. Later she blows three guys in a rain-soaked alley. But that's just a warm-up to the pony-girl headgear she and Keri Sable don during their threeway with Armstrong (who shamelessly casts himself in the plummest role). Sharon Wild, on the other hand, has no need for a stunt cock. Just give her some golf balls and watch them fly. She even manages to shove a string of them up her ass. Naughty nurse Carmen takes it up the rectum in a fetish-filled medical fantasy, while "twins" Austin Kincaid and Jenaveve Jolie double Randy Spears's pleasure. *Sold* is a kinky feature with a great cast, all-out action and tons of imagination. ***—K.W.***

John Strong pays the price for forgetting to buy toilet paper as ***Tarot*** *tarts Briana Banks and tawny Melissa Lauren make do.*

Tarot

DIRECTOR: ELI CROSS. **STARRING:** BRIANA BANKS (BRIANABANKS.COM), SANDRA ROMAIN, MISS MEADOW, JEN X, TRINA MICHAELS, TRINITY POST, MELISSA LAUREN, JULIE NIGHT, JOHN STRONG, VAN DAMAGE, CHRIS CANNON, MANUEL FERRARA AND TALON. **DVD:** VIVID ENTERTAINMENT (VIVID.COM).

Tarot has all the couples-friendly eroticism and responsible use of condoms that Vivid is famous for, but this is not your daddy's Vivid. Briana Banks makes sure of that. Director Eli Cross finds some down-and-dirty babes for Briana to play with in Sandra Romain and Melissa Lauren, while the rest of the cast take their cues from them. There's no plot and no talking—just screaming. Briana is not only one of Vivid's most stunning contract girls, she's also a filthy-minded sex freak who generates enough sexual heat to keep Minnesota toasty all winter long. Meanwhile, smoldering Julie Night can bring the dead back to life in a *CSI*-inspired encounter. An anal orgy with bodacious Trina Michaels in the eye of a storm out-gonzos most gonzo flicks. Five bonus scenes culled from other Vivid titles—three featuring Briana—add up to a true double feature. A good time is in the cards for Briana Banks fans thanks to *Tarot*. ***—K.W.***



"You will suck lots of cock today!" Miss Meadow lives up to her ***Tarot*** *reading with Van Damage.*

*Plunging into Maria Bellucci's ripe rump is **Professianals #8**'s assiduous director, Denis Marti.*

Angel Dark, Niki Dark and Kid Jamaica play "Please wait your turn!"

The Professianals #8

DIRECTOR: DENIS MARTI. **STARRING:** JANE DARLING, ANGEL DARK, NIKI DARK, VICTORIA, DARIA GLOWER, VALENTINA VELASQUES, MARIA BELLUCCI, DENIS MARTI AND KID JAMAICA. **VHS & DVD:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

The Professianals #8 may star some of the world's most beautiful women, but these Eurobabes aren't content to sit on their duffs looking hot. If they can sit down at all after the butt-reamings they take from Denis Marti and Kid Jamaica, it'd be a miracle. Jane Darling is one of the most underrated porn stars around. The stunning blonde handstands for a 69 and takes it hard up her heart-shaped ass. I don't know if Angel Dark and Niki Dark are related, but they look like twins in matching schoolgirl outfits as they both fittingly get double-penetrated. Another wild and sexy foursome with Daria Glower and the film's two overworked studs leads to Victoria's first-ever D.P. One glimpse at the voluptuous brunette on the box cover indicates how special she is. Stacked redhead Maria Bellucci, meanwhile, is the closer for good reason. Her performance is so steamy that your girlfriend will be begging you to fuck *her* up the ass once she sees how it's done properly in *The Professianals #8*. ***—K.W.***

*After getting their claws on Talon, **Eternity**'s Eva Angelina and Michelle Lay are very unladylike.*

Eternity

DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. **STARRING:** STORMY DANIELS, JESSICA DRAKE, KERI SABLE, EVA ANGELINA, LAUREN KAIN, MICHELLE LAY, SHAY SIGHTS, RANDY SPEARS, ERIC MASTERSON, CHRIS CANNON, KRIS KNIGHT AND TALON. **DVD:** WICKED PICTURES.

Brad Armstrong's *Eternity* might be a sexed-up chick flick, but Stormy Daniels gives a tour de force performance. She's a fine actress too. Shot on film in widescreen and running over two-and-a-half hours, this lavish costume drama is epic in scope. Besides, you need a wide-angle lens to appreciate Stormy's zesty rack. The busty blonde's also got spine-melting blowjob skills and one of the sexiest voices in the biz. (God bless Louisiana!) The plotline takes up a lot of screen time, but a pair of well-placed threesomes keep things hot. Eva Angelina and Michelle Lay blindside Talon, while Randy Spears—as a cruel aristocrat—makes merry sport of Shay Sights and Lauren Kain soon after sodomizing fetching Keri Sable. *Eternity* on the whole may be geared toward pleasing the ladies, but guys shouldn't grouse. Stormy Daniels is genteel only when she's wearing fancy Victorian duds. Once they hit the floor, all bets are off. ***—K.W.***

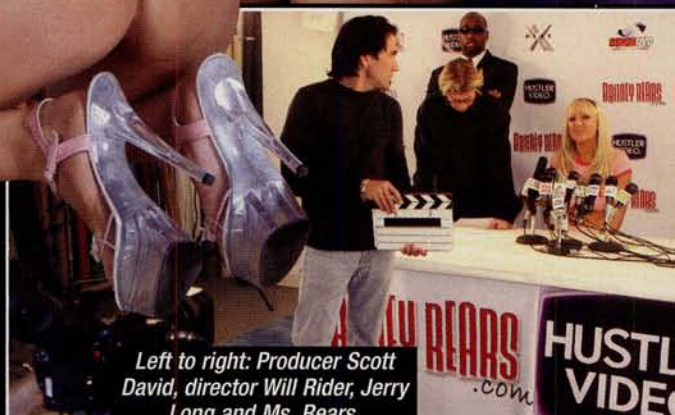
*Something wigged this way comes: Randy Spears hands it to Keri Sable in the costume porn drama **Eternity**.*

Britney Rears

Lives and Fucks Like a CELEBRITY!

Britney Rears #2: *Shy Love and Britney tag-team Scott Nails as director Will Rider (far right) gets just what he's looking for.*

Britney also pairs up with Kurt Lockwood as blond Sunny Lane and Nyomi Marcela get chummy.



Left to right: Producer Scott David, director Will Rider, Jerry Long and Ms. Rears.

THERE'S NOTHING I LOVE MORE than a pretty young pop princess who takes a big dick in her mouth. Such is the story of Britney Rears, who jets around the world, performing concerts, meeting the press, and fucking and sucking everything in sight along with her wild pack of ultradirty girlfriends.

I was recently invited to the set of a much-anticipated HUSTLER Video sequel, which was being shot at a $12-million Hollywood Hills mansion with a panoramic view of downtown Los Angeles. But what really opened my eyes was witnessing the steamy sex action that unfolds in *Britney Rears #2.* If you were under a rock in 2005, you might have missed the greatest porn spoof of all time—chart-topping *Britney Rears: Wild Backstage Sex Party.* Released by VCA Pictures (and reviewed in the March '06 HUSTLER), it lampooned pop music's sexiest star with some hard-core, nasty fun.

Britney Rears popped out of nowhere with that smash debut movie, not to mention a hilarious novelty theme song, a huge fan base, nationwide promotional appearances, radio interviews and numerous mentions on *The Howard Stern Show.*

Besides Britney, the sequel has cast a bevy of scorching sex kittens, including Eva Angelina, Jenaveve Jolie, Sunny Lane, Shy Love, Nyomi Marcela, Hillary Scott, Capri Styles, Nikki Hilton and Nadia Styles. Everywhere I looked, naked chicks were bouncing around, and I could smell the pungent scent of sex in the air as director Will Rider barked out his commands.

Of course, I wanted to see some pussy put to use, and I wasn't disappointed as Kurt Lockwood began to fuck Britney. Before you knew it, Sunny and Nyomi jumped in, igniting an all-out fourway—Lockwood's huge cock the main meat on the menu. Each girl took turns sucking, fucking and grinding their pussies all over each other in a poolside spectacle that was smokin' hot. Britney was hard pressed to keep up with her horny pals, but she came through in flying colors.

How's this for excitement? Nyomi deep-throated Lockwood's pole and gave way to Sunny, who energetically licked the shaft up and down before Britney opened her mouth wide and completely devoured it. Next, saliva was dripping like a raging river as the babes took turns crunching their soaked vaginas onto the stud's face. Amid a chorus of moans and groans, Nyomi straddled his hard-on and began inching it deeper and deeper into her precious cunt.

As if this weren't one helluva bang, soon Britney took over, not only welcoming Lockwood's ramrod inside her juicy twat, but also her sweet ass. Naturally, all good things must come to an end, and did it ever—a wild cum splash on all three ladies' beaming faces.

Next on the agenda, I found myself inside the killer mansion, where brunet goddess Eva Angelina was putting on an unbelievable schtup show. Eva is gorgeous and superflexible, explaining why she's one of Britney's dancers. Watching the doll fucking her way through every position imaginable was mind-boggling.

As a matter of fact, so much good stuff was going on I can't even begin to tell you about all of it. Worth mentioning is that cuties were always around, and a sumptuous music video for *Britney Rears #2* was shot on a real L.A. soundstage. One of the dancers, blond superbabe Hillary Scott, started to suck on some dude's cock before being joined by Capri Styles and Nikki Hilton for an incredible tandem blowjob that left each girl with jizz for makeup.

During a humorous Britney Rears press conference, she and Shy Love fucked a fan who'd won a contest. He was so happy to have sex with the two hotties that he gave them both sticky facials.

From what I witnessed, *Britney Rears #2* does the impossible—delivering even more than the original. HUSTLER Video has a winner on its hands, and Britney Rears truly is America's pop-shot princess.

Check out Britney's new flick and her personal Web site (BritneyRears.com) and also get ready to jerk off. Just as her signature song says, "I wanna get laid!" And so will you.

—Bobby Greyhound

BARELY LEGAL®

#55

VANESSA LYNN

CHELSI

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SEE TINY, VIRGIN PUCKERS STRETCH TO TAKE FAT, RAMMING THROBBERS.

THESE EAGER GIRLS LOOK UP AT YOU
AS THEY MANAGE TO SWALLOW YOUR THICK BONER.
PINK PUSSIES SMOTHER YOUR FACE.
PERKY, NEW BREASTS BEG FOR YOUR ATTENTION.

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BREA & KAIYA

JENNA PRESLY

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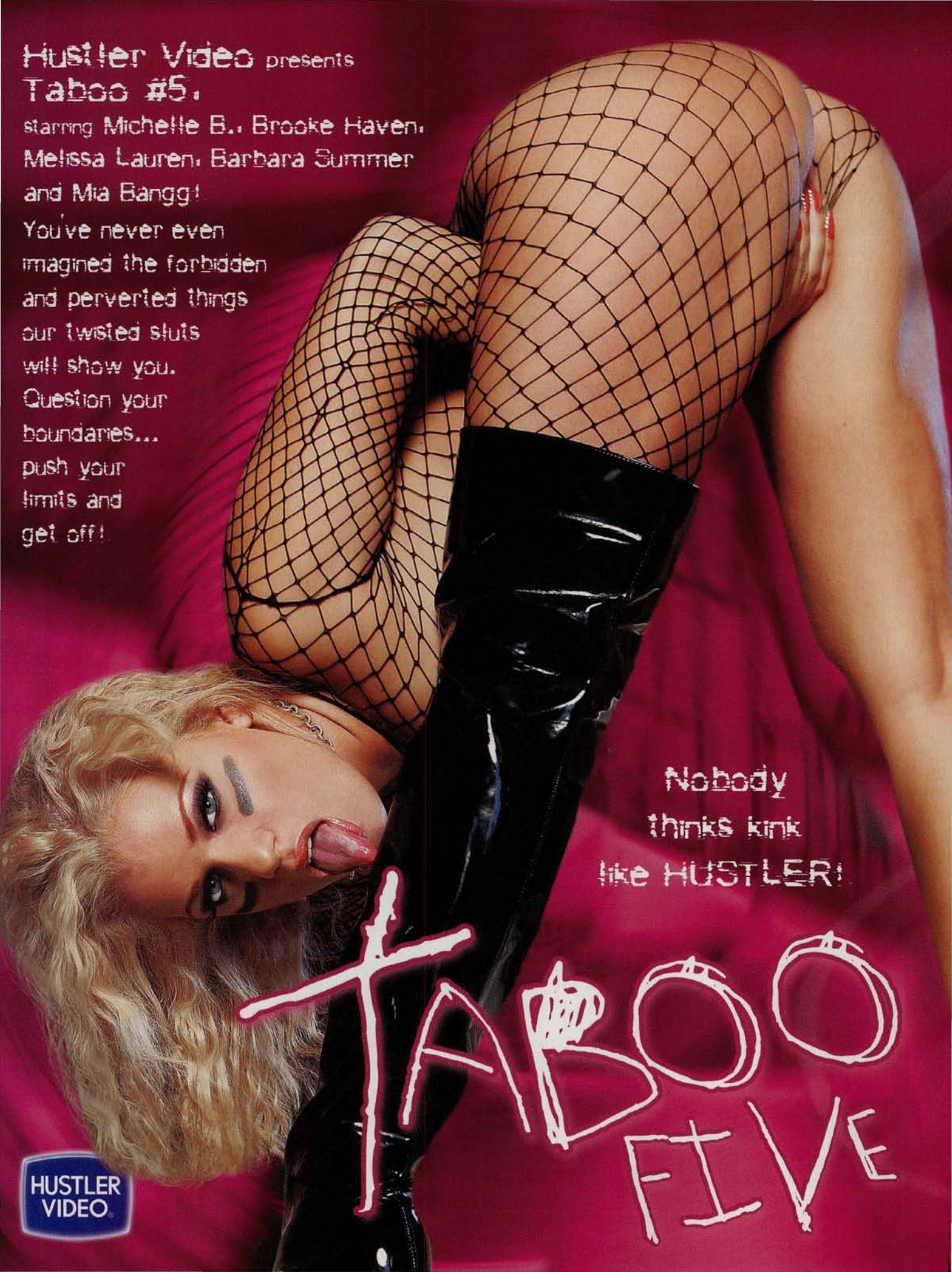
Hustler Video presents
Taboo #5,
starring Michelle B., Brooke Haven,
Melissa Lauren, Barbara Summer
and Mia Bangg!
You've never even
imagined the forbidden
and perverted things
our twisted sluts
will show you.
Question your
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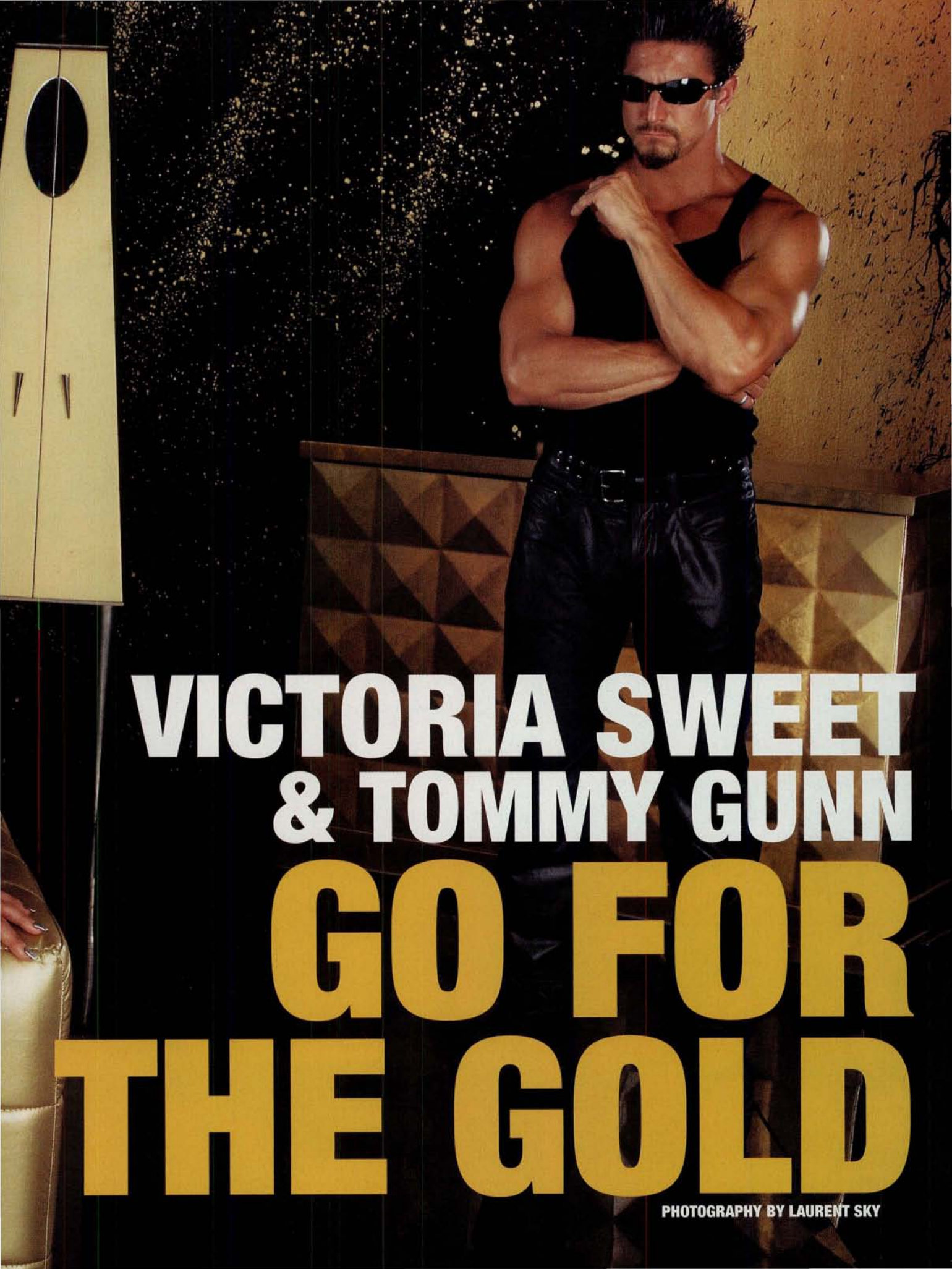
Price of Gold: As this issue went to press, $499 per ounce.

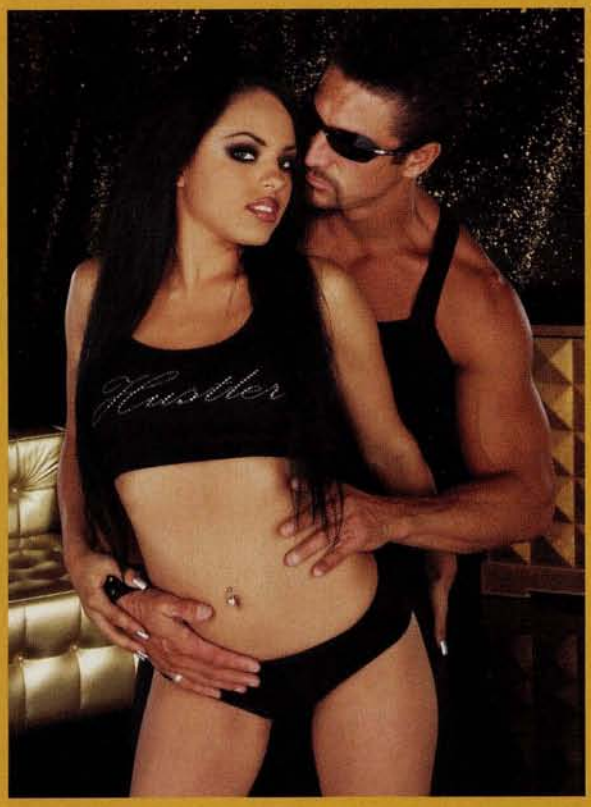
Gold Rush: Triggered in 1848 when James Marshall accidentally discovered gold nuggets at Sutter's Mill, outside Sacramento, California. News of the find set off "Gold Fever" and began the largest human migration in history, with over half a million people descending on the territory in search of instant wealth.

Gold Bar: A solid-gold brick most often seen in heist films.



VICTORIA SWEET & TOMMY GUNN GO FOR THE GOLD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY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Golden Anniversary: The 50th recurrence of a wedding or other notable event.

Gold Coast: An Australian tourist area and surfing paradise located between Brisbane and Sydney.

Golden Shower: Urinating on one's sexual partner for pleasure.

Gold Medal: Prize awarded to the first-place finisher in an athletic competition, the most prestigious being bestowed on a victor in the Olympic Games.

Golden Brown: The perfect skin color obtained from tanning at the beach or a salon.

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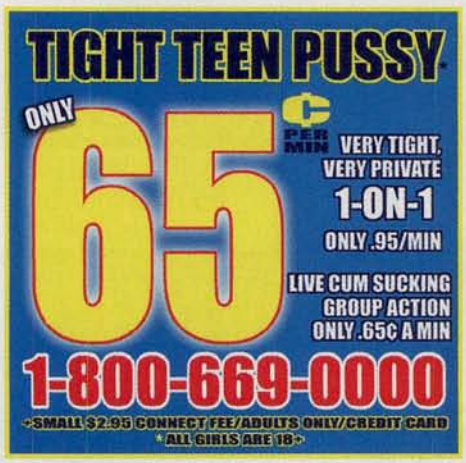
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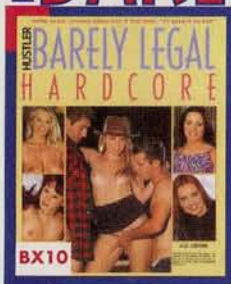

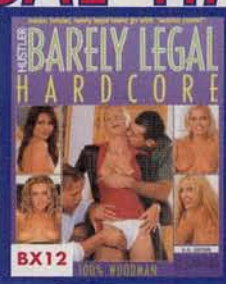

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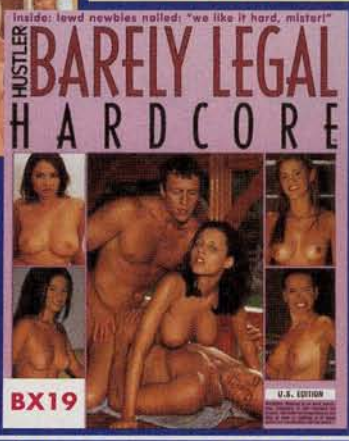

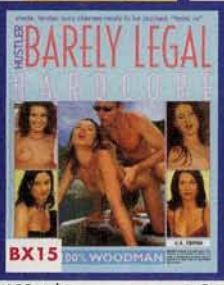

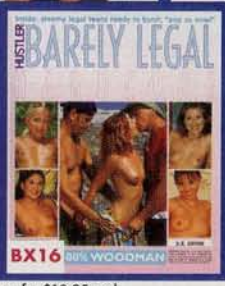

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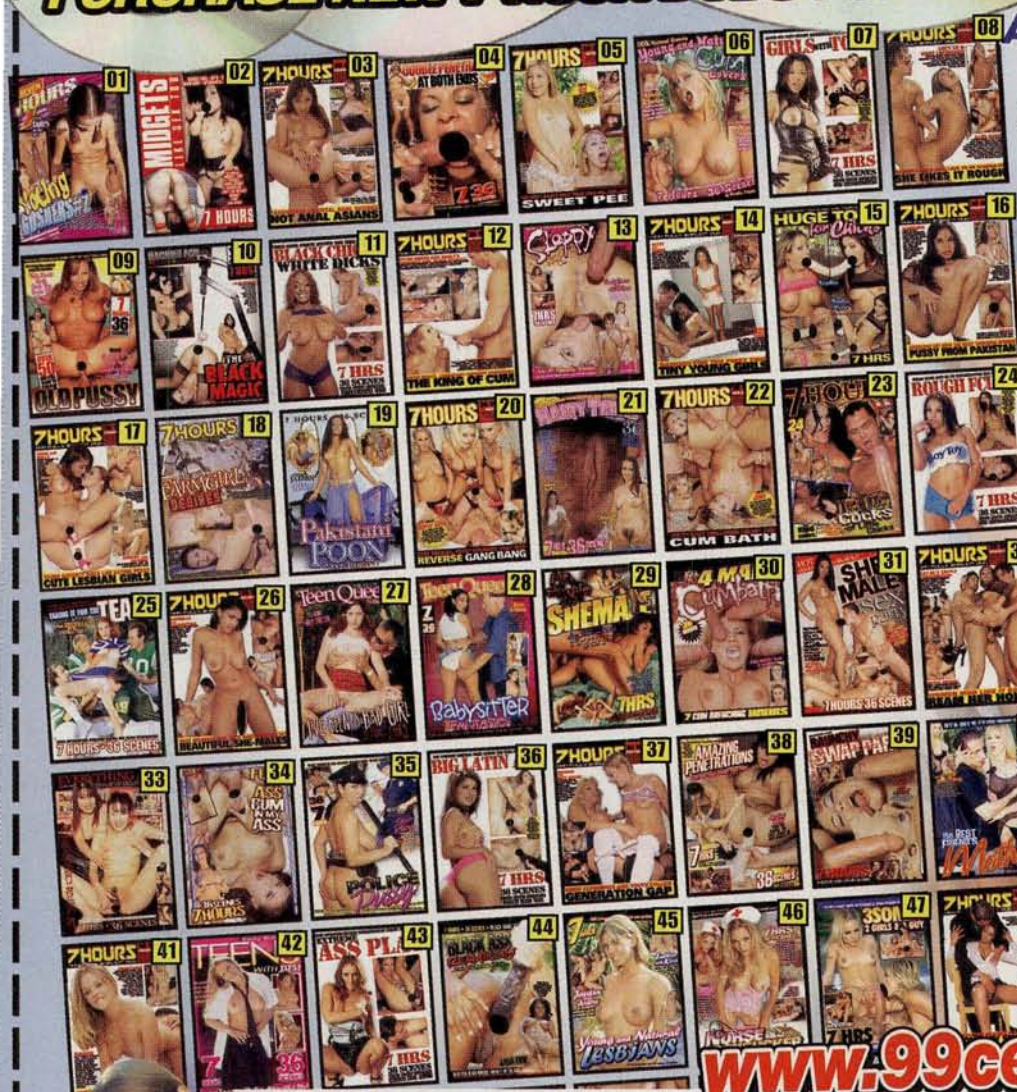
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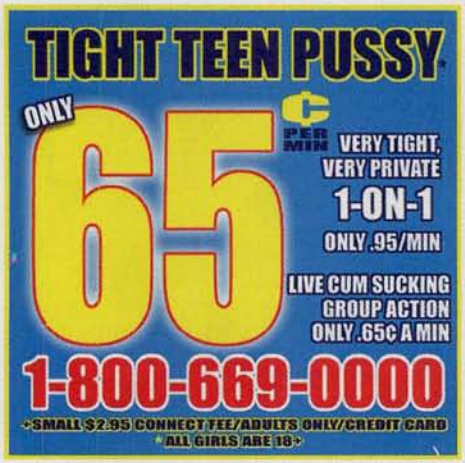

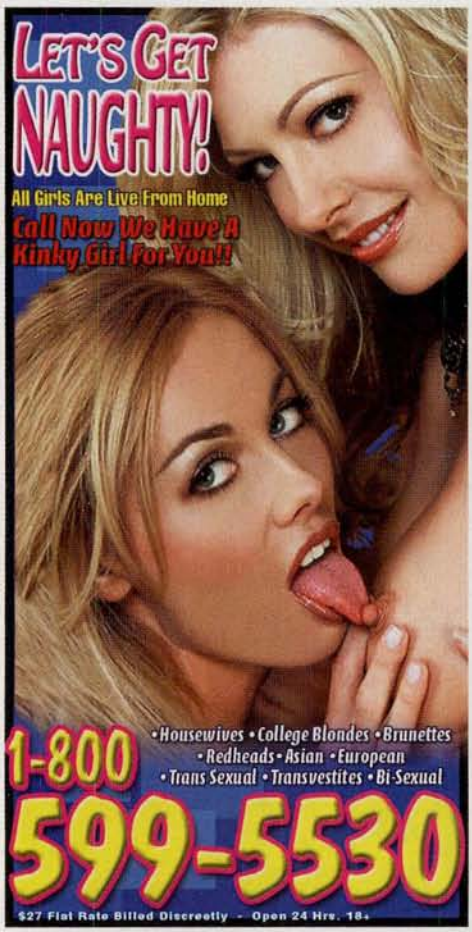
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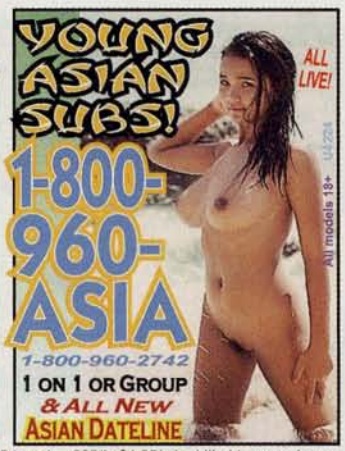

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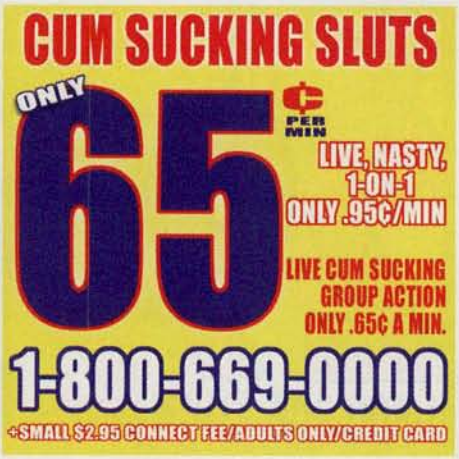
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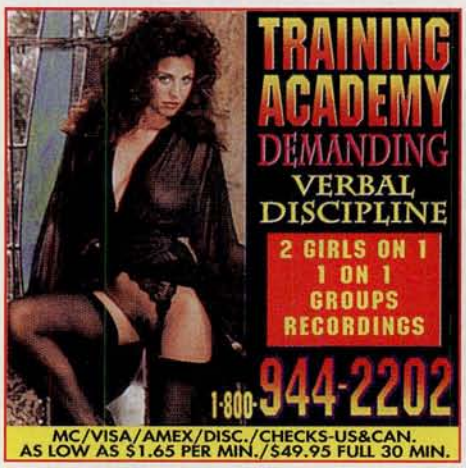
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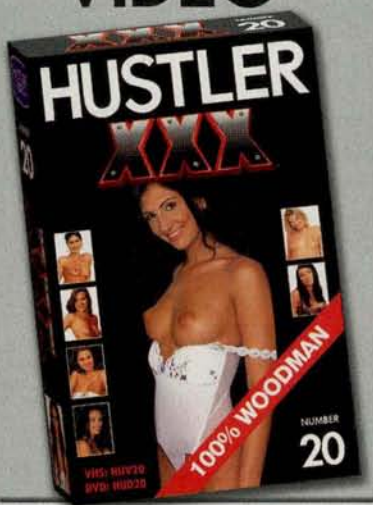

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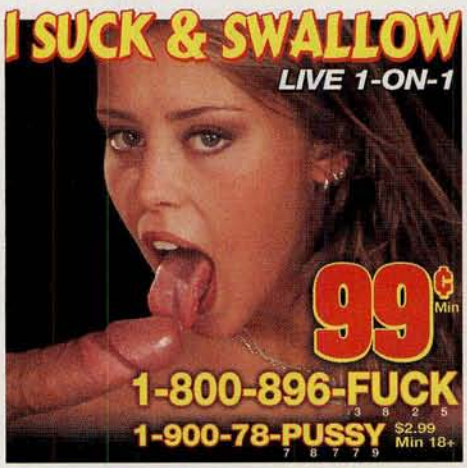
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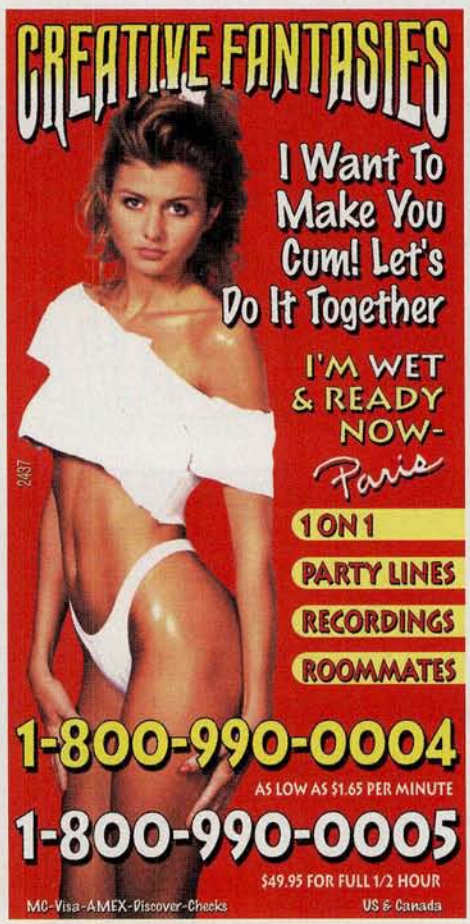
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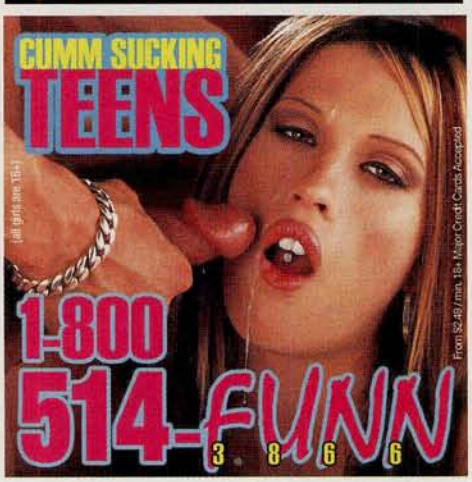
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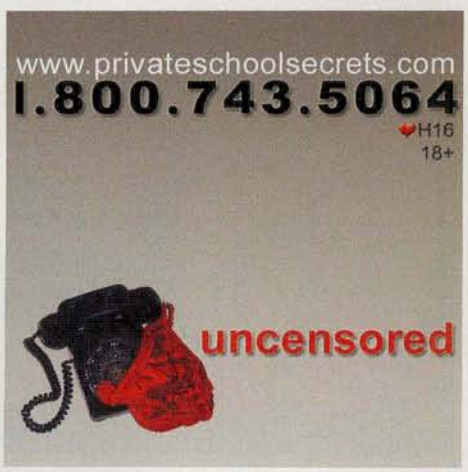
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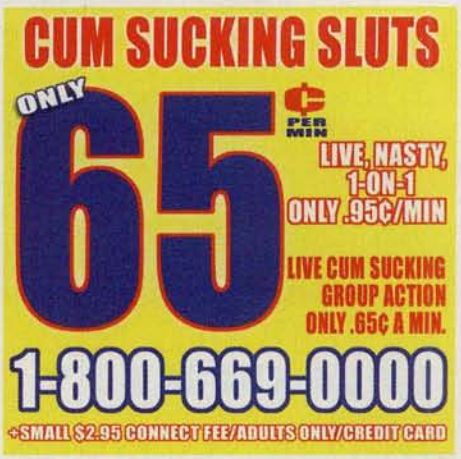
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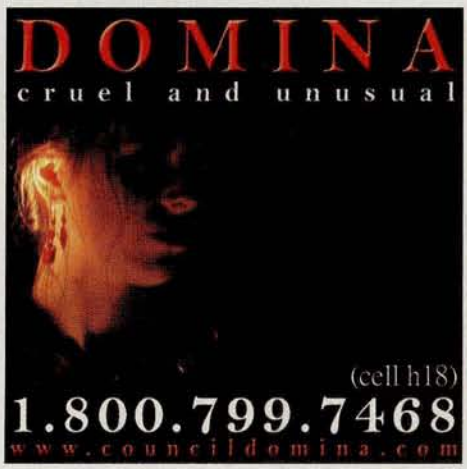
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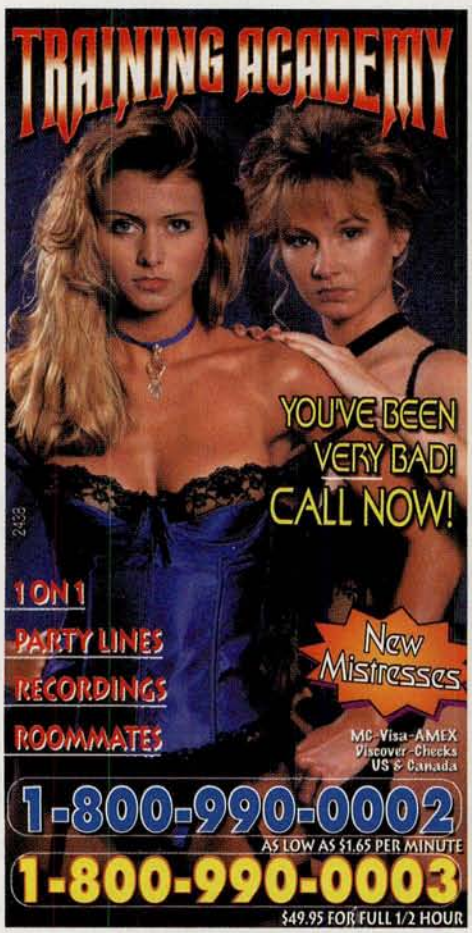
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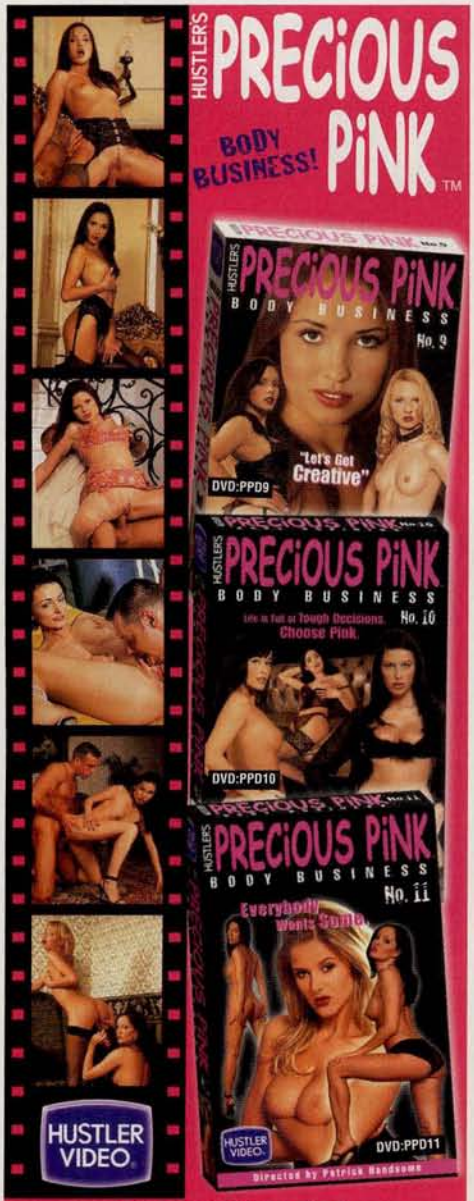

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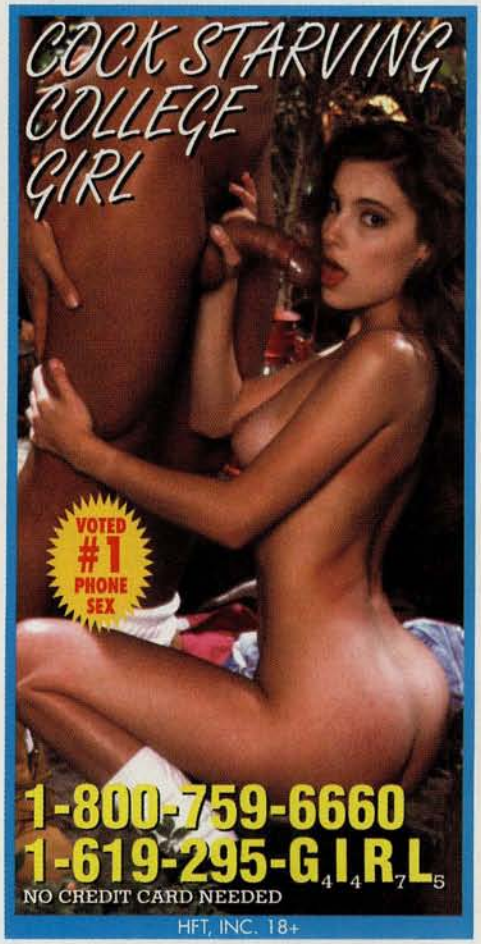
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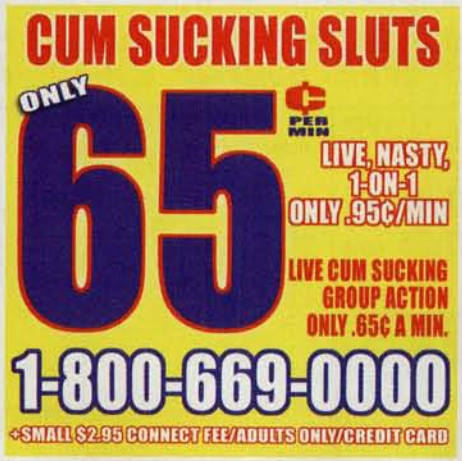
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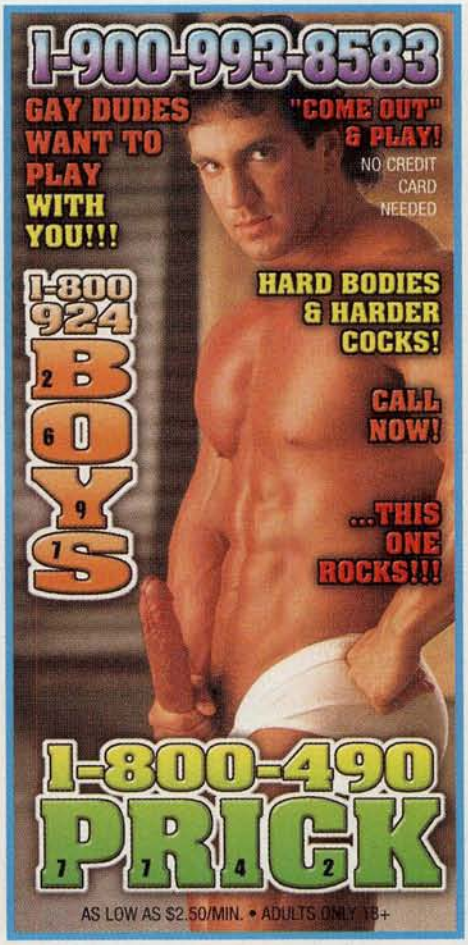
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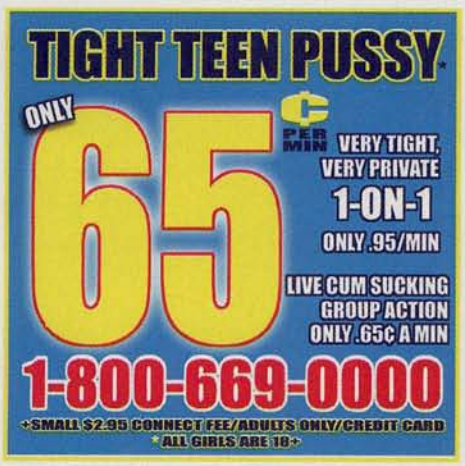
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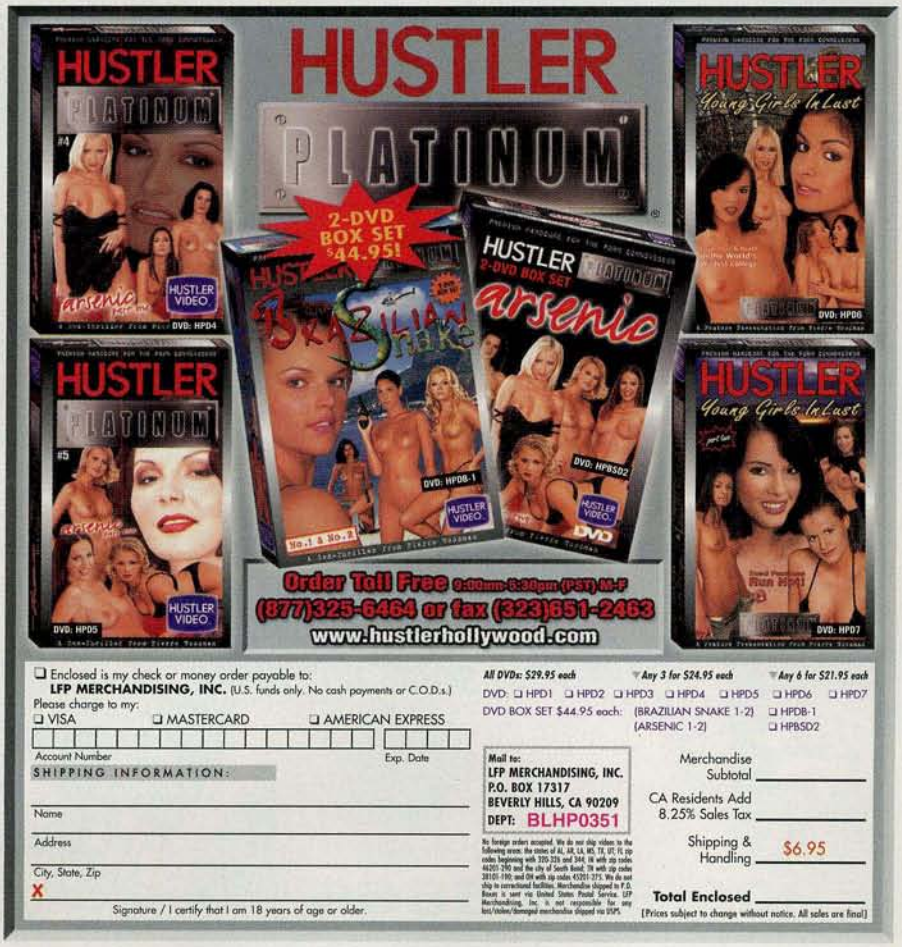
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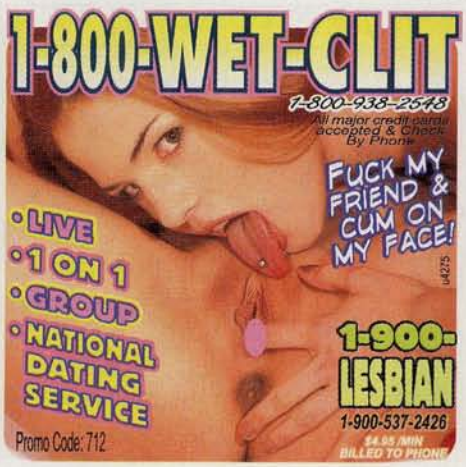
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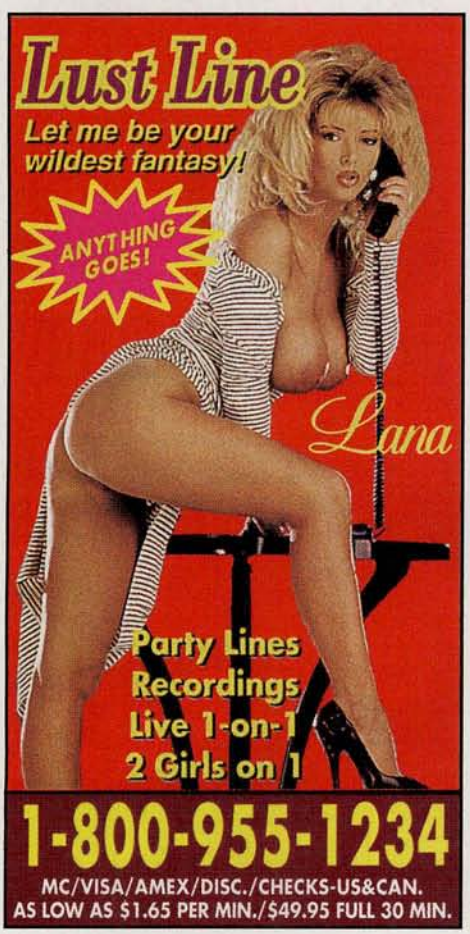
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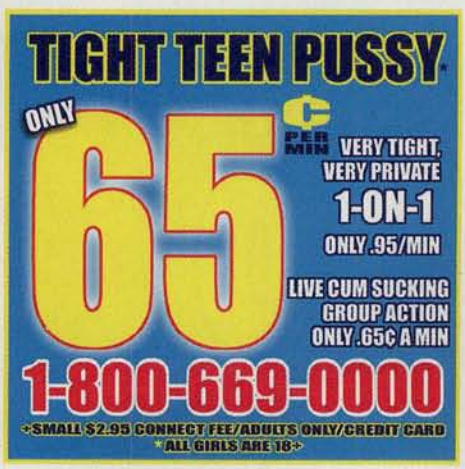
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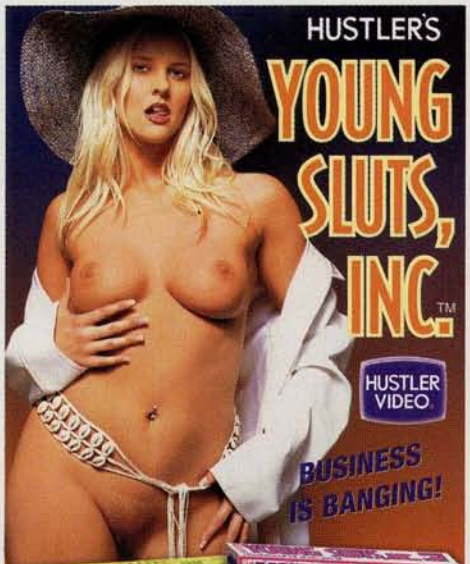

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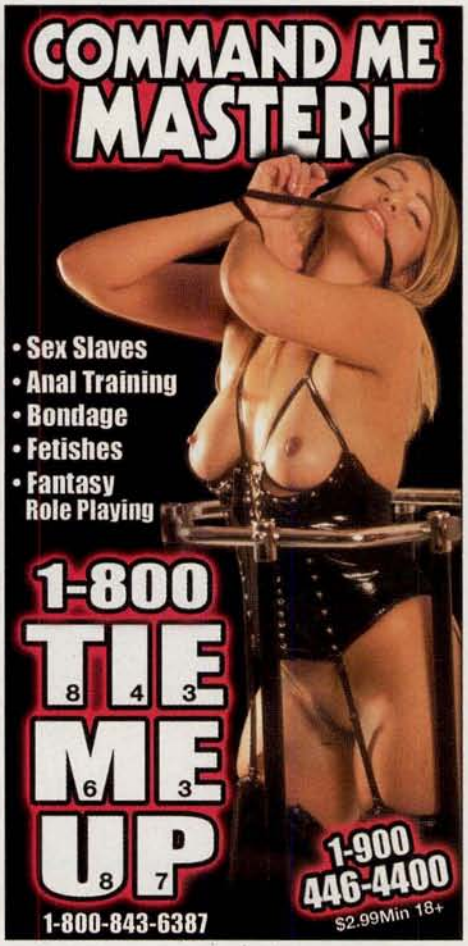
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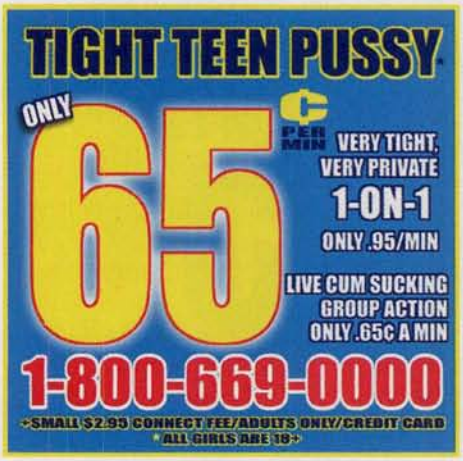
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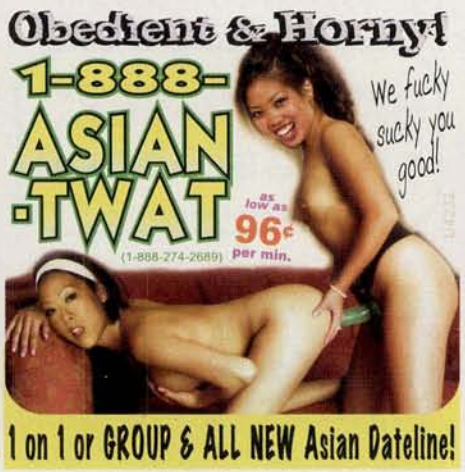
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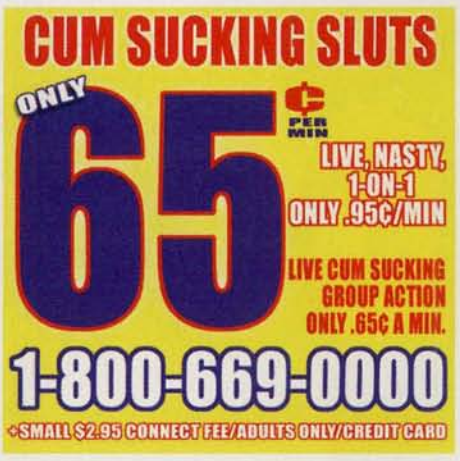
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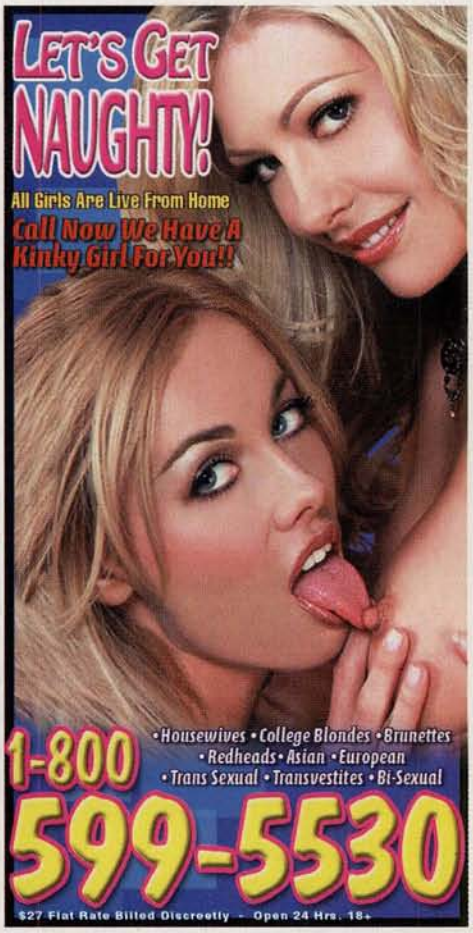
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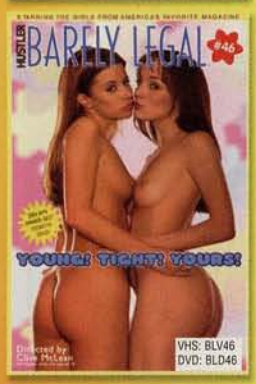

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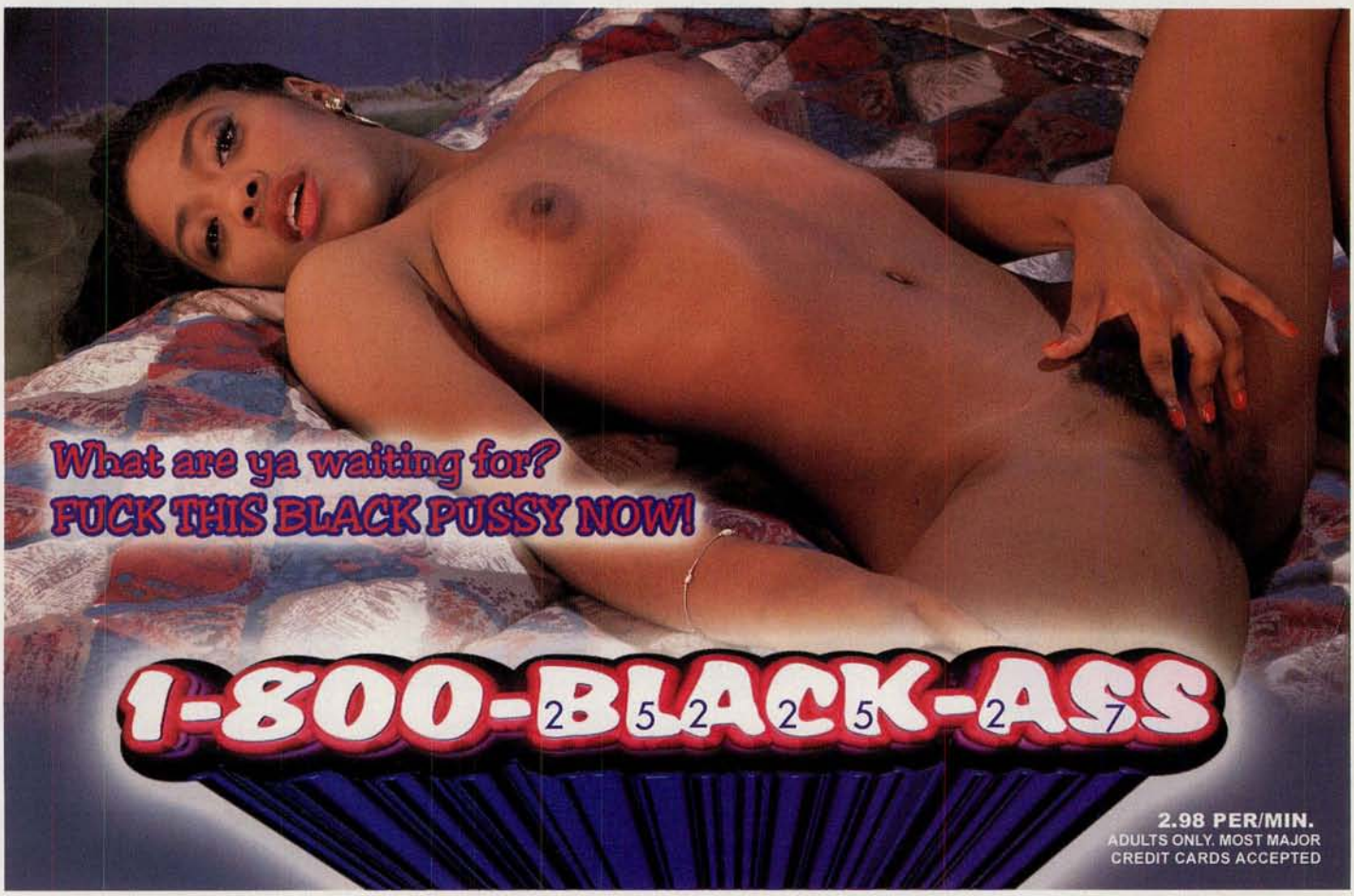
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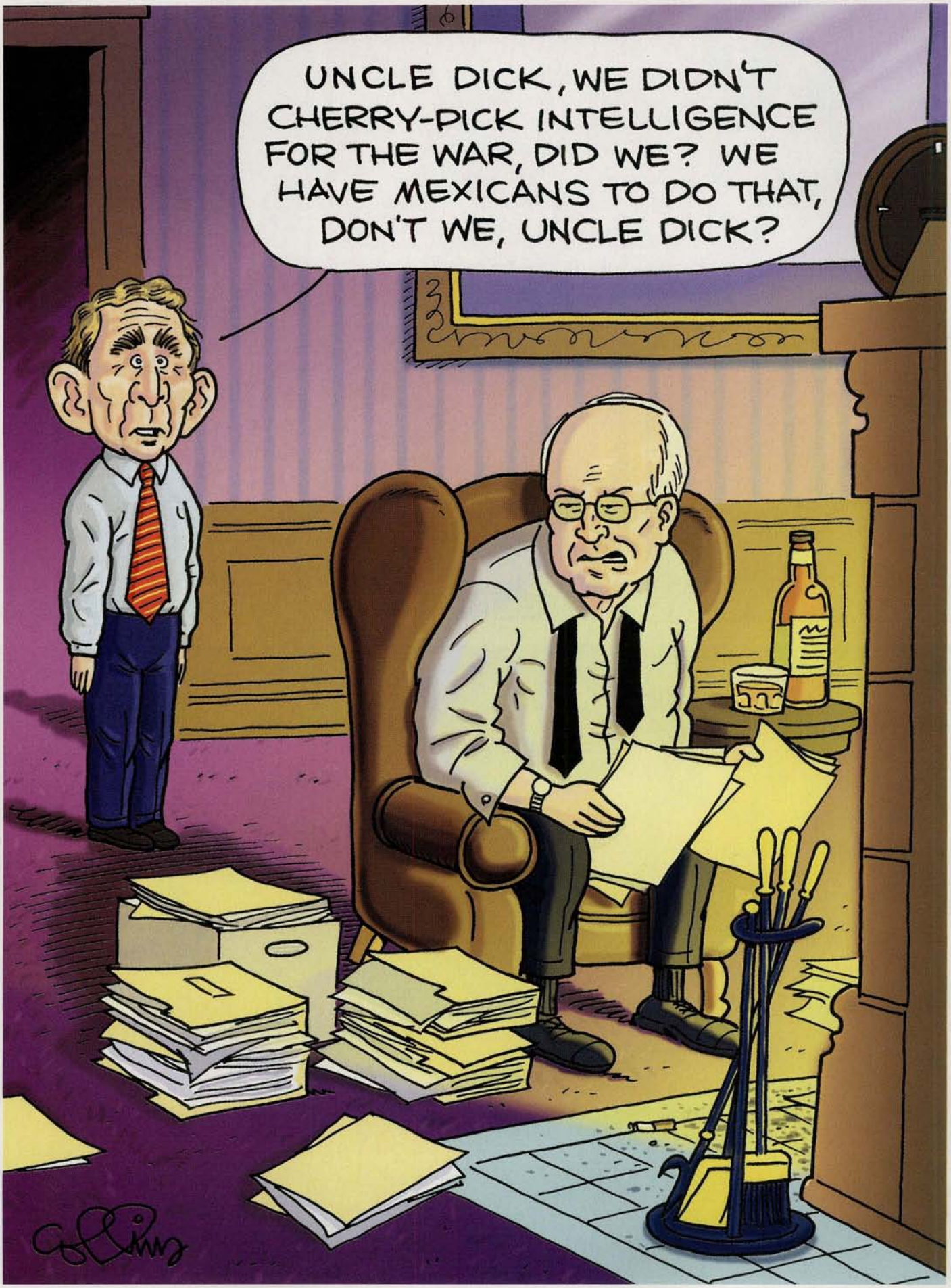

UNCLE DICK, WE DIDN'T CHERRY-PICK INTELLIGENCE FOR THE WAR, DID WE? WE HAVE MEXICANS TO DO THAT, DON'T WE, UNCLE DICK?

(continued from page 13) with a fat cock in her mouth, while lovely Monica Sweet could walk around naked at my place anytime. As for Boo, I've already ordered a copy of *Hot Showers #15*. Being so D-licious, she's a great candidate for a gangbang video. Boo has it all.

Being 20, *Beaver Hunt* Finalist Kandi Lei is two years younger than my daughter, but I don't care. She's one *Lei* I'd love to receive if I ever venture to Hawaii.

November's *Beaver Hunt* also caused every vein in my cock to swell. Celeste, the firefighter from Colorado, looks like she could handle a hose or two or three. Britton from Texas could pose for me anytime. She's already famous in my book.

I've made a poster-size copy of Britton's photo—as well as Cleo's—for a wall in my apartment. My two brothers and I would like to make Cleo's wet dream come true. Maybe this chick from Santa Cruz, California, could help us with *our* dream to fill her full of cock and cover her face with our baby batter.

Sending copies of my letter to Celeste, Britton and Cleo would make my day! Thank you, HUSTLER.

—Shawn Connelly
North Kansas City, Missouri

Fans of our amateur section are reminded that HUSTLER's BEST OF BEAVER HUNT is jam-packed with never-before-seen pics of sexy and uninhibited girls-next-door. Look for this special edition at newsstands. And, Shawn, we'll send copies of your letter to Celeste, Britton and Cleo.

Ugliest Beav Ever?

I think congratulations are in order for the HUSTLER staff. By running a picture of Janice in the February '06 *Beaver Hunt*, you have—I am convinced—featured the ugliest woman ever to appear naked in a men's magazine! And I speak as someone familiar with the genre. **—Lee Quarnstrom**
La Habra, California

Media Hashmark

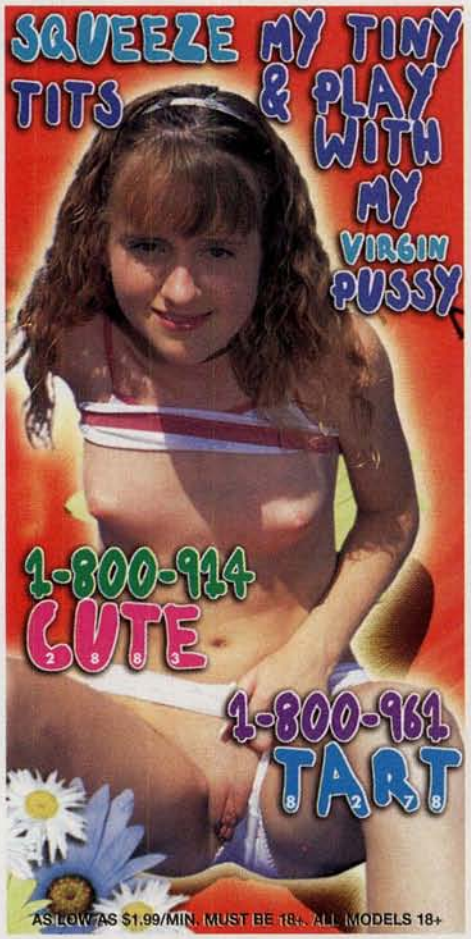
I noticed in your March '05 issue a cartoon of Sean Hannity getting fucked in the head by Alan Colmes. I loved it! He's a pathetically nauseating putz and a cliché-ridden, boot-licking, arrogant, ignorant, hypocritical bucket of dog squeeze.

Sean Hannity couldn't ad-lib a fart after a refried baked beans dinner. He's the dullest, blandest shit stain on TV and radio. Please continue to mock and ridicule the guy. What a putz!

—Bob R.
Jacksonville, Florida

Bob, you'll never get a job at Fox!

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.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KARLIE MONTAN

MAKE ME AN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

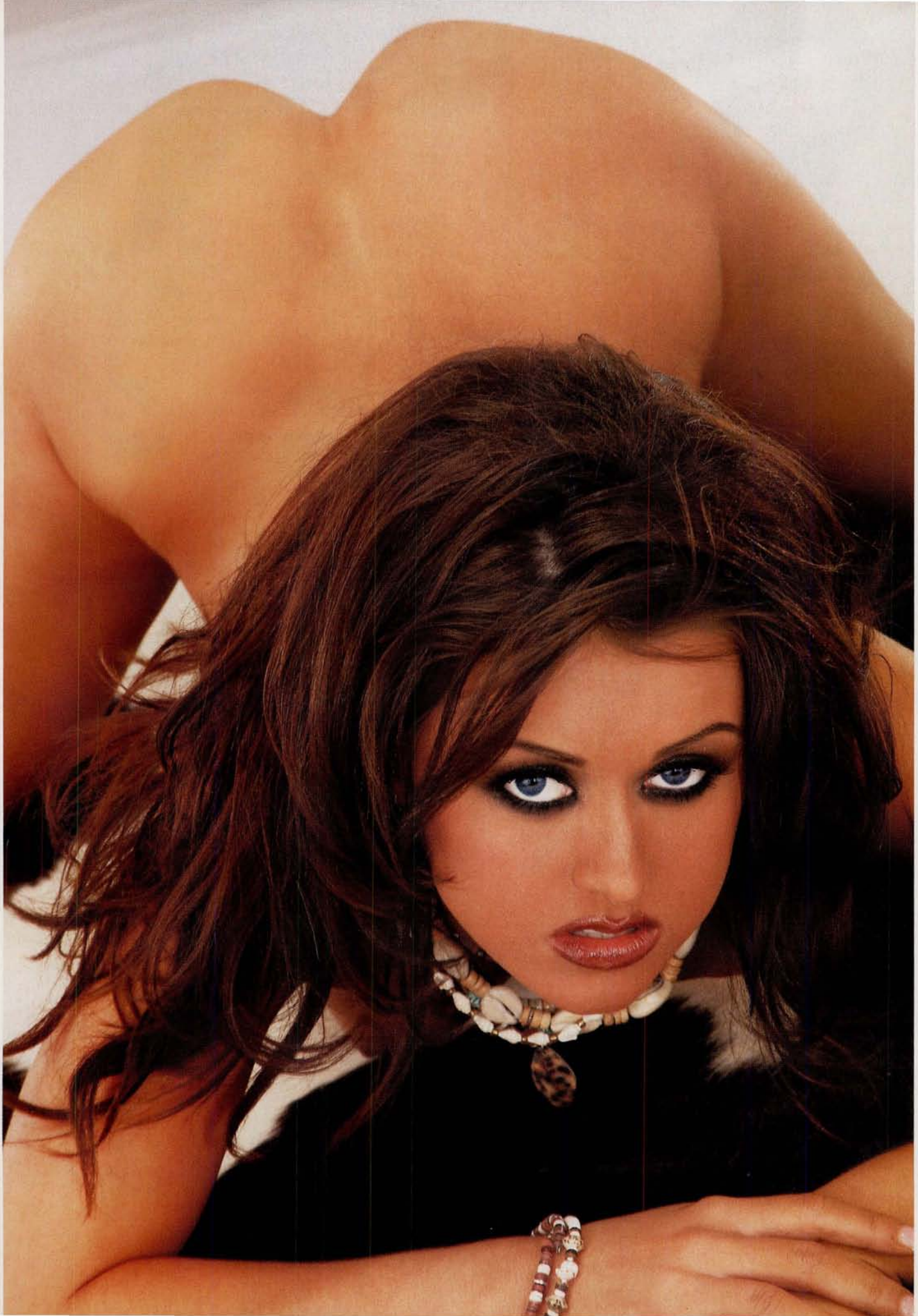
IA OFFER

How did a nice girl like this end up in porn? "I was walking down the street, and my modeling agent drove up," Karlie recalls. "He offered to buy me a fancy pair of shoes and lunch and dinner if I would just go around with him to different sets and see what it was like. I did my first scene that night."

So you pumped for a pair of pumps? "I love shoes!" the fox exclaims. "I'm a shop-a-holic. So, yeah, a good pair of shoes can get me to do anything. As a matter of fact, I just treated myself to some heels that cost $2,000."

How does Karlie spend her downtime? "I love to go to house parties and just hang out with people I know," she reveals. "Although sometimes it can get wild." How wild? "I was at this one shindig, and someone offered me money to dance on a table; so I did it. Then another guy offered me more to get topless. The offers kept getting better and better. By the end of the night, I ended up in a threesome with two guys because their offer was too good to pass up." That could explain how Karlie can fork over two grand for a pair of shoes.

In the bedroom, Karlie likes a soft touch on her 34-24-38 frame. "I need my partner to be slow and passionate. It's not about the ramming. It's about the gentle touching, caressing and kisses on my neck and lower back. I love being made love to. Plus, I'm bisexual; I can appreciate the best of both worlds." And we appreciate Ms. Montana, who dreams of one day running her own adult production company. "When my looks fail me," she reflects, "I hope to stay in the biz behind the scenes."



See Karlie Montana kindly offer herself up in *Barely Legal #52* and *HUSTLER Centerfolds #6*, available in VHS or DVD format from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERhollywood.com to order.

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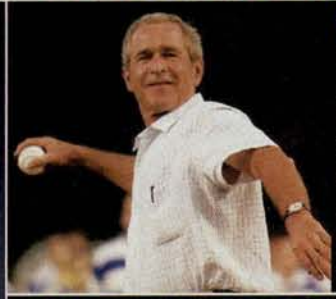

BUSH'S BALLPARK SWINDLE

George W. Bush lined his pockets in the early 1990s with a brazen landgrab scheme that has since been made illegal. Using the Texas Rangers' planned baseball stadium as a way to seize private property for themselves, he and his cronies made millions while the taxpayers of Arlington ended up paying the bill. Robert Bryce follows the money and exposes Bush's underhanded dealings.

NOTEWORTHY HOLLYWOOD OUTLAW'S LAST STAND

Eddie Dodson cements his reputation as the world's greatest bank robber with an unbelievable feat—but his luck is about to run out. The Yankee Bandit's legendary career comes to its thrilling conclusion as his life spirals out of control in Part 2 of our true crime feature by Timothy Ford.

SAN FRANCISCO'S EXOTIC EROTIC BALL

Billed as "part Mardi Gras, part burlesque, part rock concert, yet totally unique," San Francisco's annual Exotic Erotic Ball is a massive fetish affair that attracts thousands of revelers from across the globe. Reporter Ethan Ospovat provides sizzling public sex photos and full coverage of the wildest and kinkiest party in existence.

SPEARHEAD'S MICHAEL FRANTI

Best known as the frontman for the critically acclaimed hip-hop/soul band Spearhead, Michael Franti has a militant resolve to spread his message of peace and social change. The politically active artist speaks out about being placed under government surveillance and discusses his recent tour of Iraq in an interview with Carolyn Sinclair.

FAMOUS FLESH

Original supermodel Janice Dickinson and sexy rising star Rachel McAdams expose themselves in public. Plus, everyone's favorite slut, Paris Hilton, gets caught with her hands in her pants, and Ashley Olson lets some tit slip!

RETRO RAUNCH PART 2: THE FABULOUS '50s

We continue to raid the vintage porn treasure trove for tantalizing photos from a half century ago. Prim-and-proper housewives, curvy pinups and Bettie Page lookalikes from the happy days show their wild side in kinky cheesecake and hard-core shots. This ain't just your grandfather's porn anymore!

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